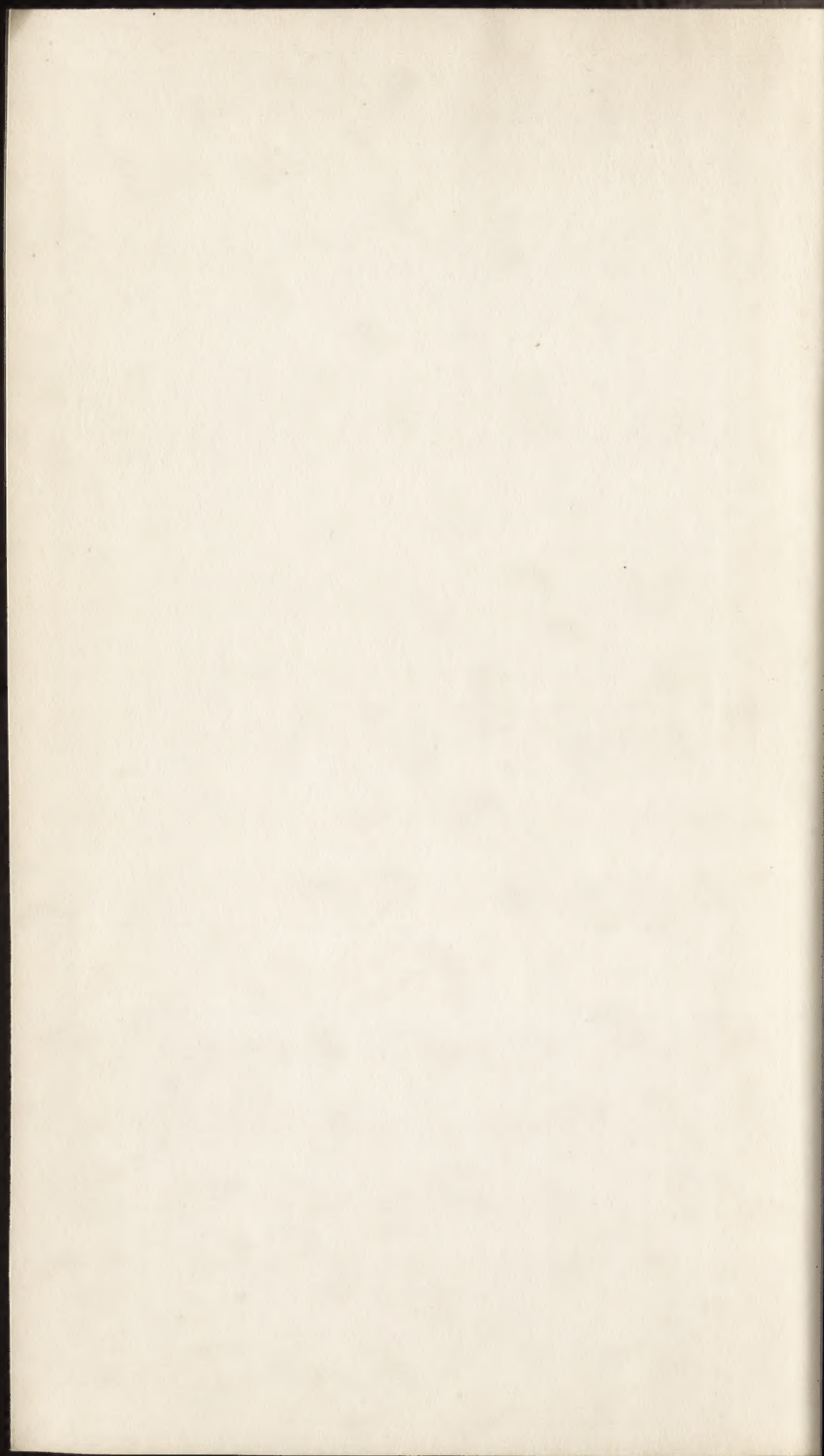
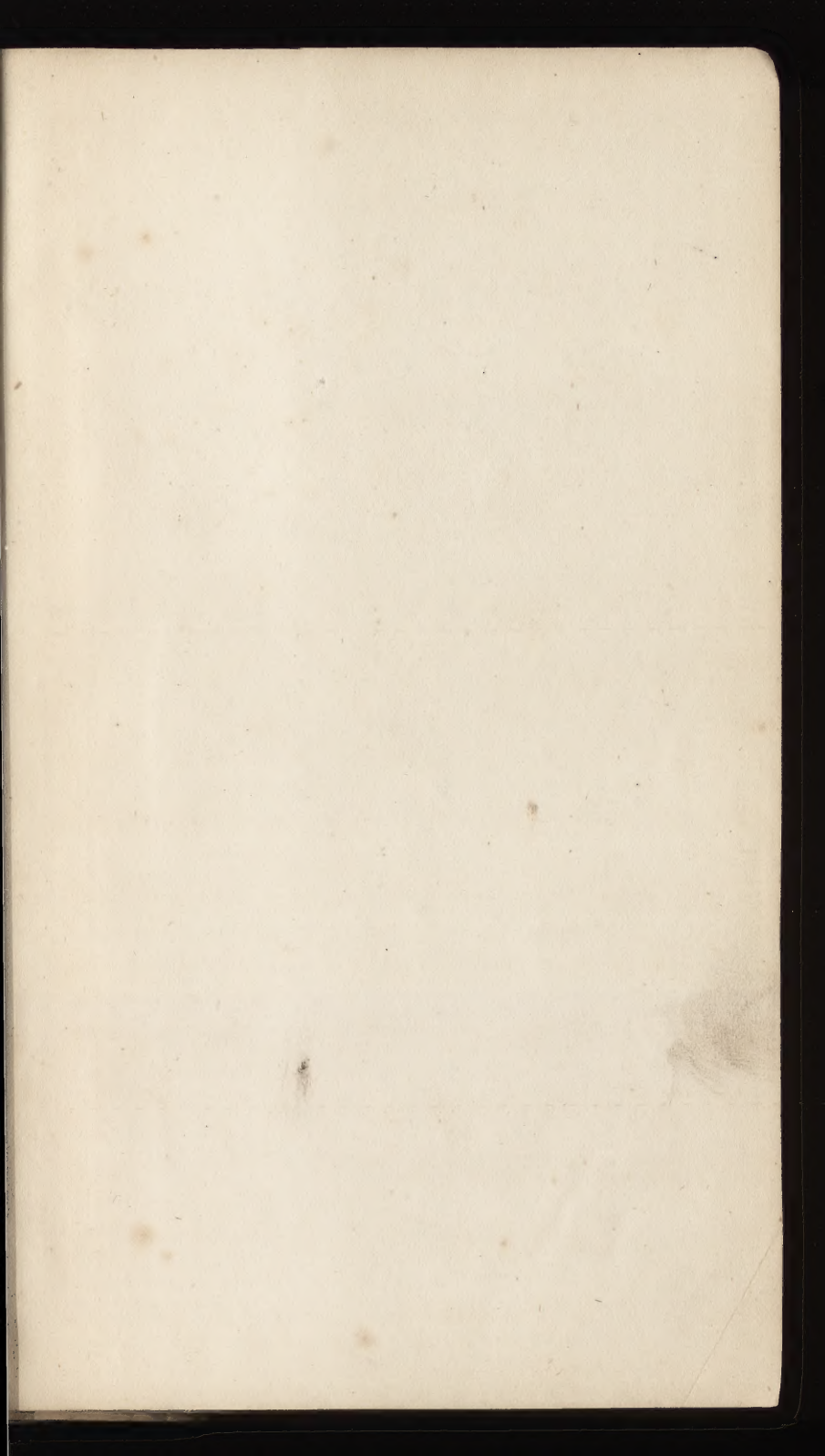
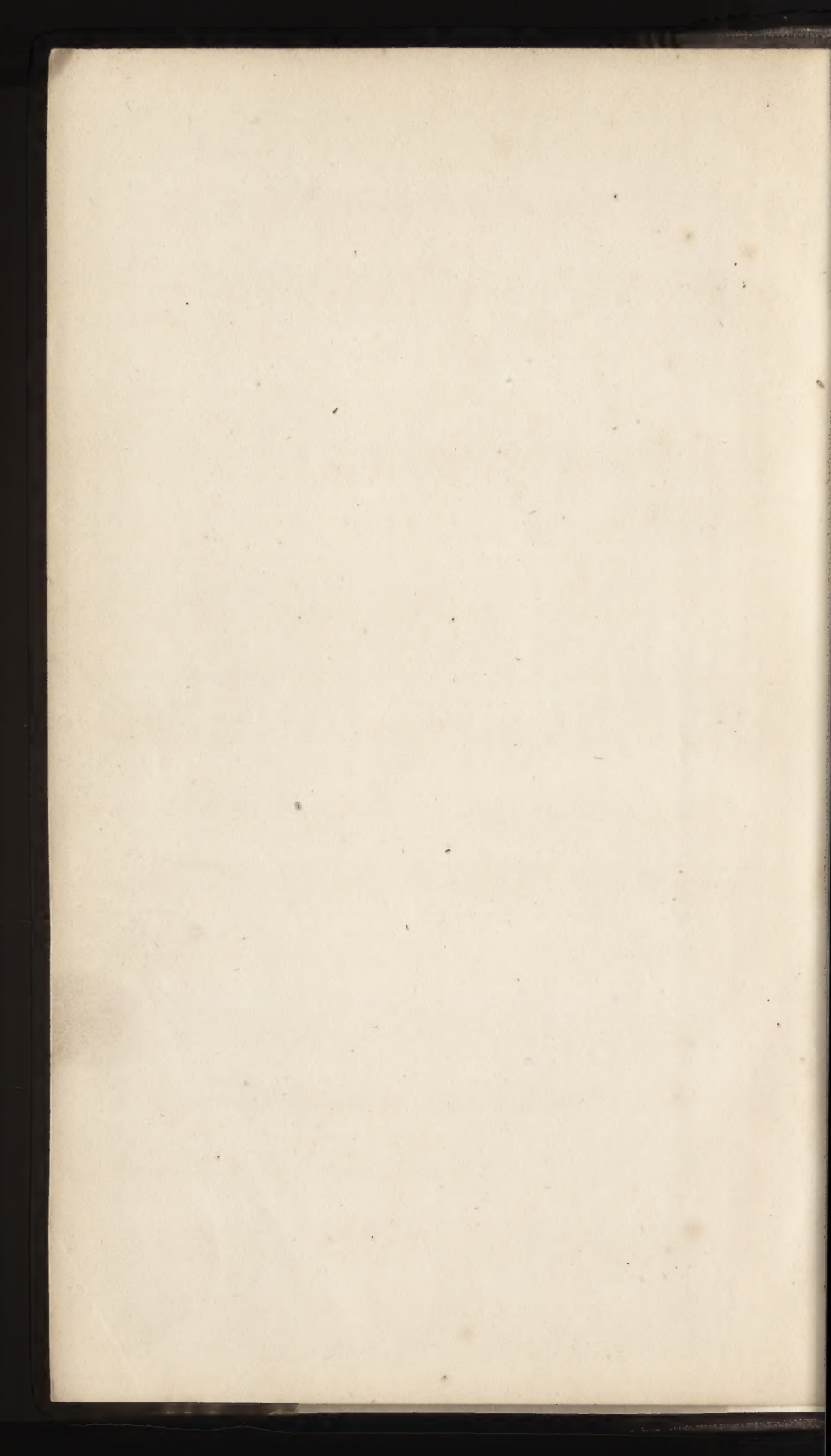


Ulrich Middeldorf

cn







AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.

EDITED,

WITH A PREFATORY ESSAY ON LESLIE AS AN ARTIST,
AND SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE,

BY TOM TAYLOR, Esq.,

EDITOR OF "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HAYDON."

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

WITH PORTRAIT.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE.

EXTRACTS FROM LESLIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN a little above seventeen Leslie landed in England, as we read in his Autobiography, in December, 1811. He kept up a regular correspondence with his family at Philadelphia, from which, however, only extracts have been placed at my disposal. It is principally from these extracts and his correspondence with Washington Irving, that the following selections have been made. Leslie was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy from 1813 to 1859, the year of his death, with the exception of 1815, 1817, 1818, 1823, 1828, 1830, 1834, and 1853. His life was uneventful; spent in the affectionate discharge of family duties—which no man ever fulfilled better—and in the happy practice of his art. Its

public interest lies entirely in its connection with his pictures. I have therefore enumerated, for each year, the pictures of that year, with selections from his letters which throw light on the progress of his pictures, or on the occupations, ideas, and associations of the painter. I have been fuller in my extracts from the earlier letters, as of importance in illustrating the growth of the writer's mind, both as regards art and general culture.

Leslie's letters paint the man—affectionate, social, candid, modest, and eager for instruction and improvement; always seeking the society of the best and most eminent persons to whom he could gain access, without intrusion or forwardness.

1812.

Pictures Painted this Year.

TIMON OF ATHENS. — HERCULES. — PORTRAITS OF MISS VISSCHER; MISS SMYTHE; MR. INSKEEP; MR. COATE; BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A.; MR. WEST (of Salem, Massachusetts); MR. EARLE.

Leslie's first year in London was a memorable one, especially to citizens of the United States residing in England. On the 29th of June, 1812, the orders in council, affecting the trade of neutrals were revoked, as regards America, in consequence of the

revocation of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees. But unluckily for the specific effect of our revocation in the United States, Congress had already declared war with England on the 18th of the same month.

This war continued till the conclusion of the treaty of Ghent, on December the 24th, 1814. Leslie's letters extending over this period contain allusions to the hostile relations of the two countries and regrets at the obstruction to correspondence thus caused, but it is remarkable that these allusions show scarcely any trace of bitterness against this country. The young writer, though thoroughly national, seems, already, to have felt that, let the governments differ as they might, the nations were kindred. To him London was, above all, the seat and nursery of the arts he loved. Politics occupy him little.

His chief associates were the American artists, Allston, King and Morse. His days were spent in study at the Academy, the British Museum, and Burlington House, where the Elgin marbles were then deposited, or in portrait painting. Before beginning work, he tells his sister, he often bathed in the Serpentine. The favourite amusement of his evenings was the play. This was the year of Mrs. Siddons' retirement from the stage, and he followed her through

the round of her farewell performances. His earliest letters are almost equally divided between his own art and the theatre.

Thus, writing to Miss Leslie, 19th April 1812, he tells her

“I have just returned from seeing ‘The Gamester.’ It is the last time Mrs. Siddons is ever to perform the character of Mrs. Beverley; I never saw so perfect a piece of acting. She appeared very much affected at the commencement, and really shed tears. In the scene between her and Stukely, she was uncommonly fine. Although she is now very large, she appears as easy in her motions as a young girl, and is extremely graceful. In the last scene, she almost surpassed herself. A lady in the boxes went into hysterics and was carried out. The look of speechless agony she cast on the body of Beverley as she went off, surpassed everything I had ever seen. Beverley was played by Young, who is very like Wood* in his manners (the latter I believe copies him), though a much better stage figure, and has a fine head, though I will not say a more expressive countenance. His voice too is very good. He stands certainly next to Kemble in tragedy. Lewson was very well

* An Actor in Philadelphia.—Ed.

played by C. Kemble. Stukely, by Egerton, was but ordinary. King has seen Cooke in that character, with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. What a treat! I can scarcely bear to think of it. I did not stay to see the farce, which was the 'Child of Nature.'

"In the Exhibition, which will open in a few days, there is to be a picture of Kemble in 'Cato,' by Lawrence, which he has just finished. I have seen that of him in Hamlet—it is very fine.

"A new Romance by Murphy has appeared, called 'The Milesian Chief.' Allston, who is a great admirer of this man's works, says it is much better than 'The Fatal Revenge.' It is a modern story; the scene is in Ireland. I have seen the first volume, but have not been able to get the others from the library. The language abounds in poetical images. Morse and myself subscribe jointly to a very large library in Bond Street. We take out seven volumes at a time. The days now are quite long, and the weather begins to be very fine.

"When it grows warmer I shall go to the British Museum every day, to draw from the antiques, of which there is a fine collection there. I have begun to study the Vault Scene in Marmion, which I shall finish for the next Exhibition. I wished to have done something for

this year; but it was impossible. You know it requires some time to use oil colours with facility, and as I never painted in that way until I came here, my first essays were wretched daubs, and I could have sent out nothing that would not have disgraced me. I have painted several portraits, and have improved myself so much that I shall soon be able to earn something in that way.

“You wish there may be an accommodation between the two countries. I think there will soon be. You can have no idea of the distress our non-intercourse has caused here. There is nothing to be heard of but riots in the manufacturing towns. The poor are in a state of starvation. The Prince is abused by everybody. You would be astonished at the audacity of the public papers against him. He is caricatured in all the print shops. I am sure he cannot be less popular in America than he is here. The ‘Examiner,’ a violent opposition paper, said the other day, ‘it was reported that the Prince and his brothers were going to the Continent in person.’ He observed that, ‘it would be a most refreshing sight to see those royal personages quitting the country for the good of the state.’ Cooper will be a very great loser by his bet. The King may live these twenty years yet,

for aught I know ; he is now doing very well. I dare say I shall not stay here long enough to witness his funeral. I went the other day to see Barker's Panorama of Lisbon. It is admirably painted, and said to be exactly like it. I think I mentioned in another letter that I had seen two other paintings of the sort. They are certainly perfect in their way. The objects appear so real, that it is impossible to imagine at what distance the canvas is from the eye.

"I went lately to see an Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings, from the Old Masters. They have brought that kind of painting to greater perfection in this country than, I believe, ever was known before.

"The colours appear equally brilliant with oil, but I cannot see any advantage in it, as it is quite as much trouble to use them as oil, and the pictures will not last so long."*

On May the 11th, Perceval was assassinated. Leslie writes next day

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *May 12th*, 1812.

* * * * *

"There has been a violent sensation excited here to-day by the assassination of Mr. Perceval. You will no

* They sometimes last longer. — LESLIE.

doubt have heard of this shocking affair before this reaches you. He was shot last evening in the passage to the House of Commons just as he was entering, by a man who had posted himself there for the purpose, said to be a bankrupt merchant of Liverpool. The ball penetrated his heart, and he instantly expired. The perpetrator of the deed surrendered himself immediately to the officers of justice; indeed it was very evident he had no wish to escape. As soon as it reached the ears of the mob they assembled in vast bodies about the house crying out, 'Burdett for ever.' I am told there has been chalked on many of the walls near it, 'Peace, or the Regent's Head.' There seems to be some mighty event about to take place here. It appears to me like a great play, at which I am an unconcerned spectator.

"I have just returned from seeing Mrs. Siddons in 'Venice Preserved.' The afterpiece being one I had seen before, I thought I should much better employ the remainder of this evening in writing home. I have beheld Belvidera herself to-night. It is the fourth time I have seen this play and by very far the best. Kemble was uncommonly animated in Pierre. I think the scene of the Senate and that between him and Jaffier afterwards were inimitable. The

words of Aufidius seemed exactly to apply to him :—

Thy face

Bears a command in't ; tho' thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel.

“I like him equally well with Cooke, but I think it is hardly right to draw a comparison between them, as the line of characters they each excel in is quite different. Kemble could not play Sir Pertinax like Cooke, nor could the latter perform Pierre or Coriolanus like Kemble. I saw Mrs. Siddons about a week ago in the ‘Grecian Daughter,’ in which character I have sent you a drawing of her. She played the character as well as possible, though it is not a play that I like much. It appears to me to be one of those works which you cannot find fault with, and yet has no striking beauties. Young played Evander extremely well, and Charles Kemble Dionysius. The scenery, dresses, &c., were very splendid and perfectly classical. The after-piece was the ‘Secret Mine,’ a foolish melodrame they have got up for the sake of exhibiting the horses. The scenery, &c., were as usual very superb. They are performing this piece again to-night, which caused me to come away, for I never wish to see anything after a tragedy excepting a good broad farce.

“I have sent you two other drawings, one of Young

as Rolla, and the other Liston as Diego in 'The Virgins of the Sun.' They are thought to be pretty good likenesses. Liston is the first comic performer at Covent Garden. He is equivalent to Jefferson with us. The moment he comes on, the whole house begins to roar with laughter.

"I have just begun to copy a small picture of Mr. West's of 'Arethusa Bathing;' it is a most beautiful thing; when it is finished I shall endeavour to send it over, together with a design I intend making. Mr. West gave Morse and myself a recommendation to the British Museum, which we delivered this morning, and shall go there in a day or two to commence drawing. I have just finished a half-length portrait of Mrs. Visscher, an American lady, whom I mentioned in a former letter as looking so much like Anna. I have also begun to paint Miss Smythe, a daughter of Mr. Maxwell's, whom I also mentioned.

"This young lady is governess in a family, and owing to her engagements through the week, she can only sit to me on Sundays; her portrait therefore will proceed but slowly. She has many accomplishments, among which, her drawing very well is not the least. She is a beautiful girl, and appears to be very amiable.

"I have two acquaintances that I believe I did not

mention in my former list, Collard and Lonsdale. The first is a musician and a partner in the house of Clementi and Co., from whom Bradford imports pianos. He is a man of excellent sense, though generally so facetious that one feels inclined to laugh at everything he says. Lonsdale is a portrait painter, though rather mediocre in his profession. He is, however, excellent company—a good deal like Collard in his manner. They are both Englishmen, so you see I am not altogether among Americans here. We frequently have evening parties composed of these two gentlemen, Allston, King, Morse, and myself; sometimes at their respective houses and sometimes at ours. In this circle my time always passes delightfully.

“The Exhibition at Somerset House has just opened. I went there the first day; but the rooms were so crowded I could not enjoy it at all—I shall go again soon. Lawrence’s portrait of Kemble in ‘Cato,’ is very fine, and the best likeness I have ever seen of him. He is seated in his study with a scroll in his hand, and his dagger lying on the table. His eyes are raised, and he appears to be just exclaiming, ‘It must be so—Plato, thou reason’st well.’ There are a great number of other fine portraits by Lawrence and Sir William Beechey. Mr. West has only two

pictures there, 'Saul Prophesying,' and a portrait of Mr. Wilmot, who settled the claims of the American Loyalists. There is a grand Landscape by Turner,* representing a scene in the Alps in a snow storm, with Hannibal's army crossing; but as this picture is placed very low, I could not see it at the proper distance, owing to the crowd of people. Allston says it is a wonderfully fine thing: he thinks Turner the greatest painter since the days of Claude. I intend soon going to his gallery which is now just opened. There is also a large picture of 'Christ Blessing Children,' by Trumbull,† but I do not like it—his Scripture pieces are, I think, very far inferior to his battles. The number of pictures amount to 940 at this Exhibition. In the model-room there is a bust of Mr. West, by Mr. Nollekens, I think the best likeness I ever saw of him.

"I frequently see an old beggar, without legs, in Holborn, who was one of the rioters at the time Newgate was burnt, and had both his legs shot by a chain-shot in that very street. He was afterwards condemned to be hung, but pardoned on account of his maimed condition. I dare say mother or you may recollect

* Now in the Turner Gallery, South Kensington.

† Col. Trumbull, an American painter, and during the War of Independence a member of General Washington's staff, some of whose battle-pieces ornament the Capitol at Washington.

seeing this man. I am told his body is remarkably fine, and that he has frequently sat to artists—very often to Mr. West.

“When I called on Mr. West the other day, I asked him to let me make an outline from his great picture to send to you. I told him what a miserable thing they had in America. He said the etching by Heath was now made, and I am in hopes I shall be able to procure one of them through his interest.

“He told me he had one or two small pictures that he was finishing out of the way, and as soon as they were done he would go to work immediately on the picture for America, and not quit it until he finished it, which could be by next autumn,”

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, 6th August, 1812.

“The news has just arrived of the declaration of war; and as there is an embargo laid on all American vessels that have not licences, this will probably be the last opportunity I shall have of writing for some time. I am in hopes, however, that as affairs between the two countries have at length advanced to a crisis, they will be more speedily settled in some way or other, and we shall be relieved from the state of

uncertainty that has so long existed. The interruption of our correspondence will be a dreadful thing to me, but I must bear it as well as I can, in hopes that the time is not far distant when the intercourse will be opened much more freely than ever, when our country shall have inspired some respect by its decisive and firm measures. I have almost finished my picture of 'Timon,' and have considerably advanced with one of 'Hercules reclining on his Club,' from the famous statue. It will be the largest figure I have painted; I am copying it from a small cast (the same as that in the Academy) and have a living model to colour it from. They have a very fine cast from the original at Somerset House, which is colossal, I suppose twelve feet high.

"I intend making drawings from that to finish my hands and feet from. I believe I mentioned to you before that Allston was about a large picture (the dead man revived by touching the bones of Elisha). Mr. West called on him the other day to see it, and was quite astonished. 'Why, sir,' he exclaimed, 'this reminds me of the fifteenth century; you have been studying in the highest schools of art.' He added, 'There are eyes in this country that will be able to see so much excellence;' and then, turning round, he saw a head

Allston had modelled in clay for one of his figures, and asked what it was, taking it to be an antique. Allston told him it was one of his, at which, after examining it carefully, he said there was not a sculptor in England could do anything like it. He did not find fault with any part of the picture, but merely suggested the introduction of another figure.

“I never was more delighted in my life than when I heard this praise coming from Mr. West, and so perfectly agreeing with my own opinion of Allston. He has been in high spirits ever since, and his picture has advanced amazingly rapid for these two or three days. He intends sending it to the exhibition of the British Gallery, where it will no doubt obtain the prize of 400 guineas, besides which he will have an opportunity of selling it. I have just heard that David has finished the most excellent likeness of Bonaparte that ever was painted, and that that monarch intends sending it to the Prince Regent. He is represented just rising from his chair to go to bed, and looking at a clock, the hand of which points to four in the morning; before him is a table covered with papers, mathematical instruments, &c. It is said that the countenance possesses the minutest shades of his character. This is the account one person gives of it,

but I am told others say it is not at all like him. I suppose the Prince means to send his in return. Lucien Bonaparte, who has been ordered out of this country, I am told, wants to go to America, and has offered to present his collection of pictures to the government there, to establish a National Gallery. Allston, who has seen it, says it is quite an indifferent collection.

“Morse and I find ourselves very comfortable in our new lodgings, and I hope we shall not change again very soon. Our landlady has a very pretty daughter, which is one very great recommendation to her lodgings. By the bye, we shall not now be able to hear of King’s arrival very soon. If he delivers the letter I gave him to mother, I hope you will all show him a good deal of attention, as he was a very great friend to me here. I am sure you will like him, for he is very agreeable, has read a good deal, and, from the opportunities I have had of judging, I think he has an excellent heart as well as head. He will be able to give you a good account of me, of the manner in which I live, &c. There is one quality that I found in King which pleased me much, because it is a scarce one, *he does not flatter.*

• “I am now reading Telemachus again, and intend to

paint some subjects from it. These subjects are much more advantageous for me to paint than those from Gothic poems such as Scott's, because I have an opportunity of making parts of my figures naked, and I am now studying the human form as much as possible. It was for this reason that I chose 'Timon of Athens' and 'Hercules.' I intend, in the next picture I paint, to follow Sir Joshua Reynolds's advice, and take all my figures from Michael Angelo's works, altering some of them slightly; or perhaps considering them as statues, and taking other views of them, and I think I shall also model some of them in clay. Sir J. says that by this means you imperceptibly acquire a habit of thinking like him from whom you select your figures, and that when you come to introduce one of your own in the picture it will necessarily partake somewhat of the grandeur of the others. It is for this reason that sculptors consider it a valuable lesson to supply the limbs of the Torso. Speaking of this noble fragment, many people think that it was made by Michael Angelo and buried, but I think it hardly probable that had it been so, that great man would have kept it so profound a secret.

It is very certain that he studied it intensely, and the resemblance his manner has to something in that

'mass of breathing stone,' was much more probably the result of his studies from it, than given to *it* by *him*.

The fashion of the day in art was classical. 'The Antique,' 'the Nude,' 'High Art,' and 'Michael Angelo,' were dinned into the ears of the student. Leslie began with a boy's belief in the orthodoxy of these doctrines; and was as yet without a suspicion, apparently, that a painter's style and subject must be determined by the painter's own bent and capacity. This was the period at which, as he tells us in his lectures, he considered Mr. West equal to Raffaello. In deference to the fashion of the day, we have seen him beginning with the classical subjects of 'Timon' and 'Hercules.' The following letters are illustrative of the implicitness with which Leslie at first accepted the fashionable faith in the matter of his art, and of his sincere youthful veneration for West, who treated him, as he did all young artists, with genuine kindness, all the greater, no doubt in Leslie's case, for his American blood.

But, for all his classicality, and reverence for authority, Leslie's judgment was not quite asleep, as appears from his criticism on Westall in the following letter.

LONDON, *Sept. 14th*, 1812.

DEAR BETSEY,—I was much disappointed at not hearing what effect the rescinding of the orders in council had in America. It is fully expected here that an amicable adjustment will take place. Mr. Morse has been in the country for this week past; and in my solitary situation, a letter from you would have been the greatest possible treat to me. As soon as he returns, we shall take a little trip to Hampton Court, Windsor, &c.

I have finished my pictures of 'Timon' and 'Hercules,' and am now painting a portrait (Mr. West of Salem, Massachusetts) and one of Mr. Inskeep. The head of the former, which is finished, Allston says is by far the best thing I have done. I have been to Westall's house to look at his pictures; you recollect Sully told me I should find some clever things amongst them, and indeed I was much pleased with many parts of his works, and fancied that he showed the feeling of a poet in many of his inventions.

But I, no doubt, often admired when I should have condemned, for his style is very specious and imposing and I have frequently found that when I have been dazzled at first sight by the gaudiness of his colouring, upon looking into the picture I have been

astonished at his want of real science. In his flesh, though very unequal, he seems always at the same distance from nature. He is either too hot, too cold, too red, too gray, or too yellow. Some of his figures, particularly children, appear to have their deepest shadows made of vermilion alone, others have so great a proportion of gray or blue tints that one almost freezes to look at them. When free from other faults his flesh often inclines too much to purple. I should call him a mannerist in every part of his art. He is mannered where it is the least pardonable, in the character and air of his heads, and in the grace of his figures; dreadfully so in his draperies, which all appear carved from stone.

His faults seem to arise chiefly from a wish to improve upon nature, not knowing that what generally goes by the name of improving upon nature, is nothing more than being able to select all that is good from her, and that to obtain this end the artist cannot have too much intercourse with her. Now *he* seems to attempt it by avoiding her as much as possible. His style of painting is showy, and perhaps pleasing to those who are not in the habit of thinking when they look at a picture:—but to those of real taste (which Sir Joshua says, ‘is nothing more than an

appetite for truth'), his pictures must seem meretricious, and instead of possessing only those casual faults which are to be met with in every work of art, appear to be built entirely upon a foundation of error. The consequence is, that as his figures have a kind of fashionable appearance, they will please a few as long as the present fashions last, and then be forgotten. While painting Mr. West's portrait, I called to see Owen's pictures, who stands very high as a portrait painter. He has not so much skill as Lawrence in the drawing of his heads, nor is he so happy in improving their expression, but he certainly colours better, and the subordinate parts of his pictures, his draperies, &c., are painted with more truth. I find it a great advantage to me to go thus constantly to the houses of artists and look at their pictures, particularly when I am about anything of the same kind myself. I expect Mr. West will make me some compensation for painting him, and whatever he gives me I shall lay out in buying a collection of prints, particularly the heads of Van Dyk and Sir Joshua.

I suppose the last volumes of Miss Edgeworth's 'Tales' have not yet appeared in America. I have just read one of them containing 'Vivian,' and I need only say that I think it quite equal to any other of

her works to give you an idea of its excellence. There are two other volumes which I have not yet been able to get from the library. If you have not already got them I know it will gratify you to hear of their appearance in the present dearth of anything good in the book way. By-the-bye, it is said Walter Scott is just going to publish another poem; what it is I have not heard.

I have not been for some time at any of the theatres. Covent Garden is again opened, but as they have lost Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, I feel very little inclination to go there. My hopes now rest on Drury Lane, which is to open next month, and which will, I suppose, totally eclipse its "huge classical rival" as they have engaged both Kemble and Elliston. I have been to Sadler's Wells to see the Aquatic scene, that is so much talked of. Excepting by Grimaldi (the clown), I was very little entertained. I take but little delight in pantomime changes, which, to do them justice, they manage here in the greatest perfection. The afterpiece was a melodrama, the dialogue of which was in blank verse, with now and then a foolish rhyme coming out in order to call it *recitative*.* The water scene pleased me better than

* This was necessary, to evade the penalties for infringement of the patent right of the two great Theatres.

I expected, it represented a castle with a moat and drawbridge; the castle of course attacked by troops who came on in boats. Many of the combatants contrived to get themselves into the water by the breaking of the drawbridge, where they fought up to their chins. This theatre is quite small, and ornamented in the most showy manner, with a plentiful lack of taste. I lately had the pleasure of seeing their mightiness the *mob* in all their glory at Bartholomew Fair, and really such a scene of riot and confusion I never before beheld. * * *

When the news of Lord Wellington's victory at Salamanca arrived, there were universal illuminations for several nights. I did not, however, go to any of the public buildings where I might have seen them in their greatest perfection. I am now sorry I did not go to the Admiralty, where the standards were displayed that were taken from the enemy. Had I gone out on those nights, I should have seen the *mobility* in their highest glory. Mr. Inskip and another gentleman, passing Somerset House, in a hackney-coach, were made to pull off their hats, and not content with this, the rabble forced open the coach door, and threw in squibs, &c., until they set fire to the straw in the bottom.

Mr. Inskeep had one of his whiskers burnt off (what a loss!) and was struck on the breast by a fire-brand which, "dismal horror to relate," burnt through his waistcoat. I am told, that one of their civilest tricks was firing off a pistol between the heads of any two well-dressed people that happened to be walking together. In Fitzroy-square, opposite to us, they had a cannon which they kept constantly firing, with lesser accompaniments on the blunderbuss, pistols, &c., to our great amusement. Captain and Mrs. Visscher have sailed about a week ago for America. Morse and myself, feel their loss very much, as they were extremely attentive and kind to us. If they may be taken as a sample of the New England people, I am inclined to have a much better opinion of them than I ever had before.

Mr. and Mrs. Allston are the only friends we have left that are very near us, and if I were to lose the society of Mr. Allston, I should not wish to remain any longer in England. Since Morse has been among us he (*i. e.* Allston) has very kindly spent every evening with me. He is advancing very rapidly with his large picture and will be able to exhibit it in the British Institution next year, where it will, no doubt, obtain the prize of 400 guineas, besides standing a good chance

of its being sold. Sir George Beaumont (one of the first connoisseurs of the day, and who is in fact an excellent artist himself), having seen the outline, wrote to Mr. Allston a very complimentary letter from his country seat, and concluded by requesting him to paint a small picture of some church, for which he offered him 200*l*. Mr. Brown (whom, I believe, I mentioned in a former letter) has been very attentive to Morse and myself. He mentioned to me, the last time I saw him, that he should like me to spend a few days at Snaresbrook, and paint Mrs. Brown and her dog, which is a great favourite, as they have no children. The last time I dined there, I met Mr. Zantzing, a brother to J. Barton. He told me he had my plate of Blisset and Jefferson,* which he would show me, but I have not yet called on him. I have become acquainted with a Mr. Coate, from Montreal. He is originally from Philadelphia, and is related to the Cotes' family, though he spells his name differently. He has been a clergyman and has travelled among the Indians as a missionary, but being of a consumptive habit he was obliged to give up preaching, and is here publishing a number of specimens of ornamental penmanship, which indeed, are the most elegant.

* Portraits painted by Leslie in Philadelphia (?)

things of the kind I ever saw. He brought out letters to many of the nobility, Sir Wm. Beechey has particularly interested himself in obtaining him subscribers, and Mr. West has been a great friend to him. He obtained permission for Morse and myself to look at a very fine collection of pictures, which are about to be sold. Among them is one of the finest of Claude's landscapes, two very fine Titians, several Guidos, a Portrait and a Madonna by Van Dyk, a large Rubens, and a number of small Flemish paintings, a 'Danæ' by Correggio, and a great number of other pictures.

This Mr. Coate lives in Warren Street, which is very near us. He appears to be a very friendly, good-hearted, pleasant man. Farewell.

During this year Leslie and his friend Morse were lodged together at No. 8, Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square, in "the very centre of almost all the artists in London," to which Leslie removed from his first lodgings in Warren street, in the same neighbourhood.

LONDON, *Sep.* 29, 1812.

DEAR BETSEY,—Mr. West has kindly consented to take charge of my 'Hercules' and 'Timon of Athens,'

which I have sent with his own portrait to Mr. Bradford, and which I suppose will be in the next exhibition. I called a few days since, with the portrait of Mr. West and the 'Hercules,' on Sir Wm. Beechey, who is extremely kind in giving advice to young artists. However, I must say I received very little encouragement from him, as he pointed out innumerable faults, and not one part in which I had succeeded. He looked principally at the portrait, as the other was not so much in his line of painting. Sir William is extremely open and candid, even to bluntness. He told me when I was coming away, that whenever I wanted another *set down* he would be very happy to accommodate me. I shall certainly call frequently on him, although I must confess I felt somewhat dispirited, yet I consider it very wholesome chastisement, and am certain that I shall benefit much from it.

Allston tells me that when he was in England before, he showed a picture to Sir William, who said to him, "Sir, that is not flesh but mud; it is as much mud as if you had taken it out of the kennel and painted your picture." * * I afterwards took my picture to Mr. West, from whom I received more encouragement, for though he pointed out a great many errors in my 'Hercules,' he gave me praise for the left leg and foot. If Tom, his

still surviving brother, is present at the unpacking of my pictures, he will perceive on the back of 'Hercules' a ball drawn by Mr. West himself, who was explaining to me his principle for the light and shadow and colour, and by this simple diagram he can assign his reasons for the arrangement of every part of his immense pictures. Mr. West kept me for several hours while he illustrated all he said in the clearest manner by constantly recurring to nature. I really pitied the poor porter who carried my pictures there, and whom Mr. West used as a model, placing him in various lights, and poking at him with his mahl-stick to point out the different effects of light and shadow upon him.

He directed me how I might alter my 'Hercules' to the best advantage, and I worked on it till the very day it was packed up. * * * I am going to paint another 'Hercules' for Mr. Coate, who has offered to pay for my models, canvasses, &c.

I have finished his portrait, which is thought extremely like, and I am now about one of Mr. Earle, and a small one of myself, which will, I think, be like. Mr. West gave me six pounds for his picture, which I have laid out in prints of Van Dyk's and Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, and a few from Raphael. Among the Sir Joshuas are his 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic

Muse,' and his 'Infant Academy,' two of his finest works. Among the Raphaels is his 'Incendio del Borgo,' which Sir Joshua speaks of in his 'Lectures.'

1813.

Pictures Painted this Year.

MURDER: Macbeth, Act II., Scene I.—PORTRAIT OF MR. EMLÉN, of Philadelphia. (Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

The following letters for this year need no introduction or connecting remark. What Leslie says in that of May of the necessity that a picture should tell some scriptural or classic story in order to insure it "currency," shows the cramping influence of the conventionalism of that day. One may remark too on the rise, shown by the letters of this year, in the level of the painter's studies. The eighteen-year-old lad of last year was content with his subscription to the Bond Street circulating library. He tells his sister only of the novels he is reading. This year his studies lie in Homer, Milton, and Dante, among the poets; while Smollett and Swift are his prose authors. Then, too, he has made the acquaintance of Coleridge. With such books and such companionship it is not to be

wondered at if we find Leslie at nineteen ripening gradually into juster appreciation both of the painters and the Art-maxims of the day.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *Feb.* 25, 1813.

YOUR letter by the 'Catharine Ray' came duly to hand, and was doubly welcome to me, as I had not heard from you for a very long time. I rejoice to hear you like King so well, and I sincerely hope he will get business in Philadelphia. I think his close intimacy with Sully will be of very great advantage to him. You will perceive that King's greatest excellence is in his colouring of flesh. His drawing is very correct, and his heads are generally very like; but they have not always a happiness of expression, and his attitudes generally want ease. Now in these two points Sully is very excellent, and as they are not to be imparted by rules, King will be more likely to acquire a feeling for them by having pictures that possess them constantly before him than he would by any other means. He is also deficient in the management of draperies, which Sully paints very beautifully. Since Mr. Inskeep's picture I have begun a picture for the Exhibition at

Somerset House. I scarcely know what name to give it, but the subject was suggested by these lines from Shakespear:—

————— now wither'd Murder
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Who howls his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing stride, towards his design
Moves like a ghost ———.

I have represented an assassin stealing from a cave at midnight, with a drawn sword in one hand, and holding his breath with the other. The horizon is formed by the sea, and the moon, just rising, illuminates the distance and middle ground, while the figure is quite in shadow against the light sky and sea. All the foreground is also in shadow, produced by a projection of the rock. I have modelled a head in clay for my figure, and made a small sketch of the whole. The picture will be the same size as my 'Hercules.' As it will be necessary to send it to the Academy in the beginning of April, and I wish to bestow every possible pains on it, it will occupy every moment of time till that period. Morse and I intend going to Hampton Court as soon as we have sent our pictures in, and Allston having promised to accompany us, we shall have a very pleasant little jaunt. The exhibition at the British

Gallery is now open, and I have been twice to it, but as I intend writing an account of some of the principal pictures to King, who will communicate it to you, I shall say nothing here of them. As soon as this Exhibition closes, they are to open one consisting of all the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds in this country, which are to be borrowed for the purpose from the different possessors of them. I esteem myself particularly fortunate that I am here at this time, for if it was not for this collection, I should, no doubt, miss seeing a great many of these treasures. I only regret that my advancement is not sufficient, at present, for me to profit from them as much as I might hope to do in a few more years.

A new tragedy has appeared at Drury Lane this season called 'Remorse,' though no doubt you will have heard of, if not received, it before you get this. It is by Coleridge, who I believe I have before told you is an intimate friend of Allston's. As it is many years since a tragedy has been received, and there were no very first-rate performers in this line to support the characters, the author was not very sanguine in his expectations of success. It was received, however, with the most rapturous applause, and has had a very capital run. I went to see it the second or third night,

and was quite as well pleased with it as I expected to be from the excellent accounts I had heard of it. Rae, who performed the principal male character, I had never seen before ; he is a young man, who after playing with great success at some of the provincial theatres, made his debüt in London the beginning of this season. He is a good actor and has much judgment, but fails to seize the feelings and carry one away as Kemble or poor Cooke would have done. When they were on the stage it was impossible to look at or think of any body else. Each of them seemed to say "I am myself alone ;" but this is not the case with Rae. Allston says the reason of it is, that he has not the proper inflections of the voice. His face appeared good for the stage and capable of great variety of expression ; it seemed to me to have the character of Kemble's, though I was much too far off to distinguish his features, being in the upper row of boxes. His figure, as well as I could see,—it being disguised in a bad dress,—I thought good, though it seemed to me to want importance. It is impossible however to judge of an actor from only once seeing him, and at such a distance, and it is therefore very likely that upon a second and better sight of him I may find myself mistaken in many respects. Mrs. Glover played Alhadra uncommonly

well; it appeared to me to be the most prominent character in the piece. This lady has not a tragic voice, and very far from a tragic face. She was dressed well, however, and is a commanding figure, though monstrously fat. Elliston in a Moorish dress looked so like Cooper in 'Othello,' that had they both been on the stage I think I should scarcely have known the difference. He played Alvar. As I have very little doubt that you will have read the tragedy when you get this, I have written as if you were acquainted with the characters. I have not yet seen 'Rokeby,' but the truth is, I have applied repeatedly at the library and it is never at home; it is published in so expensive a form that I cannot purchase it.

March 8th, 1813.

As I have just heard of an opportunity, I hasten to close this letter. I should have made it much longer, but owing to the picture I have now on hand at which I am obliged to work very hard, and the lectures at the Academy where I am a constant attendant, and some other things which I will mention another time, I am just at present more engaged than I ever have been since my residence here. Writing letters with me is not a thing that can be done at odd scraps of time, but

I must sit down and compose myself to it and collect all my thoughts about me.

Mrs. Jordan has returned to the stage, and is now playing at Covent Garden. Bannister and Braham are at Drury Lane, and they are now performing some of the finest comedies at both houses. The opposition makes each one bring forth all their best actors. I have not had time to see either Mrs. Jordan or Bannister, and think I shall not until the Academy closes. Adieu.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *April 4*, 1813.

* * * * *

I expect to go about the middle of next week, with Mr. and Mrs. Allston and Morse, upon a little trip to Hampton Court, Windsor, &c., from which we all promise ourselves much pleasure. I am extremely pleased with young Payne,* who is now here; from what I have seen of him, I think him very amiable and agreeable, independently of his talents. Mr. and Mrs. Allston knew him and all his family very well in America, and it was with much pleasure that they renewed their acquaintance with him.

* Howard Payne, for whose career, see the Autobiography.

I am going to paint his portrait when I return from Hampton Court; we have already taken a plaster cast of his face. I have finished and sent to Somerset House my picture from Shakspeare, which I described in my last letter. A few days before I sent it I took it to Mr. West. He did me the honour to praise it a good deal, and advised me by all means to exhibit it, without which I should not have sent it. He suggested to me to introduce the wolf, howling in an obscure part of the cave, which he said was necessary to mark the subject. He also advised me to show part of the moon, which was hid by a fragment of rock. Both these things I did, and upon showing it to him again he told me my subject was now complete. From the good opinion Mr. West expressed, I have little doubt it will be admitted. My only fear is, that it will be crammed into some obscure place, or lost amid the blaze of pictures that crowd the great room. There were last year upwards of a thousand pictures exhibited, and, I have heard, about five hundred rejected that were sent there. Mr. West has been painting a picture for the Exhibition which nobody has yet seen. For a week past he locked himself up entirely, and has been denied to everybody. When I called on him, the servant told me I could not possibly

see him ; but I begged him to show him the picture and mention my name ; that if Mr. West could not see me then, I would call in the evening. I waited in his gallery, and the old gentleman presently came out to me with my picture. He told me that he had shut himself up, but he was so well pleased with my picture that he could not help seeing me.

I went a short time ago to see Mrs. Jordan in 'As You Like It,' and was quite as much pleased with her as I expected ; indeed, more so, for I had been taught to expect an immensely fat woman, and she is but moderately so. Her face is still very fine, no print that I ever saw of her is much like. Her performance of Rosalind was in my mind perfect, though I am convinced the character from its nature did not call forth half Mrs. Jordan's powers. I long to see her in the 'Country Girl,' 'Miss Prue,' or something of that kind. The other characters were extremely well supported, particularly Touchstone by Faucett, and Audrey by Mrs. Chas. Kemble, who was even superior to Mrs. Francis. Young played Jacques very well, and Chas. Kemble looked Orlando better than he played it. Incledon played Amiens, and sung his songs delightfully. He is one of the worst looking men I ever saw, and has indeed completely the face and figure of a low

sailor. He is likewise a wretched actor, and always appears on the stage with that kind of awkward stiffness that arises from a man being in better company than he is accustomed to. He is, however, a very charming singer, and has the most manly, and at the same time, agreeable voice that I ever heard. He was, I am told, in reality a common sailor originally. I have also heard he has other talents than that of singing, and can eat and drink more at a meal than any other man. He was one of poor Cooke's most intimate friends. The nation is at present in mourning for the Duchess of Brunswick. Fortunately for me, I always wear black, so that I am at no trouble on the present occasion. One of my reasons indeed for wearing it was, that I might be prepared for the demise of the King, but that I believe is never to happen. I have not observed more black than usual in the streets, but I am told in company it is always expected. The dress boxes at the theatres exhibit nothing else. The duchess was buried at Windsor (not in state), and I missed seeing the funeral move from her house here, supposing there would be no parade.

I have lately read the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' for the first time, and with very great pleasure. I am now going through Homer, Milton, and Dante's

works, which every painter should be well acquainted with.

I suppose you will not believe me when I say that I have not seen 'Rokeby.' I have applied incessantly at the library, but it is always out, and they have constantly promised to send it me, but never have.

I have lately been made a Student in the Academy, by showing a chalk drawing, a skeleton, and an anatomical figure. I have now access to the library every Monday, besides the privilege of wearing my hat in the Academy, and coming in with a greater swagger than before.

As the drawing Academy is at present shut, and of course will continue so until the Exhibition closes, I have now resumed drawing at the British Museum every Tuesday and Thursday as I did last summer. Remember to all his friends.

Your C. R. L.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *May 6*, 1813.

I HAD written a long letter to Jane, giving a detail of my jaunt to Windsor, Oxford, and Blenheim, with Mr. and Mrs. Allston and Morse. With this party I was out of town about ten days, and the weather being uncommonly fine made it a very delightful trip.

Morse's picture of the 'Hercules,' and mine of 'Murder,' are in very excellent situations at Somerset House; they have already been noticed in a newspaper. The exhibition is very good: the greater part of the pictures here, as usual, are portraits. Mr. West has but one picture, and that is quite small. I long to hear how our little Academy in Philadelphia has got on this year. Morse and I have found, after a good deal of experience, that we cannot paint with as much advantage both in one room, as we could separately; and I have, therefore, hired a painting-room directly opposite to us.

It is about twice the size of Morse's, and, being at the back of the house, has of course the same light. I pay 17*l.* a-year for it. Since my return from the country, I have begun a portrait of Payne, which promises to be the best likeness I have ever painted; and one of a Mr. Emlen, of Philadelphia, who is studying physic here. I have lately been a good deal in company with Coleridge, and have had opportunities of seeing the man as well as the poet.

I really do not know which most to admire, the goodness of his heart or the soundness of his head. He is a man of the most exquisite feelings, which give a cast of melancholy to his character always visible in

his countenance, excepting when he is carried away by sprightly conversation. He has greater colloquial talents than I have ever before met with, and with the most consummate eloquence, possessing all the graces of conversation, he exhibits on every subject the deepest philosophical thinking. Allston says, that when in the vein to exercise it, there are no bounds to his wit. He was secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, governor of Malta, during the bombardment of Tripoli, at which place he had an opportunity of seeing many of our naval officers. He was particularly pleased with Decatur, of whom he often speaks in the highest terms as a gentleman and a hero. I am at present hard set to think of a subject for a pretty large picture that I want to paint for the next exhibition. I find that pictures from modern poets do not take, and even if they should, it is uncertain how long they may continue in vogue. To insure a picture currency, therefore, it is necessary that it should tell either some scriptural or classic story. Even Shakspeare, Dante, and Milton, are scarcely sufficiently canonised to be firm ground.

I have at length read Scott's 'Rokeby,' and was of course very much pleased with it. I must, however, read it again, for the interest the story excited made

me gallop to the end as hard as I could, and I had not the opportunity to admire the beauties of imagery, or observe the nicer shades of character that a second reading will afford me.

I have lately read 'Humphrey Clinker,' for the first time, and liked it exceedingly; the story of Mr. and Mrs. Baynard is admirable. I have also read Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,' and 'Battle of the Books,' with great laughter. I have not been at the theatre for a long time until a few nights ago, when I went to see 'Education,' a new comedy by Morton; and 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp.' The comedy I was not greatly pleased with, although they had lugged into it all the best actors. It appeared to me to be made up from the 'Road to Ruin' and the 'Sons of Erin.' 'Aladdin' is a melodrama, and, as you may suppose, splendid in the extreme. With these kind of things they spare no expense at Covent Garden.

1814.

Pictures Exhibited this Year.

THE WOMAN OF ENDOR RAISING THE GHOST SAMUEL BEFORE SAUL.

"Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee and is become thine enemy." 1 Samuel, ch. vii. v. 16. (Rejected by the British Institution, but afterwards

exhibited at the Royal Academy.)—PORTRAIT OF HOWARD PAYNE
as NORVAL.

Leslie, in his 'Recollections,' speaks of the 'Saul' as his first large picture, and of its fate in being at first rejected at the British Institution, owing to its unfinished appearance—attributed by the painter to its want of varnish—of its improvement, under the advice of Mr. West, and of its ultimate sale for one hundred guineas, to Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley.

Of Payne and his portrait we have heard already, in the Autobiography, as well as in the letters of 1813.

I have had entrusted to me no letters of Leslie's for this year, nor for

1815.

A PORTRAIT OF A LADY (not exhibited) is the solitary picture recorded for this year. But in the interval between 1813 and 1815 he had qualified himself to carry off the two medals at the Academy, which he received in the following year.

1816.

Pictures of this Year.

DEATH OF RUTLAND.

Rutland.—Oh, let me pray before I take my death :—
To thee I pray ; Sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clifford.—Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

* * * * *

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die !

Third Part of Henry VI. Act 1. Scene 3.

The choice of subject for this year's picture is worth noting. It was Leslie's first venture on his most congenial work—the illustration of our English classics. From this time we hear no more from him of the antique and the classical in subjects. Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière, Le Sage, Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Smollett, are henceforth to prompt the young painter's conceptions. He followed his bent in choosing this field, and speedily displayed his real power of keenly apprehending and gracefully representing characters and humours in the creations of those great masters. But the incident of this picture of 1816 was a painful one, the murder of the young son of Plantagenet by the revengeful Clifford. Sir Edwin Landseer, then a curly-headed youngster, dividing his time between Polito's wild-beasts at Exeter Change and the Royal Academy Schools, tells me that he sat for the pleading boy, with a rope round his wrists. Leslie appears to have thought more of his conception of the murderer than of that of the victim, for he speaks of the picture as “my Clifford.” The picture was sent

to Philadelphia, and, to his great gratification, purchased by the Academy of his native place.

It was in this year that the controversy as to the Elgin marbles raged so loudly, on the occasion of their purchase by the Government. Haydon was foremost in blowing the flames of the controversy, and fiercely sounding the praises of these divine works, as he has fully recorded in his Autobiography. The casts to which Leslie alludes in his letter of June 3rd, were probably casts from the moulds of the Theseus, Ilyssus, and other fragments, taken under Haydon's direction.

LONDON, *June 3rd*, 1816.

DEAR BETSY,—I have just received your letter of April 23rd, by the 'Superior.' I am on every account delighted with the sale of Mr. Allston's large picture to the Academy, first, for the service to so excellent a man, then for the promise it gives of encouragement for historical painting in America, and lastly, for the honour it does to the city of Philadelphia. I have lately been leading quite a dissipated life, and having spent almost every evening out for some time past, I have let a longer time elapse since writing to you than I ought, or wished to have done, which I hope you will

excuse with your usual goodness. I have heard a debate in the House of Commons, and have been to the opera for the first and, I think, last time. At the former place I heard Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Brougham, &c., speak, and saw Sir Francis Burdett. At the latter I heard Braham, Madame Fodor, Signor Naldi, &c., sing, but at both places the *acting* was so bad, and the people appeared so little like what they represented, that I grew very tired of listening to them. Imagine, if you can, Lord Castlereagh, that great diplomatist and negotiator, in the likeness of a Bond-street loungee, blue cossack pantaloons gathered in front like the old English dresses, a blue coat, the skirts and pockets edged with white and black, and a black velvet collar?—rather a small man, with something of a fashionable lisp. Mr. Brougham, leader of the Opposition, the thunders of whose eloquence must have reached America long ago, is as follows.* The room in which they meet is very small and plain, and by no means gives an idea of a place in which the affairs of a great nation are settled. I had here an opportunity that never occurred to me before, that of hearing several

* A pen-and-ink sketch followed.

genuine Irish bulls, made by a member of the house. The Opera House is the most splendid theatre I was ever in. Each box is separated by a crimson curtain, which gives a most magnificent appearance to the whole. I sat in the gallery, which is quite a respectable place, and nearly as expensive as the boxes at the other theatres. It reminded me of 'Evelina and the Branghtons.' I had an English translation of the piece (which was called 'La Cosa Rara') in my hand, so that I could understand the performers, but the acting was so execrable that it destroyed all the effect of the music, excepting in some of the songs. A few nights ago I had a ticket given me for a private concert at Lady Saltoun's, near Grosvenor Square, where I had an opportunity of mingling with lords and ladies for a few hours. There were stars glittering on the breasts of gentlemen, and diamonds on the necks of ladies, and to say the truth, the ladies had need of them, for I never saw a more ordinary set. They reminded me of those subordinate characters in Miss Edgeworth's novels, in which she is so happy. Some of the music was very fine, particularly a duet by two French girls, which was divine. They had taste enough to encore it, and I could have listened to it all night. I had also the pleasure of again hearing

Drouet, the celebrated performer on the flute. I felt that this was the proper way to enjoy music, one such concert to me is worth fifty operas with the same performers. When the ear is delighted, nothing else is wanted. Scenery, gesture, costume, and everything of that kind, hurts the effect instead of improving it. Fine music always carries me into other regions, but at the opera I felt chained down to the earth. Some time ago, I went to see a new tragedy ('Bertram'), which bears some resemblance to Lord Byron's 'Corsair.' It is written by the author of the 'Milesian.' We were very near the stage, where I could enjoy and appreciate Kean's acting. He has the disadvantage of a small person, but with an amazing power of expression in his face. He is less noble and dignified than Kemble, but I think his genius is as great in its way. Every word he utters is full of power, and I know not whether he most excels in the terrific or in the tender and pathetic. His face, though not handsome, is picturesque, and the manner in which he wore his hair was peculiarly so.

*

The above sketch, though caricatured, is a little like him. A few nights ago, Mrs. Siddons per-

* Here followed a pen-and-ink sketch.

formed Queen Katharine for Charles Kemble's benefit. I could not resist the temptation of going, and actually endangered my life to see her, in a most tremendous crowd. She played gloriously, so as to bring back all my former recollections of her. She is very little altered, and I believe there are hopes of her return to the stage. Kemble played Cardinal Wolsey in his best manner, and his voice was in excellent condition. This play is got up in the most classical and magnificent style. The banquet scene was splendid in the extreme, and Anne Boleyn was performed by Miss Foster (a perfectly beautiful girl). Egerton who played Harry resembles his person, and was dressed precisely like the pictures and statues of him. Charles Kemble played Cromwell; by-the-by he is no great actor; the only character I ever liked him in was Falconbridge. I am in great hopes of getting an introduction to Mrs. Siddons, to make a sketch of her face, through Payne. However, there are many difficulties in the way, as she is as much of the Princess off the stage as she is on. Payne knows Charles Kemble very well, but Charles is not sufficiently intimate with his sister to take the liberty of asking such a favour of her. He did not even ask her to play for his benefit. I am therefore

in hopes of obtaining it through John Kemble. Mr. Coleridge is at present here; he has just published his poem of 'Cristabel.' He lives at Highgate (about three miles from us) in a most delightful family. He requested me to sketch his face, which I did, out there, and by that means became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, who are the sort of people that you become intimate with at once. They have invited me in the most friendly manner to visit them at all times, and to spend weeks with them. There are some beautiful scenes about Highgate, and I shall in future make it my resort for landscape studies. Mrs. Gillman has a very fine face, and she will sit to me whenever I wish. She is a very excellent, charming woman; and to do the English justice, I believe hers is not an uncommon character among them. I have met with four such women myself, and I think I could right safely add more to the number, and my English acquaintance is not very extensive. If I had any right to speak from my limited observation, I should say, that the women here far exceed the men in virtue. Caroline Percy, Belinda, and Grace Nugent, are, I am convinced, not ideal characters. They have just opened a very fine exhibition of the Italian masters at the British Gallery. It contains

two of the cartoons of Raphael,* and a cabinet picture by him of Saint Catherine, which is the most divine head I have ever seen, one or two fine Titians, a number of glorious Paul Veroneses, and all the original cartoons of the heads of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' which give me a higher opinion of him than anything I have seen, and, though last not least, some very fine Claudes, Salvators, and Poussins. This exhibition affords a most delicious treat to us artists,† and I hope some of the best pictures will be left at the close of it, for the students to copy. I shall soon send to Sully a little oil copy from a Paul Veronese, which I think he will find useful. I am going on much as usual. Portrait is the order of the day.

I have just received a long and kind letter from Mr. Bradford, which I shall answer immediately. I shall be extremely glad to see Henry Carey, and shall render him every service in my power. Remember me affectionately to him when you see him. Nothing has occurred to alter my determination of returning at the time I have fixed; on the contrary, I grow more

* Got up from Hampton Court, Haydon says—in his biography—at his suggestion.—Ed.

† This was the first year in which such an opportunity of copying was given.—Ed.

and more anxious for its approach, and the sale of Mr. Allston's picture has very much brightened my prospects.

I am exceedingly anxious that our Academy should send for casts from the finest Antiques in the world, which are now in London, and were brought from Athens by Lord Elgin. I have written to Sully on the subject, and hope he will exert his influence with them to that end. It will be an incalculable advantage to our artists, and their being in Philadelphia would make me quite content to fix my residence there for the remainder of my life. I know an artist* who says, he thanks God every morning that he did not die before they arrived in England.

Tell Sully that I entreat him not to lose a moment's time in persuading the Academy to procure them. He will look upon their arrival as a sure prognostic of the rise of the Arts among us. We want to establish a correct public taste, and I know nothing so likely to do it. I sent Sully an extract from one of the weekly papers upon the subject of them,† since which there has appeared in the last number of the 'Quarterly Review' a full account of them, which I

* Haydon.—Ed.

† One of Haydon's articles from the 'Examiner.'—Ed.

wish he could obtain a sight of. No doubt many of his acquaintances receive that work. Farewell, remember me as usual to all relations and friends.

C. R. L.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *Dec. 12, 1816.*

I HAVE just received your letters of October 8th and 19th, rendered doubly welcome by so long an interval since the last.

I am glad to hear of the safe arrival of the pictures, and still more so that the Academy is inclined to purchase my Clifford. Tell Sully I will accept the thousand dollars in preference to the other proposal. Your criticisms on the picture are very just. I am only afraid that your diffidence as to your own judgment prevents your pointing out many other faults that you see. Do not be afraid of saying exactly what you think. I am used to having my pictures remarked on, and when people can see some merit in them it does not annoy me to have a great many faults pointed out; on the contrary I have, in most instances, reason to be pleased with it. Your commendations were very gratifying to me, as they were bestowed upon those parts of my picture which I was best satisfied with

myself. I think, therefore, they were just, though somewhat too warm, from the natural and amiable prejudice of a sister, and from your not having had opportunities of seeing a great deal of art. You will be pleased to hear that the silver medal which I was a candidate for has been awarded to me. The evening of the 10th I received it from the hand of Mr. Fuseli, who presided in Mr. West's absence (on account of ill-health). The copying at the British Gallery is over. I have finished my Paul Veronese. It is rather a pleasant mode of study, and has considerable advantages. There were thirty artists there on an average every day, eight or ten of them ladies. It is useful to see the different modes of painting that are practised, and to hear the various opinions that are advanced. From those that are better and further advanced than myself, I have learnt in many instances what to aim at, and from those that are inferior what to avoid. There were two of the cartoons left there, but I had not time to make any studies from them. My principal pursuit at present is colour, and I find there is more to be learned in that from the Venetians than all the other schools put together. They have a painting-school at the Academy now, on a similar plan to that at the Gallery, and they have lately received one of the

cartoons, the Death of Ananias, — one of the finest — from Hampton Court. There is a picture there of Mr. West's, — a Head by Guido, — which I am going to copy for Mr. MacMurtrie.

I lately requested to see Fuseli's pictures at the Academy. He received me very politely and took me into his painting-room. He is at present about a picture of Perseus flying off with the head of Medusa. The figure of Medusa is very happily conceived, and he has contrived to hide all the disgusting part, — the stump of the neck and the blood, — very judiciously. He has in his room the finest picture I ever saw of his, 'The Lazar House,' I believe from Milton. It is one of the most tremendous exhibitions of appalling sights I ever beheld. The figures glare across the picture like a horrible dream. He has certainly never been equalled in the visionary, and there it is he shines as a genius, but whenever he attempts commonplace he is contemptible.

Fuseli, I believe, never has painted from nature, and consequently does not know what it is. His illustrations of Cowper are ridiculous in the extreme. He is a great master of light and shadow, and colour, as far as it can be made an engine of the terrific. His paintings are very coarse, and have an uncertain kind

of execution which is very fine in ghosts and witches, but very bad in gentlemen and ladies. Turner, however, is my great favourite of all the painters here.

I went to see his pictures yesterday, and was delighted as I always am with them. He combines the highest poetical imagination with an exquisite feeling for all the truth and individuality of nature, and he has shown that the ideal, as it is called, is not the improving of nature, but the selecting and combining objects that are most in harmony and character with each other. To wind up the matter, I will sketch the heads of the two great men I have been describing.* Alas! I have failed in the likeness of Turner; the other is Fuseli, and though a little in caricature, gives some idea of him. His front face has very much the character of a lion. I find I have written about one subject only, and that though the most interesting to me may not be equally so to you, and so good-bye.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *Dec.* 23, 1816.

MY last letter I believe was solely about the Arts. There were several other things I had intended to say

* Here follow two pen-and-ink sketches.

in it when I began, but I soon found myself over head and ears in paint, and accordingly reserved them for another letter.

I am very much pleased with the subject you proposed in your last, of William Tell, and shall probably paint it some time or other. It will be very difficult to compose it.

I have often intended to ask my mother for a description of the places where my father lived, and where Tom and I were born. I wish she may recollect the numbers of the houses. I remember that just before we sailed, we had lodgings in Cheapside, at a china shop. I think the name of the people was Anice, but I have looked in vain for such a name or such a shop in Cheapside. I should like also to know the church in which I was christened. * * * * I often amuse myself by dreaming of my return, and how you will all look, and what you will all say: delightful reveries—

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to ——.

no, not to “despair,” but to old England. Farewell for the present. Remember me to all friends and relations.

C. R. L.

1817.

Pictures of this Year.

PORTRAITS PAINTED AT PARIS OF MISS WELLER, MRS. CARNES, MR. GREEN, AND OTHER AMERICANS.

LESLIE exhibited no picture at the Academy this year, though he painted the above enumerated portraits of his countrymen and women during a visit to Paris, where he spent two months. He made the excursion in company with his friends Allston and William Collins, afterwards the Royal Academician. In a letter to his sister, of September 22, after describing their journey, *viâ* Brighton and Dieppe, he says,—

“The day after our arrival we were not able to get into the Louvre, and we visited the church of Notre Dame, a fine Gothic structure, but inferior to Westminster Abbey. The following day we went to the Louvre, and revelled all the morning in the richest luxury of art. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings: had my whole life before been one of misery, it seemed as if this day would have balanced the account, and made me consider myself the happiest of human beings. But all this may appear to you extravagant, and perhaps is so; but as I believe that in many instances it is of advantage to be led

away by our feelings (provided they do not lead us away from our duties), I gave myself entirely up to them. In the cartoons of Raphael, I had before had frequent opportunities of seeing all that part of the art which addresses itself to the mind, and now I saw, in its fullest perfection, all that part which can delight the eye, in the picture of the 'Marriage of Cana' by Paul Veronese. It is an immense picture, about thirty feet by twenty, and the figures are as large as life. The colouring is quite perfect, and far exceeds any picture of the kind that I have ever seen, or expect to see. There are many other very fine pictures, and, it must be owned, a great deal of trash, which has been substituted for the pictures which were removed. The gallery itself is a most splendid building, and does very great honour to the nation it belongs to."

Of this year, too, is the first letter I find from him addressed to his friend Washington Irving. It would seem from allusions to the 'Dutch Courtship,' and other passages in this letter, to have been already settled that a series of illustrations to 'Knickerbocker' and the 'Sketch Book' were to be executed by Allston and Leslie. We shall find frequent references to this work in a year or two.

LONDON, *Dec. 20, 1817.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to be very clever at making apologies for delaying to answer the letters of my friends, if practice is as useful in this as in other things ; but I am really quite at a loss in the present instance, for the truth is I have no excuse to offer but laziness, which is inexcusable. I shall therefore plead guilty, and hope that as the fault carries with it the heavy punishment of its own consciousness, you will forgive me.

I arrived in London about three weeks ago, by the way of Brussels and Antwerp, after a very gratifying, and I hope profitable, residence of two months in Paris. The Louvre is more rich than I expected. I painted a portrait of Miss Weller, but as I did not come back direct, I left it, with some sketches I made in the Louvre, to be sent after me, and they have not yet arrived.

I had the pleasure of meeting Preston there ; he gave me some very interesting descriptions of scenes that you enjoyed together in Scotland. You must have been very much delighted with the society of Edinburgh. I hope your tour has roused you into the writing mood.

I have put the sketch of the 'Dutch Courtship' into the hands of a very excellent engraver. It will be done in two months; the price will be twenty-five guineas, which is not high for the style in which he will do it.

Mr. Allston is afraid that his drawing cannot be reduced without losing the expression, and intends therefore doing another of the size of mine as soon as he can choose a subject. He has not yet got to work on his large picture, but has just finished a very grand and poetical figure of the angel Uriel sitting in the sun. The figure is colossal, the attitude and air very noble, and the form heroic without being overcharged. In the colour he has been equally successful, and with a very rich and glowing tone he has avoided *positive* colours, which would have made him too material. There is neither red, blue, nor yellow in the picture, and yet it possesses a harmony equal to the best pictures of Paul Veronese. I hope you will be in London ere long to see it. I cannot in this letter make any observations on 'Jacob's Dream,' but I will write to you again very soon, and in the meantime, endeavour to put together some remarks upon painting generally.

We met Verplank at Paris, whom we found a very agreeable and intelligent companion. I painted there

the portraits of Mrs. Carnes, a pretty countrywoman of ours, and Mr. Green. I am at present engaged in the same way here, and shall probably do nothing else till my return to America, which I expect will be in the spring, when I hope to undertake the plans I communicated to you when you were in London.

Allston sends his warmest regards to you, in which he is heartily joined by

Yours, very truly,

CHAS. R. LESLIE.

To WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,
At HENRY VAN WART's, Esq.,
Birmingham.

1818.

Pictures of this Year.

ANNE PAGE AND MASTER SLENDER. (Not exhibited).—GIRL WITH DEAD BIRD. (Not exhibited.)

As to the former,* which was no doubt the first conception of the more important picture on this subject, which he painted and exhibited in 1825, I find nothing

* I think it likely to have been the first engraved picture of Leslie's, from the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' The engraving is by Finden. The scene is in Page's garden, where Anne invites Slender in to dinner. He stands with crossed legs lackadaisically, and turns his back on Anne, who points towards the house. The Slender has a great deal of character. The Anne Page is conventional, and smacks of George the Third's London and 1818, more than Elizabeth's Windsor and 1592.—ED.

in the correspondence under the date of this year, except the allusion to it in the following letter from Washington Irving, who was now at Birmingham, in very bad health, and labouring under great depression of spirits. Leslie had no doubt written to tell his friend of the progress of the illustrations, but I do not find the letter in the extracts I have from Leslie's correspondence with Irving.

Irving writes from Birmingham (July 29, 1818):

"I wish the plates put in the printer's hands as soon as possible, and to be executed on the best paper. Two thousand of each. I should like to have three hundred proof impressions of each struck off in such manner that they would do to frame, should any person like to have them in that manner; if not, they can hereafter be cut down to the size of the volume. You and Allston will have as many struck off for yourselves as you please. Let me know the whole expense, and I will send the money immediately.

"I have had my trunk packed to come to London, and should have attended to all this myself, but one circumstance or other continually occurs to baffle my plans, and I am at this moment in a little uncertainty when I shall get them.

"I shall try hard to see Allston before he sails. Had he been going to embark at Liverpool the thing would have been certain. I regret excessively that he goes to America, now that his prospects are opening so promisingly in this country; but perhaps it is all for the best.

"His 'Jacob's Dream' was a particular favourite of mine. I have gazed on it again and again, and the more I gazed the more I was delighted with it. I believe if I was a painter, I could at this moment take a pencil and delineate the whole with the attitude and expression of every figure.

"Allston gives me a charming account of your picture of 'Anne Page and Master Slender.' I hope you will take frequent opportunities to steal away from the painting of portraits, to give full scope to your taste and imagination."

In this year Leslie made a pleasure-excursion into the West of England, of which the letter to his sister gives some pretty landscape sketches in pen and ink.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *Nov.* 21, 1818.

IN my last I informed you that I had just returned from a trip through Devonshire, the particulars of

which I had not then time to relate. I will endeavour (now that I have a little more leisure) to give you some account of it. I had received an invitation from Mr. Dunlop, to spend a short time with him at Dawlish, where he had taken lodgings for a fortnight. I arrived at Exeter from London in twenty-four hours, where I hired a gig and a man to drive me to Dawlish, which is at the sea-side, and about twelve miles from Exeter. This part of the country is all hill and valley, very luxuriant and beautifully diversified with gentlemen's seats and villages. The cottages and churches are of the most brilliant white, and a kind of vine which is generally seen spreading over the walls of the former, the leaves of which are at this season of a bright crimson, produces a beautiful effect. I spent a fortnight of uninterrupted enjoyment at Dawlish, bathed in the sea almost every morning, and after breakfast went out to some one of the fine views with which we were surrounded, sometimes alone, and sometimes with Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop. We visited Powderham Castle, and the grounds belonging to it, beautifully situated on the River Exe. The castle is an ancient Gothic one, but as it has been constantly occupied, the interior has been modernised.

“ On the opposite side of the river, stands the seat

of the late Lord Heathfield. We also visited Mamhead, the highest hill in the neighbourhood. On the summit stands an obelisk surrounded by pines and other forest trees, among which is the evergreen oak, a remarkably elegant tree. This place is more like an American wood than anything I have seen in England.

“At Mamhead there is a pretty little church, in the yard of which stands the largest yew tree I ever saw. The trunk is thirty-six feet in circumference. There were also some of the finest elms I ever saw. Dawlish itself is a small place, with nothing particularly beautiful about it; but as it is well sheltered and affords conveniences for bathing, it is a good deal resorted to by invalids. The climate is considered the finest of any part of England. The shops at these small places are like our American country stores. I bought a pair of gloves at a grocer's who was likewise an undertaker and I had my hair cut by a barber who kept horses for hire and sold pianos.

“Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop having given up their intention of going to Plymouth, I set out by myself. Mr. Dunlop lent me a horse and accompanied me as far as Newton Bushel, about ten miles from Dawlish, in the course of which ride I saw some of the beautiful

scenery on the River Teign. I had sent my trunk back to London, and took with me only a few shirts and cravats tied in a handkerchief, and my sketch book.

“Thus equipped I left Newton on the top of one of the coaches, and about four o'clock got down within two miles of Totness to visit Berry Pomeroy Castle. After proceeding about half-a-mile on foot, I came within sight of the ruins, which crown the summit of a hill, richly wooded, and over-topped by another equally luxuriant rising behind it, and forming a background to the castle. Fearful that I should not have time before dark to explore the beauties of the place, I endeavoured to procure a lodging at some cottages I saw before me. This I found impracticable, but was directed to the lodge of the castle as the only likely place to obtain a bed, and where the woman lived whose business it is to show the castle to strangers. To the lodge I therefore repaired, through a long avenue of trees, but found I could not procure a bed nearer than at Totness. My guide took me into the castle through a modern wooden gate, which supplies the place of the ancient portcullis. The ruined walls and towers are in most places completely covered with ivy. Not a vestige of the roof remains. Tall trees are growing in the principal apartments, and bushes

of various kinds on the tops of the walls. We ascended and descended flights of steps, in some places almost impassable, traversed narrow and winding passages, sometimes in perfect darkness. In the guard-room, over the entrance, my guide pointed out the long narrow opening through which the portcullis had formerly descended. Sunset was approaching and the

Loop-hole tower, the donjon-keep,
In yellow lustre shone.

That part of the castle which we first entered was built in the year 1070. The rest, though of more modern date, was nearly in an equally ruinous state. The view from one of the towers was very fine: the surrounding hills swelling and steep. The day had been a little misty, but the sun was setting beautifully behind the bold outline of a hill. Upon one side of the castle the hill on which it stands is nearly perpendicular, and the appearance of the valley as seen from above is very romantic; the wildness of the foliage which covers the descent, and some picturesque rocks of limestone opposite,—separated from the hill on which the castle stands by a broad level green, which in days of old had been covered with water forming the moat,—combine to make it so. The lulling sound of the stream to which the moat is now shrunk, and which

winds through the valley entirely concealed by foliage, and the distant clink of a mill, were the only sounds, excepting the notes of the castle's feathered inhabitants.

"We now descended to the opposite rocks, from which is the best view of the whole place. The sun had set, but left a mellow light which streamed along the horizon, behind the dark grey walls and still darker ivy which mantled them, and threw a faint tinge on the tops of some of the tallest trees that rose to the base of the ruins. The feeling I had in beholding a scene so perfectly poetical for the first time, and knowing all that to be real which looked so like a vision, was indescribable. We traversed the valley and passed the mill, part of which is coeval with the castle and belonged to it. The wall still remains round a part of the castle ground, and my guide pointed out what had been the garden—now a desolate field. By the time we regained the lodge it was dark, and I proceeded to Totness without delay, passing through the village of Berry, about half a mile from the castle. I met one or two country people on the road, who saluted me with a 'good night.' In the daytime the Devonshire people always bow or courtesy to you, down to the youngest children. I had made up my mind to return to Berry Castle

the next morning, but when I came, I found Totness such a beautiful place that I gave up my intention. The day was delightfully fine, and I employed myself till near two o'clock in wandering through the charming scenery that surrounds this ancient town, and occasionally attempting a sketch. The bridge is very old, with pointed arches, and in some parts ruinous. The church is also very ancient. The custom of tolling the curfew is still kept up in this part of the country, though it is not followed by putting out the lights. The church clock at Totness strikes the day of the month every evening. On the top of a high hill near the church stands the ruined tower of a castle, so entirely covered with ivy, that at a distance it has the appearance of a clump of trees. A grassy walk round the parapet of this tower, commands a very fine view of the surrounding country, through which the river Dart winds very beautifully.

“I left Totness on one of the coaches that passes through, and about half-past three o'clock arrived at Ivy-bridge, a pleasant village situated on a picturesque stream, which dashes over a bed of rocks in a continual series of waterfalls with a constant roar. It is crossed by a high picturesque bridge of one arch, clothed with ivy, from which the village takes its name.

I dined at this beautiful place and strolled about till dark. The next coach came past at seven, and on that I proceeded to Plymouth, where I arrived between nine and ten o'clock. The next morning I took a boat and went on board the 'Impregnable,' by merely asking leave of the commanding officer, which was very politely granted. She is a 100 gun ship, and was very much shattered at Algiers in the late bombardment, since when she has been entirely repaired.

"I was delighted with the perfect order and cleanliness maintained in every part of her. The second gun-deck was filled with sailors' wives and children. I afterwards visited the dockyard, where I obtained admittance without the least difficulty by answering in the affirmative when asked if I was a native of England. I was not aware of what I have since learned, that if I had called myself an American I could not have got in. Among other things, I was shown a frigate on the stocks building upon a large scale, to 'face the Americans,' as my conductor told me. * *"

In this year, much to Leslie's regret, Allston sailed for America. He was an Associate of our Royal Academy, but preferred America, and his prospects there, to the certainty of distinction here. He took up

his residence in Boston, where he followed his art and cultivated literature. He lived much respected, and died at Cambridge in Massachusetts in 1843. A folio volume of fac-similes of sketches, found in his studio after his death, was published by Steven and Perkins, of Boston, which abundantly shows his grace and antique elegance as a designer. A 'Dido and Æneas,' in particular, might have been traced from a Pompeian Mosaic. Mr. Allston's masterpiece, 'Jacob's Dream,' is in this country, at Petworth; but I confess to having been disappointed in the qualities of the picture, when I saw it for the first time this year, after reading what Irving and Leslie say of it.

1819.

Pictures of the Year.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY (?).—SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH, ACCOMPANIED BY THE SPECTATOR, AND SURROUNDED BY HIS TENANTS.*
—See *Spectator*, No. 112. (Exhibited R.A.)

THIS year is an epoch in the painter's career, as being that in which Leslie ventured on a class of subject which none of our painters has treated with so fine a hand as he. We have seen him forsaking the

* This picture was exhibited at Manchester in 1857, by its present possessor, John Naylor, Esq.—Ed.

Old Testament and the Pantheon for Shakspeare. But he durst not venture too fast into that region of the familiar, which the pedantic conventionalism of that day almost entirely proscribed. Gainsborough, it is true, had long before this time painted cottage children, and even hazarded 'A Girl and Pigs,' which Sir Joshua had, in the opinion of his contemporaries, lowered himself by buying for a hundred guineas. Morland was great in pigs, and stables, and sheep-pens. Later still, Wilkie had taken the town by storm by his 'Blind Fiddler,' and his other inimitable scenes of Scottish Lowland life. But in spite of these exceptions, it may be said that domestic subjects were tabooed to the mass of painters. The illustration of books—Shakspeare excepted—was thought matter for the publishers and the reading public, rather than for the painter and his patrons. Stothard and Smirke worked at this work, and were both Academicians, but they were ill-paid, and passed over by the scanty picture-buying class of that period.

At a time when the classical and heroic are, in their turn, proscribed, we find it difficult to appreciate the courage of a young painter who dared to deviate from the conventional subjects and style of his times, and to paint what his heart warmed to.

Leslie's first picture of Sir Roger was painted for his good friend Mr. Dunlop, a wealthy tobacco importer, to whom Leslie's American connections had made him known on his arrival in England.

Lord Lansdowne, one of the soundest in judgment and most self-reliant among the nobility, who comprised in their ranks almost all the picture-buyers of that day, saw and admired Mr. Dunlop's picture at the Exhibition, and gave the painter a commission for a repetition of the subject, which now hangs at Bowood.

We have probably a right to consider this year as Leslie's starting-point on the road to fame and fortune. But the only letter I find of this date is the following characteristic one from Washington Irving (who had spent the summer in London), written to Leslie while on a visit to his quaker friends, the Dillwyns, in Wales, at Penllergare near Swansea. The Lyman, Everett, and Charles Williams mentioned in the letter, were American friends of Irving's and Leslie's; and the Newton referred to, is the painter, one of Leslie's and Irving's most intimate associates.

LONDON, *Sept. 13th*, 1819.

YOU LESLIE!—What's the reason you have not let us hear from you since you set out on your travels?

We have been in great anxiety lest you should have started from London on some other route of that six inch square map of the world which you consulted, and through the mistake of a hair's breadth may have wandered the Lord knows where.

Here have been sad evolutions and revolutions since you left us. Newton had his three shirts and six collars packed up in a half of a saddle bag for several days, with the intention of accompanying Lyman, Everett, and Charles Williams to Liverpool, and returning with the latter through Wales, in which case they intended beating up your quarters, and endeavouring to surprise you with your mahl-stick turned into a shepherd's crook, sighing at the feet of Miss Maine. Newton did nothing for two or three days but scamper up and down between Finsbury Square and Sloane Street like a cat in a panic, taking leave of everybody in the morning and calling upon them again in the evening, when to his astonishment he found Charles Williams had the private intention of embarking for America. Charles has actually sailed, and Newton, instead of his Welsh tour, accompanied me on a tour to Deptford and Eltham. He has now resumed his station at the head of Sloane Street. Jones has taken possession of the bottom, and between them both I

expect they will tie the two ends of the street into a true lover's knot. For my part I have been almost good for nothing since your departure, and would not pass another summer in London if they would make me Lord Mayor.

I have received the second number of the 'Sketch Book,' and shall be quite satisfied if I deserve half the praise they give me in the American journals; but they always overdo these matters in America. I am glad to find the second number pleases more than the first. The sale is very rapid, and altogether the success exceeds my most sanguine expectation. Now you suppose I am all on the alert, and full of spirit and excitement. No such thing. I am just as good for nothing as ever I was, and indeed have been flurried and put out of my way by these puffings. I feel something as I suppose you did when your picture met with success—anxious to do something better, and at a loss what to do.

But enough of egotism. Let me know how you find yourself; how you like Wales; what you are doing, and especially when you intend to return. I hope you will not remain away much longer. Newton's manikin has at length arrived, and he is to have it home in a few days, when it is to be hoped he will give up ram-

bling abroad, and stay at home, drink tea, and play the flute to the lady. William Macdougall means to give her a tea-party, and it is expected she will be introduced into company with as much *éclat* as Peregrine Pickle's *protégée*. I have now fairly filled my sheet with nonsense, and craving a speedy reply,

I am, yours, W. I.

1820.

Pictures of this Year.

LONDONERS GIPSYING. (Exhibited.)—PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

DURING this year Leslie was much employed with his illustrations for Irving's works—'Knickerbocker' and the 'Sketch Book'—which had attained a success in London peculiarly gratifying to Leslie's affectionate and admiring friendship for their author. The letters I have of this date run much on this theme. Scott's visit to London this year brought him and Leslie together, and the painter was delighted by Scott's approval of his picture of 'May-day in the time of Queen Elizabeth,' on which he was now engaged. I have inserted the account of Scott's visit to Leslie *in extenso*, as it contains a pen-and-ink portrait of Scott, given with all the sharpness

of a first impression. This year, too, died the venerable President of the Academy. I have not been able to ascertain where the 'Gipsying Party' now is, or anything of the way in which the subject is treated.

The edition of Murray's works, with the illustrations by Leslie and Allston, was published by Murray in 1823. Newton contributed the author's portrait; Leslie nine illustrations—the Royal Poet, James the First of Scotland, with the dove flying in at the window; Rip Van Winkle toiling up the hill by the side of the spectral Dutch sailor, keg on shoulder; the Indian chief, Philip of Pokanoket, on his night-watch in the forest; Ichabod Crane giving his singing lesson to Katrine, from 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;' a Dutch Fire-side; Dutch Courtship; Antony Van Corlear, trumpet in hand, setting off for the Wars, surrounded by weeping vrows; William Kieft introducing his new mode of punishment for beggars; and Peter Stuyvesant rebuking the Cobbler: all from 'Knickerbocker.' Allston furnished a single illustration from the same book—Wouter Van Twiller deciding a law-suit. Leslie's designs are full of his own quiet and well-directed humour, with just enough of caricature, here and there, to suit the subject. But in

the Dutch Fire-side and Philip of Pokanoket this element disappears, to give place to good drawing, excellent composition, and, in the former, to a very fine and subtle effect of *chiaroscuro*. He afterwards painted this subject. A comparison of Allston's design from 'Knickerbocker,' with Leslie's, illustrates the difference between the men. Allston has not the least humour, and tries to make up for it by breadth of caricature in faces and proportions. Leslie, on the other hand, keeps his caricature close on the limit which separates that style from broadly humorous design, and never departs from genuine and human expression, nor fails to introduce beauty, whenever he has an opening for it.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *April 9, 1820.*

THE last letter I have received from you was that of February 7th.

Since I last wrote I have completed my picture of the 'Gipsying Party,' and sent it to Somerset House. In a few days I hope to hear where it is placed, and how it is liked by the Academicians. I suppose you will have received the account that was

published in the papers of the funeral of Mr. West. It was arranged, I believe, exactly on the plan of that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. An apartment on the ground-floor of the Academy was hung and carpeted with black, the daylight entirely excluded, and the room lighted by a number of tall wax candles, placed at regular distances on the floor, around the coffin, which was covered by a pall and lid of black feathers. Against the wall, at the head of the corpse, hung the hatchment bearing the family arms. No one remained in the room excepting Robert, Mr. West's old servant, who had sat up there all the preceding night. My feelings were greatly affected by this scene. The company who were to attend the funeral assembled in a large upper room, where they were provided with black silk scarves and hatbands, the Academicians wearing long black cloaks. It was interesting to see persons of different ranks, and of different nations, and of well-known different political sentiments, meeting on this occasion, and uniting in the last tribute of respect to a man of genius. The service was performed by Dr. Wellesley, brother to the Duke of Wellington. In one part of it a very beautiful anthem was sung by the boys of the choir, the effect of which, with the fine organ of St. Paul's (said to be the finest

in England), was such as Milton has described in the 'Penseroso.' Nothing certainly raises the imagination so far above this "dim earth" as fine cathedral music heard in a cathedral, and never have I felt its power more than on this occasion. When the service was finished I went down into the crypt, beneath the church, and saw the coffin lowered into the grave. I was not aware at the time that the tombs of Sir Joshua, Opie, and Barry, and Sir Christopher Wren, were all near the same place. The crowd of persons assembled covered them. Sir Thomas Lawrence has been elected President, and has just returned from Italy, where he has been painting whole lengths of the Pope, and I know not how many other high personages.

Walter Scott (now Sir Walter) is in London, and I am to have the honour, and I am sure it will be the very great pleasure, of breakfasting with him at his lodgings on Friday next. Irving, who I suspect of being a very great favourite of Scott's, is to introduce me. It is what I did not venture to ask of him, but Irving, knowing how much such an introduction would gratify me, proposed it himself. I believe we are to meet Crabbe, the poet, there. Scott is one of those men of genius who delights in the genius of others, and is not for having it all to himself. He has

expressed the highest opinion of Irving's productions, and perhaps there is not another man in this country whose good opinion is so valuable. You will be glad to hear that there is every prospect of Irving's writings speedily becoming as popular here as they are in America. An edition of the first volume of the 'Sketch Book' is very nearly sold off here already. One of the stories, 'The Wife,' has been translated into French, and many of the articles have been extracted for the magazines and newspapers. Scott was very much delighted with the sixth number, particularly with the story of 'Brom Bones.' I have just finished reading 'The Monastery.' I do not much like the supernatural agency introduced, but I think there are some scenes very admirably described, particularly the escape of Mysie with Sir Piercie Shafton. The character of Sir Piercie appears to me to be extremely well drawn, and has a good deal of novelty. The Sub-Prior is very finely sustained. From what I have heard, it seems to be less liked than any of the novels, and perhaps with justice, though for my own part, I read a great deal of it with as much pleasure as any of the others.

I went to see the chairing of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse, and, as I generally find on these

occasions, I was more amused with the crowd than the procession. The show of beautiful women at the windows, their countenances animated by the occasion, waving scarves and handkerchiefs, amply repaid me for a good deal of tramping through the mire, and a ducking from the rain into the bargain. I sent my copy of 'Sir Roger' home to the Marquis, and a day or two afterwards received a note containing the amount, and his expressions of perfect satisfaction with the picture.

C. R. L.

TO MISS LESLIE.

LONDON, *June 28, 1820.*

WHEN I last wrote I was about to be introduced to Sir Walter Scott. He quite answered all my expectations of him, and you may suppose they were very high. His manners are those of an amiable and unaffected man, and a polished gentleman, and his conversation is something higher, for it is often quite as amusing and interesting as his novels, and without any apparent attempt at display. It flows from him in the most easy and natural manner. As I take it for granted that the most insignificant particulars

relating to such a man will be interesting to you, I will give you a description of his personal appearance, and even his dress. He is tall and well formed, excepting one of his ankles and foot (I think the right) which is crippled, and makes him walk very lamely. He is neither fat nor thin. His face is perfectly Scotch, and though some people think it heavy, it struck me as a very agreeable one. He never could have been handsome. His forehead is very high, his nose short, his upper lip long, and the lower part of his face rather fleshy. His complexion is fresh and clear, his eyes very blue, shrewd, and penetrating. I should say the predominant expression of his face is that of strong sense. His hair, which has always been very light (as well as his eyebrows and eyelashes) is now of a silvery whiteness, which makes him look somewhat older than he really is (I believe forty-six is his age). He was dressed in a brown frock coat, blue trowsers, and had on a black cravat. His son was with him; he is a young man of eighteen or nineteen, and in the army—he does not at all resemble his father. Among the company who breakfasted with him the morning we did, was a Mr. Boswell, the son of Dr. Johnson's Bozzy. He is a lawyer, and is said to be cleverer than his father. The breakfast was a very profuse one

and, as I am told, quite in the Scotch style. I would have sent you a sketch of Scott, but, after several attempts, I find I cannot catch his face from recollection. All the portraits I have seen are somewhat like him, but none of them very strongly so.

I have not yet sold my picture of the 'Gipsying Party,' and scarcely expect it now. I am just commencing a picture of the May-day revels in the time of Queen Elizabeth, which will contain a great many figures, and will be an attempt to give the costume and something of the manners of all classes in that age, from the nobility down to the peasantry. I have been studying the subject for several months, and am reading all the old authors I can get hold of who describe manners in that time. I am in hopes it will be popular, as it is a period that Englishmen are fond of recurring to, as one of the most brilliant in the history of their country. They are also more generally acquainted with the manners of that time than any other, on account of the greater popularity of Shakspeare than any other English writer whatever. The picture I am to paint for Mr. Scriven, an engraver, whose object is to make a print of it.

I agree with you in thinking the 'Monastery' inferior to all the other novels, but still there is a great deal in

it that nobody else could write. Were you not much amused with Sir Piercie Shafton? I think the description of his flight with Mysie Happer is very good.

C. R. L.

Irving was now in Paris, and the following correspondence between him and Leslie is creditable on both sides. It gives glimpses besides of the pleasant social life of Leslie and his circle—"the lads" as Irving calls them—the affectionate nick-names—the blind-man's buff under the trees at Dr. Bollman's at Winkfield—and the scrambling bachelor *ménage* of Leslie and his quaint little chum, Peter Powell,—which seem to me too characteristic to be omitted.

LONDON, Sept. 15th, 1820.

DEAR IRVING,—“What are you at” that you do not write to some of us? “*There never were such times*” as we have had lately. In the first place, the “Childe” (Newton) was turned out of house and home by a host of painters and glaziers old Perkins* let in upon him

* Haydon's most long-suffering of landlords. Newton succeeded him in the rooms.—ED.

one day. He agreed to make the tour of Wales with Charles Williams and the Lymans, but the matter got perplexed somehow or other between Charles and him, and Newton, who was to join them on the road, not knowing exactly where it was to be, determined to go somewhere else. He therefore spent a day in taking the opinions of all his acquaintances as to whether he should that night set off for Cumberland, Margate, Paris, the Davidson's, or go to the English Opera. "The Dusty" (?) being the last man he called on, advised the latter, which he accomplished, and next morning set off for Hastings, and from thence to Brighton, where he met all the world, and returned to London with old Gray in a great panic lest Luke and myself should have gone to Winkfield (where we were engaged to pass a few days) without him. We have all three spent a most delightful week there with the Bollmans, Miss Maine (who is to be married the 4th of Oct.), and Miss Foote. All that we had to regret was the absence of yourself and your brother, of which we were most forcibly reminded by scenes we were sure you would have enjoyed. Do you recollect an old fragment of an oak which I believe you christened "Achilles"? On three several days did that oak hear your name sighed forth as mournfully as ever poor Yorick's was. You must remember a

noble grove of beech, covering a hill which commands a fine view of the castle, and separated by the road from a very beautiful group of ash trees. I am sure you would willingly have exchanged all the pleasures of Paris to have been one in a game of "puss in the corner," which succeeded to a considerable destruction of bread and jam under those beeches. Newton and myself returned to town yesterday, and he, finding that Perkins had just succeeded in rendering his rooms completely uninhabitable, was obliged to sleep with me, and set off again this morning for Winkfield. Finding that I am not wanted in town, I expect to follow him tomorrow, and remain there the few days longer that the rest of the party stay.

LONDON, *Oct.* 18, 1820.

DEAR IRVING,— * * * * * I have little to say about myself since I last wrote. I am going on with my picture,* and now show it to whoever wishes to see it. I find the subject^{*} pleases generally very much, and I am getting still more interested in it myself. Newton tells me he has written to you. I suppose he

* The May-day.—ED.

has told you to come back. If I were in your place (as I am not aware of any important object you have in staying abroad), I would consult only my inclinations, and not endeavour to reconcile myself to an absence from England as a matter of duty if I felt strongly the wish to return. With regard to writing, I think you will always please yourself best where you feel most at home. However, all advice of this kind is most probably useless if not annoying, for we have always motives for our plans, which cannot be fully understood by others. I wish, however, you would let me know what is the probable period of your absence. I feel lopsided without you.

The Americans are all highly pleased by the Edinburgh Review of the 'Sketch Book'; and no one that I have seen appears more gratified by it than the immortal Brockedon, who sends his very best regards to you.

Yours very truly,

C. R. LESLIE.

A MONSIEUR W. IRVING,
Aux soins de Messrs. WELLES et WILLIAMS,
26, Rue Faubourg Poissonière,
à Paris.

PARIS, Oct. 31, 1820.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I have received two letters from you, and ought to have replied long before this but I have been out of the mood for letter-writing, and so have deferred it from day to day, and so time has run on. I now write in great haste, to avail myself of an opportunity free of expense. I have just received a very long and friendly letter from Mr. Murray, who in fact has overwhelmed me with eulogiums. It appears that my writings are selling well, and he is multiplying editions. I am very glad to find that he has made your acquaintance, and still more, that he has taken a great liking to you. He speaks of you in the most gratifying terms. He has it in his power to be of service to you, and I trust he will be. He tells me he has requested you to look over Knickerbocker for subjects for eight or ten sketches, and the Sketch Book for a couple, and he wishes me to assist you with my opinion on the subject. I will look over the books, and write to you in a day or two. Murray is going to make me so fine in print that I shall hardly know myself. Could not Allston's design be reduced without losing the characteristic humour of it? I am delighted to find

that your labours are to be thus interwoven with mine, so that we shall have a kind of joint interest and pride in every volume.

My dear boy, it is a grievous thing to be separated from you, and I feel it more and more. I wish to heaven this world were not so wide, and that we could manage to keep more together in it—this continual separating from those we like is one of the curses of an unsettled life: and with all my vagrant habits I cannot get accustomed to it.

I am glad to hear that you are getting on with your picture, and that you are more and more pleased with it. Depend upon it, it is one of those pictures that will do you very essential service. It will give you a standing with men whose opinions have great weight in society—men curious in literature and in antiquities. The picture will please them, as showing not merely technical skill and the ordinary eye for the picturesque; but as displaying research, mind, and strong literary feeling. It is a highly classical English subject. I hope you will follow it up by something in the same line; the researches you have made for the picture will make you feel more at home in another. I feel a continual want to be with you and Newton, to see how you both get on.

I had a very acceptable letter from Willis a few days since. Tell him I will write to him soon, but I must first write to Peter Powell, to whom I am in debt. I have so many persons to write to in England and America, that being a very lazy letter-writer, it is but now and then I can bring a letter to bear upon each. Mr. Tappan who bears this letter, told me, that it was the wish of Fairman and yourself, that an engraving should be made from the likeness you have of me. It is a matter I do not feel so much objection to, as I did formerly, having been so much upon the town lately as to have lost much of my modesty. And as I understand, that there has been some spurious print of my phiz in America, I do not care if another is made to push it out of sight. You will only be careful to finish the picture so as not to give it too fixed and precise a fashion of dress. I preferred the costume of Newton's likeness of me, which was trimmed with fur. These modern dresses are apt to give a paltry common-place air.

Give my love to all the lads, and believe me most affectionately yours, W. I.

P. S. I can give you no idea when I shall return to England. I have no plan on the subject.

PARIS, *Nor.* 30th, 1820.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I cannot let Mr. Marx depart without scrawling you a line. I hear that you are getting on with the sketches for Knickerbocker, and that you have executed one on the same subject Allston once chose, viz. 'Peter Stuyvesant rebuking the Cobbler.' I wish you could drop me a line and let me know what subjects you execute, and how you and Murray make out together. I hear that you have taken the "Childe" to Murray's; you have only to make him acquainted with Willis and Peter Powell, and he will then be able to make one at your tea-kettle debauches. I have just made a brief but very pleasant excursion into Lower Normandy in company with Mr. Ritchie. I must refer you to a letter scribbled to Peter Powell for a full and faithful narrative of this tour. I have never been more pleased with any tour that I have made. The little towns of Lower Normandy seem to have been built and peopled with an eye to the picturesque. The fine gothic churches, the old quaint architecture of the private houses, the beauty of the common people, particularly the peasantry, their peculiar costumes, all form continual pictures. But I believe you will get a

better idea of them from the sketches of Lewis than from any description that I can furnish. By-the-bye, I saw the card of one of the Lewises in the hands of a young man of the college at Falaise, who accompanied me about the beautiful ruins of the castle where William the Conqueror was born. He told me that Lewis had taken several sketches of the castle; it certainly is a most picturesque morsel of antiquity. I anticipate great pleasure some future day in looking over Lewis's sketches again, and recalling some of the curious old buildings and streets of the Norman towns.

I received a letter a few days since from Newton by Miss Peat. She had been some time on the way to Paris, and the letter was of an old date. I shall write to Newton the next opportunity, and likewise to Willis, to whom I am indebted for a most agreeable letter. I find by the Lymans that the Sloane Street romance* is still unfinished, and that materials are daily springing up for another volume; that Jones has retired to either a convent or a nailery in the neighbourhood of Birmingham; and that Newton is busy with a brush in

* *Apropos* of Newton's escapades. The Ann referred to was a beautiful girl with whom he was in love about this time. Poor Newton's normal state was one of passionate *furor* for some beauty or other.

each hand and his hair standing on end turning Ann's portraits into likenesses of Mary Queen of Scots, General Washington, and the Lord knows who; "there never was such times!"

Let me hear from you often, and don't wait for my replies, as I am if possible more averse to letter-writing even than Allston. This is written in bed, which must account for its defects.

PARIS, 1820.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I have been intending this long time past to write to you, and a good intention of long standing is a matter to boast of in this naughty world. How comes on your picture? I presume it is nearly finished. Did you call on Sir Walter Scott while he was in town, and ask him to look at it? If not, you have behaved shabbily. I presume before this you have seen Miss Foote; I intended to have written by her, but was occupied at the time, and let the opportunity slip unimproved. I have heard that you are to pass some months at Windsor, to copy several of Sir Peter Lely's pictures, for some lord or other. Is this the case? and if so when do you go there? It will be a charming situation for you during the summer months. Let me

know who this lord is who has taken you into favour. I find by Newton's letter, that he and the old Euphuist, the *cidevant jeune homme* that haunts exhibitions, have become sworn friends. I presume the "Childe's" new fledged reputation will introduce him into a great deal of dilettante society, and that good company will come nigh to be the ruin of him. I have been sadly bothered with the same evil of late, and have had to fight shy of invitations that would exhaust time and spirits. The most interesting acquaintance I have made in Paris, is Moore the poet, who is very much to my taste. I see him almost every day, and feel as if I had known him for a lifetime. He is a noble-hearted, manly, spirited, little fellow, with a mind as generous as his fancy is brilliant. I hope you have better weather in London than we have in Paris. Such a spring! Nothing but rain in torrents; and cold boisterous winds. They may say what they please of London weather; I never passed a more dirty, rainy season in London than this last winter has been in Paris; and then the streets are so detestable in dirty weather, that there is no walking in them. My only consolation at such times is the vicinity of the Garden of the Tuileries, which is but a short distance from my lodgings; and

which I consider as a park attached to my mansion—though I must own, I prefer my park of St. James' and Kensington Gardens—the latter particularly, as it has glorious lawns of green grass that I can roll on; whereas in the Tuileries, there is no place to rest, except one sit on a cursed cold stone bench; or pays two sous for a vile straw-bottomed chair. I am scrawling as fast as my pen can go, for I find it is near the time of closing the post-office, and I am determined this letter shall go by mail, though it cost me fifteen sous. I wish you would take pen in hand at once, and let me know how you are getting on with your picture,—what else you are about—when you go to Windsor—how long you stay there—who you are to paint the pictures for—what subject you have in view for your next painting—what Newton is doing—what Luke is doing, and what Peter Powell is doing? Answer these questions, and then you may add what you please. I have given you a scheme for a letter; when it is done do not wait for private hand, but send it per post: never mind the postage for once. I want exceedingly to hear from you—the sooner the better.

LONDON, Dec. 3, 1820.

DEAR IRVING,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but I hoped to have heard from you again on the subject of the designs for Mr. Murray. The subjects I have chosen are, a Dutch fire-side, with an old negro telling stories to the children; William the Testy, suspending a vagrant by the breeches on his patent gallows; Peter Stuyvesant confuting the Cobbler; and Anthony Van Corlear taking leave of the young vrows. All of these I have finished except the last, and Mr. Murray appears to be highly pleased with them.

He is delighted with Allston's picture of 'Wouter Van Twiller,' which will be engraved with the rest. He talks a great deal about you whenever I see him in terms of the highest praise and friendship. The 'Sketch Book' is entirely out of print. I do not know whether you will be angry with me or approve what I am going to tell you. Collins, to whom I had lent the 'Sketch Book,' observed that in the article of the 'Widow's Son' a passage runs thus, "The service *being ended*, they proceeded to lower the coffin into the grave." Now he remarked that the coffin is always lowered into the grave *during* the service or previous to it, for at the words "ashes to ashes, and

dust to dust" some earth is thrown in upon it. When he came to this passage he said it destroyed the illusion, for the story had taken the strongest hold of his feelings, and he had been convinced that he was reading an account of a real scene. I took the liberty therefore of suggesting to Mr. Murray to leave out these few words "the service being ended," which without any other alteration does away with the objection to the passage. I am afraid you will be displeased with my meddling, which I should on no account have dared to do had not the alteration been so very small. There was not time to write and hear from you, as the volume is in press, and it is probable after all that the suggestion was too late for the forthcoming edition.

I enjoyed very much the renewal of my acquaintance with my old friend 'Diedrich.' I have the highest respect and admiration for the old gentleman, which is certainly increased by my late intercourse with him, but I must say that in some of *his jokes* he goes near to be thought a little indelicate. Now these jokes of the old gentleman being *very few* and not among his best, I really think he would not suffer by dispensing with them in future. Forgive this remark if you do not agree with it. * * *

Peter Powell has composed an answer to the letter

he expects from you, and is afraid it won't keep much longer. Whenever your plans are fixed let us know; that is, if they tend towards your return to London. We shall not be so anxious to hear of any others. For my part I feel the loss of your society as much as I did at first. You came to London just when I was losing Allston, and I stood in need of an intimate friend of similar tastes with my own. I not only owe to you some of the happiest social hours of my life, but you opened to me a new range of observation in my own art, and a perception of qualities and characters of things which painters do not always imbibe from each other.

P.S. Newton, Willis, and Powell send their love. The "Childe" has finished his picture from Molière,* and has been drawing for some time at the Academy.

Remember me affectionately to your brother.

PARIS, *Dec. 19th*, 1820.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I have just received yours of the 3rd. I like all the subjects that you have chosen for the designs, except that of William the Testy sus-

* The Lovers' Quarrel, from *Le Dépit Amoureux*. (Engraved.)

pending the vagabond by the breeches. The circumstance is not of sufficient point or character in the history to be illustrated. Still it may have struck you in a different manner, and have afforded scope for humorous sketching. I had hoped to hear from Mr. Murray before this, and to have received a copy of 'Knickerbocker' and of the 'Sketch Book' you mention. I pointed him out a mode of forwarding books to me, but I presume he has been too much hurried to attend to it. When you hear of a private opportunity, I wish you would ask Mr. Murray for copies of the works, and send them to me. I received a letter from Peter Powell, in which he speaks of my portrait being in the engraver's hands, and that it is painted in the old Venetian costume. I hope you have not misunderstood my meaning, when I spoke about the costume in which I should like it to be painted. I believe I spoke something about the costume of Newton's portrait. I meant Newton's portrait of *me*, not of *himself*. If you recollect he painted me as if in some kind of overcoat, with a fur cape—a dress that had nothing in it remarkable, but which merely avoided any present fashion that might in a few years appear stupid. The Venetian dress which Newton painted himself in would have a fantastic appearance, and savour of affectation. If it is not too

late, I should like to have the thing altered. Let the costume be simple and picturesque, but such a one as a gentleman might be supposed to wear occasionally at the present day. I only wanted you to avoid the edges and corners and angles with which a modern coat is so oddly and formally clipped out at the present day.

I have not the 'Sketch Book' at hand to refer to, so as to see that the measure and melody of the sentence is not injured by the omission you mention in the story of the 'Widow and her Son.' I am very much obliged to you for the correction. When I look over 'Knickerbocker,' to prepare the new edition, I will attend to your hint about pruning any indelicate parts. As I have no plan fixed that points immediately to England, it is needless to say anything on the subject. Indeed, my chief care as yet must be to keep quiet, and endeavour to write something more for publication; if I move about and shift my situation, I disturb my thoughts, unsettle my habits, and lose a great deal of time; and if I lose much more time, I shall have the spectre of an empty purse haunting me. I am obliged, therefore, to pitch my tent for a time until I can make money enough to secure me from want for two or three years. The change from London to Paris deranged

me completely. I am now getting into train again ; but a return to England would unsettle me again for a long time. I received not long since a most flattering invitation from Earl Spencer and his lady to pass the Christmas Holidays at their seat at Althorp. The invitation was forwarded by Mr. Rush, and was given in a manner peculiarly gratifying. If I were in England now, an invitation or two of this kind would make me a good-for-nothing gentlemanly fellow for a month. I understand you have introduced Newton to Mr. Mackay.* He and the "Childe" will like each other. Tell Peter Powell I cannot answer his letter until I have answered one which I received from Willis an age ago. I hope Newton will commence another picture soon, otherwise he will stand a chance of falling into the hands of the —, or some other pretty girls, and paint himself into a scrape again. Powell speaks of some fine portrait which he has painted of a gentleman, and which is considered his *chef d'œuvre*, but does not say whose portrait it is. I hope it is some one of consequence that may get him into notice.

Give my hearty regards to Newton, Willis, Powell, the Bollmans, the Hoffmans, and all our little circle

* Author of a very learned book on the 'Progress of the Intellect in relation to Religious Belief'—a great friend of Leslie's.—Ed.

of intimates. My brother desires likewise to be particularly remembered.

Yours ever,

W. I.

LONDON, *Dec.* 24, 1820.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I received yesterday yours of the 19th, and hasten to relieve your mind from any apprehension you may entertain with regard to the costume of your portrait, which is still in my room, exactly in the state in which you last saw it. I shall finish it in a day or two, strictly according to your wishes. The Venetian dress was only a phantom of Peter Powell's imagination, conjured up to disturb your evening dreams.

I called on Mr. Murray yesterday, (who seems to be up to the ears in business), and told him of the opportunities of sending anything to you. My officiously suggested alteration in 'The Widow's Son,' was too late to be introduced into the new edition, which is of a small octavo size and very handsome. Perhaps, as you say, it might have injured the melody of the sentence, and I now see that I was wrong in taking such a liberty.

The reason I chose the subject of 'William Kieft's Gallows,' was that Mr. Murray wished one design at least from the reign of each governor, and I was a little puzzled in finding one that could be brought within a small compass, from that part of the book. I was somewhat fearful of it myself, but Newton thinks you would like it. Mr. Murray appeared pleased with it; I will however mention your objection to it, and if he agrees with you I will take something else from the same reign.

It was at Mr. Murray's own request that I introduced Newton to him. The portrait by Newton, that Powell eulogised so highly, is Peter himself; it is less than life, and perhaps the best, as to likeness, the "Childe" has painted. We had heard a rumour of Earl Spencer's invitation to you, and were very glad to find it confirmed by your letter. Miller says Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day. I am very much inclined to think if you were here just now, "company would be the spoil of you." I am very glad to hear you talk of writing. You can be at no loss for subjects where you are; indeed, I should think your principal difficulty will be to determine what you shall *not* write about. Miller told me of your brother's concern in the steam-boat establish-

ment, which I should think likely to answer his best expectations. Remember me most cordially to him. All the lads join in wishing you both a merry Christmas and happy new year. I intended appropriating a part of to-morrow to reading your Christmas article. I shall stick up your portrait before my face, and bury myself in an enormous elbow chair I have got, over which "Murphy often sheds his puppies," relying on the book I shall hold in my hand to act as a charm against the seductions of the seat. These associations are the best means by which I can console myself for your absence. I received the drawings safe by Mr. Marx.

1821.

Pictures of the Year.

MAY DAY REVELS IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"The characters in the May Games consisted of Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, &c. with a hobbyhorse, fool, and dragon. Among the figures in the foreground of the picture, the antiquated beau in the centre, and the old lady on the right hand, are intended as illustrations of some of the fopperies of that age. The latter is followed by two blue-coated serving-men, and a domestic fool.

'At Paske began our Morrice, ánd ere Pentecost our May,
Then Robin Hood, liell John, Friar Tuck and Marian deftly play,
And Lord and Ladie gang till Kirke with lads and lasses gay.' "
—*Warner's Albion's England*, Chap. xxiv. (From R.A. Catalogue, 1821.)

(Exhibited and Engraved, and now in the possession of John Naylor, Esq., Leighton Hall.)

A finished study of 'The May-day' was painted for Alaric A. Watts, and sold this year at Christie and Manson's.

REBECCA, from Ivanhoe. (Painted for the Marquis of Lansdowne.)—
PORTRAITS OF MRS. FRY AND SAMUEL GURNEY.—A CHILD IN A
CARDINAL'S DRESS.

This year Washington Irving returned from Paris, to Edgbaston Castle, the seat of his brother-in-law, Mr. Van Wart, where Leslie paid him a visit. Irving was now in bad health, and Leslie, full of solicitude for his friend, was anxious he should come up to London for the best medical advice. Irving's letters show the playfulness of the writer, even under severe suffering; and the correspondence on both sides illustrates the strong attachment of Leslie, Irving, and their "set." The "Childe" is G. S. Newton, now in the rapid development of his great but short-lived power, and materially influencing the colour of Leslie, as is apparent from a comparison of his earlier with his later pictures, when Constable's white chalk had got the better of him. "Father Luke" is Willis, an Irishman, and a landscape painter; so christened after the jovial Friar in O'Keefe's 'Poor Soldier.' In the course of this year, Leslie was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. His 'May Day,'*

* See my Introductory Essay.

won him great honour at the year's Exhibition, and with good reason, for it is one of the most inventive, brilliant, and pleasant of his pictures. This picture procured him the pleasure of Scott's acquaintance. The fine engraving from it by Watt, is, no doubt, familiar to most of my readers. It would appear from passages in some of Leslie's letters, that Leslie had it in contemplation to paint a companion picture of English Christmas Revels, but he never carried out the intention. One can perfectly understand Scott's relish of the 'May Day.' It must have been a picture after his own heart, full as it is of old-world rustic manners and merriment, and all astir with the wholesome, fresh, sunshiny, out-door life of the "Merry England," we are all fain to believe in.

LONDON, *April 2nd*, 1821.

It was a great disappointment to me to hear from Miss Foote that you intend staying abroad all summer; for I had somehow or other settled it in my mind that we should have had you over with the fine weather, though it is true your letters gave me no reason to think so. Blue-green fair and even Greenwich and Fairlop will lose half their charms for

me without you. At Greenwich it is true we shall have Peter Powell, who has taken the attic of a cottage there for the summer; but there is some danger that Peter will set up a booth for the exhibition of his old women, or else gallant that imaginary bear or flock of sheep through the crowd;* and if so we shall have but little good of him.

I am now within a week of finishing my 'May Day.' Sir Walter Scott came to see it, and nothing could be more gratifying than the opinion he expressed. He said he would come again to see it, and wanted to know where 'Sir Roger'† was that he might pay him a visit. His manner was particularly kind and friendly. He talked a great deal about you, and requested me when I wrote to give you his most affectionate regards. Sir Walter is sitting to Lawrence, which I am very glad of, as we shall now have a more intellectual portrait of him than any of the others. Most of the drawings from 'Knickerbocker' are with the engravers. There is little hope of their being done however before Christmas. I made a more finished one from the sketch of Rip Van Winkle you sent me, with which Murray was

* Alluding to Peter Powell's Drawing-room Entertainments, described in the Autobiography.

† The picture of Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church.

much pleased, and am now doing another of Ichabod Crane teaching Katrina to sing, which is the last I am to do for him.

The *Childe* has made a very brilliant little sketch from Molière of a genteel love quarrel. A lady and gentleman returning miniatures, letters, &c., &c.—the lady's maid tittering behind the chair of her mistress. It promises to be his best picture. Martin's picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast' has gained him great reputation. He has sold it, and received a commission from the Marquis of Buckingham to paint the 'Destruction of Herculaneum,' a very fine subject for him. I find I am writing about nothing but pictures to you, but I have an impression that the *Childe* has written very lately, and has told you whatever other news has occurred in our circle. Remember me most affectionately to your brother.

Yours truly,

C. R. LESLIE.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,
Paris.

LONDON, April 20th, 1821.

DEAR BETSY,— * * * Until within the last fortnight I have been closely engaged with my picture of 'May Day,' which is at last finished and sent to Somerset

House. My friends are sanguine as to its success, and I myself consider it the best thing I have done. Did I tell you the purpose for which it is painted? It is for a print; and I am to have two hundred guineas for it, with the privilege of selling it, if I can, for a still higher price, and receiving the difference, under the condition of the purchaser's allowing the engraving to be taken either from it or from a copy. Sir Walter Scott has been lately in London, and came twice to see it when in progress: the first visit I had taken the liberty to request, but the second, which you may believe gratified me not a little, was of his own proposing. He found fault with nothing in my picture, but suggested the introduction of a few archers, a hint of which I took advantage. His hearty kindness of manner is peculiarly delightful.

The first day he called, I was so intoxicated with delight by an honour which, though I had solicited, I scarcely expected, knowing how fully he was engaged, that I could not paint for the remainder of the day. Sir Thomas Lawrence has painted an inimitable head of him. I am extremely obliged by your candid, and as I feel them to be very just, remarks on my defects in colour, chiaroscuro, &c., which, be assured, I shall spare no pains to correct as much as possible, though

in these important points, I have little hope of ever excelling, least of all in colour, for which I am afraid I have not a good natural eye.

LONDON, *May 25, 1821.*

MY DEAR IRVING,—I received some time ago the letter you enclosed in a packet to Newton, and should have answered it sooner but for various reasons, the principal and best one an utter distaste to letter-writing, even to you. I have little to say, for we are all rather dull at present and miss you more than ever.

My picture has been as successful with the public as my most sanguine friends could have anticipated. It is very well placed, but I have lately been seeing such fine things of the old masters at the private galleries, that I am quite out of conceit of it myself. The more I see of the Dutch School, the more I venerate them, and the more hopeless appears the chance of ever coming near them. One of the greatest treats I ever had, was lately at Mr. Hope's Gallery, who has the finest collection in London. There is a very good exhibition open at the British Gallery of the old masters. I have not yet been able to think of another subject; can you help me to one? Mr. Murray wants

me to paint him a picture. He would have bought the 'May Day,' but it is too large for his room. The plates for your works are all in the hands of the engravers.

Newton is copying his picture of the 'Importunate Author' for the Earl of Carlisle. Peter Coxe has volunteered to sit for the poet. Luke's doings are at present with *closed doors*, enveloped in mystery.

Peter Powell is enjoying the rainy weather at Greenwich. We have heard that you are getting to like Paris, and that you intend spending the summer in Normandy.

The exhibition this year is a very good one, Lawrence has sent his best portraits. Wilkie has a beautiful little interior. The subject he calls 'Guess my Name.' There is a fine buxom lass running into the room (which is the inside of a cottage) and blinding the eyes of a young man who sits at the table writing a letter. The effect of the sun shining into the window is quite magical. Mulready has a very clever picture of a girl just about to thrash a boy who has been sent of an errand and is playing at marbles. He has set down a young child and a pound of candles, and both are melting in the sun.

Young Landseer has a most exquisite picture of

dogs hunting rats with a ferret, full of expression. Etty's 'Cleopatra' is a splendid triumph of colour. It has some defects of composition, but is full of passages of that exquisite kind of beauty, which he alone can give.

All our clan unite with me in love to you and your brother.

Ever yours,

C. R. LESLIE.

WASHINGTON IRVING,
Paris.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

EDGBASTON CASTLE, *Oct. 9th*, 1821.

MY DEAR LESLIE.—I have been looking for a letter from you every day. Why don't you drop me a line? It would be particularly cheering just now. I have not been out of the house since you left here; having been much indisposed by a cold, I am at the mercy of every breath of air that blows. I have had pains in my head, my face swollen, and yesterday passed the greater part of the day in bed, which is a very extraordinary thing for me. To-day I feel better; but I am sadly out of order, and what especially annoys me is that I see day after day and week after week passing

away without being able to do anything. The little folks lament your departure extremely. George has made his appearance in a new pair of Grimaldi breeches, with pockets full as deep as the former. To balance his ball and marbles he has the opposite pocket filled with a peg-top and a prodigious quantity of dry peas, so that he can only lie comfortably on his back or his belly. The three eldest boys kept the house in misery for two or three days by pea-blowers, which they had bought, at an enormous price, of a tin-man. They at last broke the blowers, and George pocketed the peas. He says he means to take care of them till his brothers come home at Christmas. Have you begun any new picture yet, or have you any immediately in contemplation? I received a letter from Newton, which I presume was forwarded by your direction. Why did you not open it? It was dated the 15th September. He had arrived but two or three days; had sailed up the Seine from Havre to Rouen, with my brothers in the steam-boat. He had dined with Morse; had passed a day in the Louvre, where he met Wilkie, and strolled the gallery with him. He speaks in raptures of the Louvre. He says it strikes him in quite a different way from what it did when he was there before. He intended to go to work a day or

two afterwards, and expected to pass the greater part of his time there.

Have you seen Murray? When you see him you need not say where I am. I want the quiet and not to be bothered in any way. Tell him I am in a country doctor's hands, at Edgbaston, somewhere in Warwickshire. I think that will puzzle any one, as Edgbaston has been built only within a year or two. Get me all the pleasant news you can, and then sit down in the evening and scribble a letter, without minding points or fine terms. My sister is very anxious to hear of you. You have quite won her heart, not so much by your merits, as by your attention to the children. By the way, the little girls have become very fond of the pencil since you were here, and are continually taking their dolls' likenesses.

Ever yours,

W. I.

The following joint letter from Leslie and his quaint little friend and present chum, Peter Powell, gives a pleasant peep into their cheerful, innocent, scrambling student life :—

LONDON, Oct. 22nd, 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I should have replied to your letter of the 7th immediately, but as I had written to

you the day before I received it, I thought by waiting a few days I might have an answer to that to reply to at the same time. I hope you have now weathered out the severe attack you have had. I regretted very much when I found you had been so ill, that I had not stayed a week longer at Birmingham. If I did not know that there may be many causes beside sickness for your delaying to write to me, I should now be in great anxiety from not having received an answer to my letter. I hope, however, you will write immediately to let us know how you are. If you are too busy, or not in the mood to send a regular letter, a single line will do. Powell and I commenced housekeeping a week ago. It is probable that nothing will more astonish you on your return than the metamorphosis at Buckingham Place. Not to speak of window curtains, a pianoforte, *small knives* and plates at breakfast, you will be surprised to find an *academy* established on the principle of mutual education in various branches of learning and the fine arts. During breakfast Powell gives me a lesson in French. At five we both study carving. After tea I teach him to draw the figures, and at odd times he instructs himself in German and the pianoforte, and once a week he unfolds to me the mysteries of political economy according to Cobbett.

Instruction is even extended beyond our walls, as far indeed as Sloane Street, where Powell delivers a weekly lecture on perspective. In this way we pass the time; and I am quite sure that if I get through the winter as I have passed the last week, and with you and Newton here, it will be the most agreeable one I shall have spent in London. I was glad to hear of Newton from you. I did not see his letter or I should have opened it. I am at present painting the portraits of two little girls, and making a drawing from the 'Royal Poet,' the incident of the dove flying into the window.* Powell has promised to fill up the sheet, I must therefore bid you good-bye. Luke is well, and sends his love to you. I have not yet seen Mr. Murray. I was very much diverted with your account of George.

Yours ever,

C. R. LESLIE.

P. S. I know not that it is in *my* power to add much to the description my affectionate chum has given of our perfect happiness, except that by a new philosophical arrangement of mine, *long* legs have been prohibited from engrossing the whole of the fireplace, and *little*

* From Irving's 'Sketch Book.'

legs stand a much greater chance than formerly of getting their shins warmed, and much less of getting them *kicked*. The simple means by which I have effected this is truly admirable, but I apprehend that a much more elaborate and powerful apparatus will be hereafter required, when the *Leggi* become accumulated. The Newton alone will demand a great mechanical power to move. I am beginning to be ashamed of the prejudices I had imbibed about Buckingham Place. All prejudices are hateful, and people ought to live in every spot they do not like, in order to ascertain whether their opinions are well or ill-founded. There are many charms about this place, the enjoyment of which I never contemplated. While I am now writing, in addition to the enjoyment of my tea and rolls, a sort of troubadour is warbling beneath my window, together with the partner of his bosom and a little natural production between both, equally regardless of fame and weather, and seemingly smitten only by the love of halfpence—the pleasure of getting which in this neighbourhood must, I suppose, like that of angling, be greatly increased by the rarity of the bite. Those things about us here, that to the common view appear disagreeable, tend to increase our happiness. The repose and quiet of our evening talk or studies

is rendered still more so by its contrast with a matrimonial squabble in the street, or the undisguised acknowledgment of pain in the vociferations of a whipped urchin up the Court. We are also much more pastoral here than you would imagine.

We have a *share* in a *cow*, which makes its appearance twice a day in a blue and white *cream-jug*. We eat our own dinners! and *generally* have enough. Yesterday, to be sure, we came a little short, in consequence of Leslie (who acts as *maitre d'hôtel*) having ordered a sumptuous hash to be made from a cold shoulder of lamb, the meat of which had been previously stripped from it with surgical dexterity by our host himself during the three preceding days. There have been a great many disputes in all ages about the real situation of Paradise. I have not, to be sure, read all the arguments upon the subject; but if I were to go entirely by my own judgment, I should guess it to be somewhere near the corner of Cambridge Court, Fitzroy Square.

Adieu, and increased health to you.

Yours, &c., &c., &c.,

P. P.

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.,
Birmingham.

EDGBASTON, *Oct.* 25, 1821.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I thank you a thousand times for your letter. I had intended to have answered your preceding one before; but I am not in mood or condition to write, and had nothing to say worth writing. I am still in the hands of the physician. I have taken draughts and pills enough to kill a horse, yet I cannot determine whether I am not rather worse off than when I began.

On one favourable day of my complaint I rode over to Solihull in a gig to see the boys. I went in a gig with Van Wart and our worthy little friend, George. I wished you with us a dozen times. You would have been delighted with the school-house and the village, and the beautiful old church, and the surrounding landscape. It is all picture. When you are here again you must by all means visit the boys at school. The young rogues are as hearty and happy as ever schoolboys were. They took us about their walks, and the scenes of their enterprises and expeditions; the neighbouring park, and several charming fields and green lanes. The morning's ramble ended at the shop of one of the best old women in the world, who sells cakes and tarts to all the schoolboys. Here they

all spoiled their dinners, and nearly ruined their papa; and George, with a citizen-like munificence, having eaten till he was fairly tired, distributed sundry cakes at the door to some of the poor children of the village. I have no doubt that he has left a most excellent name behind him. The little girls talk of you very often, and wish you here. They always wish to know whether you do not mention them in your letters, and beg that I will give their love to you. I am babbling about nothing but children; but, in truth, they are my chief company and amusement at present, and I have little else to talk about.

I cannot at this moment, suggest anything for your Christmas piece. I do not know your general plan. Is it to be a daylight piece, or an evening round a hall fire? Is there no news of Newton? If I had thought he would remain so long at Paris I would have written to him. I am glad to hear that you are so snugly fixed with friend Powell for the winter, though I should have been much better pleased to have heard that you were turned neck and heels into the street. Reconcile it to yourself as you may, I shall ever look upon your present residence as a most serious detriment to you; and were you to lose six or even twelve months in looking

for another, I should think you a gainer upon the whole.

What prospects are there of the plates being finished for 'Knickerbocker' and the 'Sketch Book'? When do you begin a large picture, and what subject do you attack first? It is time you had something under weigh. I must leave a space to reply to friend Peter, so farewell for the present.

Yours, ever,

W. I.

EDGBASTON, *Nov. 2, 1821.*

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I wish to heaven you would drop me a line now and then, and give me all the chit-chat you can to cheer and interest me. It would be charity just now, when I am shut up from the world, and suffering in health and spirits. I have dismal letters from America. My sister has lost two of her daughters by sudden and brief illness; the last, her eldest, a fine girl of seventeen. These distresses have affected her own health. There are no hopes entertained of my brother William's recovery. I received letters yesterday that gave these accounts, and have quenched every spark of animation or cheerfulness in me. I

am still preyed upon by this tedious complaint, and find the eruption on my legs worse than ever, while the general tone of my system is relaxed and enervated by this nursing and confinement. I have now given you reasons enough why I cannot write often to you; but why you should write occasionally to me. I have no news to give, and no cheerful feelings to write from. You are in London where everything is news, and can tell me of your own occupations, which are always interesting to me. I want you, therefore, to give me a more gossiping letter. Tell me what news there is of Newton, and when he is expected back. I am surprised at his remaining so long at Paris, since he says he is tired of it.

What pictures are you about? What one do you intend to paint for the exhibition? Have you done anything to Sir Roger? Do you intend to attack the Christmas piece, and what is your plan; is it to be a fire-side piece or not? Do you think of the Shakspeare subjects? One of these ought to be your choice in preference to the 'Heiress' for your next subject. I do not think the 'Heiress' would be striking enough, at least it has never struck me as being calculated to bring out your powers in any force.

What is Luke doing? Has he any promising subject

in hand? I hope you and Peter* are getting comfortably through the honeymoon, and find housekeeping pleasant. I only fear that your not being obliged to go out for your dinner will make you take less exercise than before, and your health will suffer. My own case is a proof how one really loses by overwriting oneself, and keeping too intent upon a sedentary occupation. I attribute all my present indisposition, which is losing me time, spirits, everything, to two fits of close application, and neglect of all exercise, while I was at Paris. I am convinced that he who devotes two hours each day to vigorous exercise, will eventually gain those two and a couple more into the bargain.

LONDON, Nov. 5, 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I was extremely grieved at hearing such bad accounts from you. I hope I need not assure you how much I partake of all your sorrows. I only wish it were possible by so doing to lighten them. I had hoped by this time to have heard of your recovery. Are you sure that you have the best medical advice? In every other respect you must be more comfortable where you are than you could be anywhere

* Peter Powell.

else. Jones says there are excellent physicians at Birmingham; and Charles Williams speaks of a Dr. Frere who is very eminent. Mr. Van Wart, however, must be the best judge. Newton tells me he has written to you. The poor fellow has met with a severe blow in the loss of his mother, whose death he heard of the night of his arrival in London. I saw Moore at Newton's; he lately passed through Birmingham, and was very sorry he did not know you were there. Moore is extricated from all his pecuniary difficulties, and has sold his 'Life of Lord Byron' to Murray for *two thousand guineas*; the contract was signed by them on Saturday at Newton's room. Moore expresses the warmest interest in your welfare. Newton has improved my sketch of Paul Veronese wonderfully; it is now invaluable to us as a study of colouring.

Powell and I suit each other extremely well; I do not find that I take less exercise than I used to do. I have painted two portraits since my return, and have made a drawing from the 'Royal Poet' which I shall show Murray in a day or two. Notwithstanding your objections to my 'Heiress,' I *must* paint it. I have not yet sufficiently made up my mind about a large picture, and it will not do to engage in one prematurely. Don't dissuade me from painting the 'Heiress,'

er you w wwill only damp me and prevent my doing it as
 ell as I II otherwise should. I do not expect to make
 very immnportant picture of it, but it is a commission,
 and will ll not take me very long.* Besides, I mean to
 make it t pay well.

I wenttt the other day with Peter to see an exhibition
 of sparrrring at 'Fives Court,' and was very much
 amusedd.. I wished for you, for who should I meet at
 the dooorr in capacity of check-taker, but our friend the
 free-andl-easy writer at the 'Gipsey House.'† He
 turns ouut to be a bruiser, who at the time we saw him
 there wwaas in training to fight a pitched battle; so that
 it is luckky for us we did not take umbrage at his fami-
 liarity.. He has fought twice, and though beaten both
 times iss considered a "very game man." Among the
 crowdl in the court were two heroes, "Belasco the
 Jew" and another (whose name I have forgotten), who
 had ffought each other the day before at Moulsey.
 Belasco has won, though they were both in most
 woeful plight. Their heads had become too large for
 their hats, which were balanced on the top of a large
 bandage of Belcher handkerchief that obscured an eye

* He *did* paint it, but not till 1845, for E. Bicknell, Esq., in whose
 gallery, at Hearne Hill, it now hangs.

† Referring to some of their suburban fair experiences.

and cheek of each of them, and it was difficult to imagine the invisible half of their faces to be in worse trim than that which was seen, which shone resplendent with the high polish produced by swelling, exhibiting all the hues of the rainbow. One could not open, nor the other shut his mouth. The bruised carcasses of these "knights of the rueful countenance" were enveloped in *wrap-rascals*, in which they moved about stiffly, and occasionally sat down with all the cautiousness of men in whom the sense of touch was delicately alive. Belasco's friends were gathered round him, making up a match for him to fight somebody else as soon as he was well; and the admirers of the other were comforting him by showing him where he had made the grand mistake, and how he might have gained the battle on the preceding day.

Luke is very well, he will write to you soon and speak for himself. He intends painting a large view of Greenwich Hospital, Park, &c. from the hill, where you may recollect his rolling his purse overboard one fine summer day. The "Childe" has begun a portrait of Moore, which will be very like. Murray intends having his picture of you engraved.

Give my love to the "*wee things*" at Edgbaston, and let me know from time to time how the *Citizen*

does, and what progress the little ladies are making in the fine arts, and whether Washington still regards your flute with that look of unutterable veneration with which he used to turn up his eyes to it, whether in your hands or quietly reposing on the top of the bookcase. Write us a bulletin every day or two of the state of your health. A single line *will do*, but as much more as you please.

Yours ever,

C. R. LESLIE.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,
Birmingham.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

EDGEASTON, Nov. 8, 1821.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I congratulate you with all my soul on your admission to the Royal Academy, of which friend Luke has just given me the tidings. It is no more than what you have long deserved, but it is not always that a man gets what he deserves. I did not mean to undervalue your study of the 'Heiress', only in comparison with the other subjects you had in contemplation. The others are uncommonly rich and striking, and fittest to draw out your peculiar powers in delineating character, costume, &c., &c. I have no doubt but

you will make a very excellent thing of the 'Heiress,' and the landscape that you sketched at Haddon Hall will enrich it, and give it architectural interest, and picturesque associations.

By-the-by, whenever you want to gather a little information about Haddon Hall, you will find a description of it with a plate or two in the sixth volume of the *Archæologia*. You will find that work a mine of antiquarian knowledge, and curious facts as to customs, architecture, dress, &c. It is in many quarto volumes by the Antiquarian Society. In the ninth and tenth volumes of the '*Censura Literaria*' are elaborate disquisitions on hawking and hunting by Hazlewood.

Your letter of the 5th was most acceptable and gratifying, and I thank you for a vast deal of amusement afforded me by the description of the 'Milling School.' I think Willis has pitched upon a famous good thing in his contemplated picture; depend upon it he will gain himself both honour and profit by it. If he succeeds, as I am convinced he will, I would advise him to make a companion to it in a view of Paris from one of the neighbouring hills.

As to my medical advices, I have had the advice of one of the best surgeons here, a skilful man; I fear

however, I shall be a long time getting rid of this complaint. The Citizen* has been unwell from a cold, but is getting better. He has lately become something of a theologian, and has taken a great notion to talk about the Deity, and asks many very odd questions. I heard him instructing his little sisters the other day on the subject, and assuring them, among other things, "that nothing could hurt God," "a horse could not bite him." He tells me long stories every evening as we lie on the sofa together. They however all turn upon the same things—the adventures of two little girls, who walk in a wood where they are chased by a "savage cart horse" until they run into a gentleman's house, where they have a fine supper, and in setting out the supper-table the Citizen generally exhausts his fancy and the residue of his short evening. All the children talk about you continually, and Marianne begs her mamma, when she writes to you, to tell you that if you don't come to Birmingham, she will come after you to London.

God bless you, my dear Leslie.

Yours ever,

W. I.

* One of his little nephews so nicknamed.

LONDON, *Dec. 5, 1821.*

MY DEAR IRVING,—I should have written to you before, but we have been every day expecting to see you for some time past. I am afraid Newton's bedroom would be too small for you to sit in, and in his sitting-room you would be constantly exposed to interruptions from his visitors. I will look about to-morrow to see if I can find anything that I think will suit you, and write you a description of what I see and the terms, without entering into any engagement. I hope you will make up your mind to come to London before the weather gets too cold. I am afraid from the continuance of your complaint you have not good medical advice; here you may have the best. I think if we had you among us here we could cheer you up a little, and the change of scene would help to lighten in some degree the heavy affliction you have suffered.

I cannot give a very good account of myself since I last wrote, for I have not yet begun my picture. I found the truth of your remark, that success may sometimes check a man's exertions as well as disappointment. My election threw me out a little. In the

first place I had forty visits to pay to the Academicians; in the next I had to attend a council and hear a speech from Sir Thomas, and receive my diploma, and after that to make my appearance among the members at the lectures. I have now got through these ceremonies, and am getting to work again. I find this event has given me a fresh stock of spirits, and I even think of health.

Since writing the above it has occurred to us, that if no other suitable lodgings are to be had, we can make you comfortable (for a short time at least) *here*. Don't start—it is even so. Powell's sitting-room can be made as warm as you please, and you have no idea of the improvement in its appearance since the introduction of window curtains, &c. My advice is, therefore, that you set off, the first fine day, for London, without taking a thought of what is to become of you here—and I am very much mistaken if we can't among us make you comfortable; at least till we can find you suitable apartments to write in.

Yours ever,

C. R. LESLIE.

“EDGBASTON, *Dec. 8th*, 1821.

“MY DEAR LESLIE,—I feel most sensibly the kindness of your letter, which, however, is just like yourself—full of goodness.

“I should feel tempted to come to London at once, and to try how I could make out at Newton’s quarters, which, upon the whole, I think would best suit me; but at present it is out of my power.

“Everything is done here to make me comfortable; my good sister almost makes a child of me.

“I hope to hear of your getting under weigh with another painting soon; and trust that the good spirits and good health you have picked up will enable you to dispatch the thing with spirit and expedition.

“You do not say how the engravings are going on for the new editions of my works, nor whether you have shown Murray your last sketch.

“Give my hearty thanks to our worthy friend Powell for the kind offer of his room. I long to be among you all once more. I think a few tea drinkings with the old set would be of great service to me. But the physicians have got hold of me, and I am no longer my own man. I have kept clear of them all my life till now; and now they have got me in their clutches.

I fear they will make 'worms' meat' of me before they let me go again.

"God bless you, my dear boy.

"P. S.—Let me hear from you now and then, for your letters are better than medicine to me. How does Newton come on? I suppose he has nearly finished his 'Lovers' Quarrels,' and is ready for something else. He must have his mind in good tune for composition after his visit to Paris. I will write to him when next I write. I feel very deeply his kindness with respect to his rooms. Indeed, I feel towards you all more than it is necessary to express. You are often the theme of conversation with them and the children, and I can assure you that a visit from you at any time would be quite a jubilee in the household."

1822.

Exhibited Picture of the Year.

THE RIVALS.* (Painted for Sir Matthew White Ridley. Engraved by Finden, and lithographed by R. T. Lane, A.R.A.)

DURING the year, Irving was once more on the

* This picture was Exhibited at Manchester in 1857, by its then possessor, E. Rodgett, Esq. There is a small repetition of it, with some variations, in the possession of Edwin Bullock Esq., of Handsworth, near Birmingham.

continent in quest of health. He travelled through Germany in the course of the summer, and writes to Leslie in December from Dresden.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

DRESDEN, *Dec. 2nd, 1822.*

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I wrote to Newton from Munich, and had hoped before this to have had a reply; but have been disappointed. I am very anxious to hear from you all, and to know what you are still doing. For my part, my whole summer has been devoted to travelling, gazing about, and endeavouring to acquire a good state of health, in which latter I am happy to say I have in a great measure succeeded. By dint of bathing, and a little attention to diet, I have conquered the malady that so long rendered me almost a cripple; and the exercise, change of air, and refreshment of spirits incident to travelling, have operated most favourably on my general health. Since I wrote to Newton, I have been among the Salzbourg Mountains: then by the way of Linz to Vienna, where I remained nearly a month; then through part of Moravia and Bohemia, stopping a few days at the fine old city of Prague, to this place, where I mean to winter. How

I should have liked to have you as a travelling companion throughout my summer's tour. You would have found continual exercise for the pencil, and objects of gratification and improvement in the noble galleries that abound in the principal German cities. I shall now take a master and go to work to study German. If I can get my pen to work, so much the better; but it has been so long idle that I fear it will take some time to get it in a working mood. I hope you have made some more designs for my works, and that the engravings are finished of those that were in hand. Take care to get for me Allston's design for the 'Judgment of Wouter Van Twiller;' and endeavour, if possible, to get all the originals into your hands. How do you come on in housekeeping? Have you got to new and comfortable quarters? How often have I thought of you in exploring some of these old German towns, where you might have a wing of a deserted palace almost for nothing. Such glorious painting rooms, that might be blocked up or pulled to pieces at your humour! The living in fact is wonderfully cheap in many of the finest cities of Germany. In Dresden, for example, I have a very neat, comfortable, and prettily furnished apartment on the first floor of an hotel; it consists of a cabinet, with a bed in it, and a cheerful sitting room

that looks on the finest square. I am offered this apartment for the winter at the rate of thirty-six shillings a month. Would to heaven I could get such quarters in London for anything like the money. I shall probably remain here until the spring opens, as this is one of the pleasantest winter residences, and peculiarly favourable for the study of the German language, which is here spoken in its purity. Which way I shall direct my wanderings when I leave this I cannot say ; I find it is useless to project plans of tours, as I seldom follow them, but am apt to be driven completely out of my course by whim or circumstance. Do write to me, and direct your letters, "Poste restante, Dresden." Let me hear all the news you can collect of our acquaintances, and tell me what you are all doing. Have the Bollmans left Paris and returned to America ? How goes on Luke's picture of Greenwich ? I presume it is nearly finished. What subjects have you on hand, or what on view, &c., &c. ? I sent you word in my letter to Newton that I wished you, when the plates illustrating my works were published, to get some sets from Murray for me, and send them to Mr. Van Wart, to be forwarded to my brother in America—one set to be given to Mr. Brevoort of New York. I find by a letter from my brother, that he met with that worthy

personage, Mr. Peter Powell, at Rouen, and that they had a world of pleasant conversation together.

Farewell, my dear boy.

Give my hearty remembrance to the "Childe," Father Luke, and all the rest of the fraternity; not forgetting my excellent and worthy friend Peter Powell.

Yours ever, W. I.

I am unable to give any precise particulars as to Leslie's work this year, having no letters of the year to his sisters. But he was certainly engaged on a picture from 'Winter's Tale,' I presume the 'Autolycus,' afterwards painted for Mr. Sheepshanks, and now in the National Gallery at South Kensington; and he may have already commenced his studies for his exquisite picture of 'Sancho in the Apartment of the Duchess,' now at Petworth.

1823.

LESLIE's name does not appear in the Academy catalogue for this year. He was at work on his picture of 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies,' but was unable to finish it to his mind.

Irving, still at Dresden, writes to him.

(March 15th, 1823.)

“ I HAVE just been seized with a fit of letter writing, after having nearly forgotten how to use my pen, so I take the earliest stage of the complaint to scribble to you. I had hoped to receive a gratuitous letter from you before this, but you are one of those close codgers who never pay more than the law compels them. I am extremely sorry to hear from Newton that he has been so ill,—though I am by no means surprised at it, as he played all kinds of vagaries with a constitution naturally delicate. I trust this fit of illness will teach him the necessity of daily and regular attention to exercise and diet; which all the advice in the world will not beat into a young man’s head.

“ There is more time lost by these daily attempts to gain time than by anything else; and he who will endeavour to cheat his health out of an hour or two a day in extra fasting, or extra application, will in the end have to pay days and weeks for those hours.

“ How often I have wished for you and Newton during the last eight or nine months, in the course of

which I have been continually mingling in scenes full of character and picture.

“The place where I am now passing my time is a complete study. The court of this little kingdom of Saxony is, perhaps, the most ceremonious and old-fashioned in Europe, and one finds here customs and observances in full vigour that have long since faded away in other courts.

“The king is a capital character himself—a complete old gentleman of the ancient school, and very tenacious in keeping up the old style. He has treated me with the most marked kindness, and every member of the royal family has shewn me great civility. What would greatly delight you, is the royal hunting establishment, which the king maintains at a vast expense, being his hobby. He has vast forests stocked with game, and a complete forest police, forest masters, chasseurs, piqueurs, jägers &c., &c., several hunting lodges—packs of hounds—horses, &c., &c. The charm of the thing is, that all this is kept up in the old style—and to go out hunting with him, you might fancy yourself in one of those scenes of old times which we read of in poetry and romance. I have followed him thrice to the boar hunt. The last we had extremely good sport. The boar gave us a

chase of upwards of two hours, and was not overpowered until it had killed one dog, and desperately wounded several others. It was a very cold winter day, with much snow on the ground—but as the hunting was in a thick pine forest, and the day was sunny, we did not feel the cold. The king and all his hunting retinue were clad in an old-fashioned hunting uniform of green, with green caps. The sight of the old monarch and his retinue galloping through the alleys of the forest—the jägers dashing singly about in all directions, cheering the hounds—the shouts—the blast of horns—the cry of hounds ringing through the forest, altogether made one of the most animating scenes I ever beheld.

“I have become very intimate with one of the king’s forest masters, who lives in a picturesque old hunting lodge with towers, formerly a convent, and who has undertaken to shew me all the economy of the hunting establishment. What glorious groupings, and what admirable studies for figures and faces I have seen among these hunters.

“By this time your painting of ‘Autolycus’ must be nearly finished. I long to have a description of it from Newton. Do tell me something about it yourself. Have you thought of a subject for your next? and

have you entirely abandoned the scene of Shakespeare being brought up for deer-stealing? I think it would be a subject that you would treat with peculiar felicity, and you could not have one of a more general nature, since Shakespeare and his scanty biography are known in all parts of the world. Upon my soul, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced it is a subject that you might make a masterpiece of; it is one you should paint at least as large as your 'May Day,' and introduce a great number of figures. Do think of it. You might make a great impression by such a picture.

"I have done nothing with my pen since I left you, absolutely *nothing*! I have been gazing about, rather idly, perhaps, but yet among fine scenes of striking character, and I can only hope that some of them may stick to my mind, and furnish me with materials in some future fit of scribbling.

"I have been fighting my way into the German language, and am regaining my Italian, and for want of more profitable employment, have turned *play-actor*.

"We have been getting up private theatricals here at the house of an English lady. I have already enacted Sir Charles Rackett in 'Three Weeks after

Marriage,' with great applause, and am on the point of playing Don Felix in 'The Wonder.' I had no idea of this fund of dramatic talent lurking within me; and I now console myself that if the worst comes to the worst, I can turn stroller, and pick up a decent maintenance among the barns in England. I verily believe nature intended me to be a vagabond.

"P. S.—I hope you intend to make some designs for Bracebridge Hall. I would rather have the work illustrated by you than by any one else."

1824.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited). SANCHO PANZA* IN THE APARTMENT OF THE DUCHESS.—

"First and foremost I must tell you I look on my master, Don Quixote, to be no better than a downright madman, though sometimes he will stumble upon a parcel of sayings so quaint and so tightly put together, that the devil himself could not mend them; but in the main, I cannot beat it out of my noddle, but that he is as mad as a March hare. Now, because I am pretty confident of knowing his blind side, whatever crotchets come into my crown, though without either head or tail, yet can I make them pass on him for Gospel. Such was the answer to his letter and another sham that I put upon him the other day, and is not in print yet, touching my Lady Dulcinea's enchantment; for you must know,

* See Introduction.

between you and I, she is no more enchanted than the man in the moon."—*Don Quixote*, Vol. 3, Chap. 33. (R. A. Catalogue, 1824.)

Painted for the Earl of Egremont, repeated for Mr. Vernon, and now in the National Collection, South Kensington. Repeated a second time for Mr. Rogers. A third repetition was painted for one of the painter's sisters, in America, and is now in this country, in the possession of John Farnworth, Esq.

(Not exhibited.) PORTRAIT OF LADY HARRIET GURNEY.—PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT (for Mr. Ticknor, of Boston). Repeated.

THIS year was memorable to Leslie for many reasons. It included the death of a mother to whom he was deeply attached; his visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford; and the painting of his 'Sancho,' for Lord Egremont. I need add nothing to the tribute which Leslie has paid in his Autobiography to Lord Egremont's munificence, his kindness of heart to all about him, and his little less than paternal kindness to Leslie himself, extended after his marriage to his wife and children. The patronage of Lord Egremont drew after it that of others of his order, and to it Leslie always attributed much of his after success. The best description I know of Lord Egremont and Petworth in his time, is Haydon's. I quote it here, as his emphatic style of describing the place and the owner, and his characteristic letter of acknowledgment, are worth contrasting with Leslie's way of treating the subject, though both descriptions result in

giving one the same impression of Lord Egremont's singular geniality and goodness of heart.

“November 13th.—Set off for Petworth, where I arrived at half-past three. Lord Egremont's reception was frank and noble. The party was quite a family one. All was frank good-humour and benevolence. Lord Egremont presided and helped, laughed and joked, and let others do the same.”

“November 15th.—Sketched and studied all day. I dine with the finest Vandyke in the world—the Lady Ann Carr, Countess of Bedford. It is beyond everything.—I really never saw such a character as Lord Egremont. ‘Live and let live’ seems to be his motto. He has placed me in one of the most magnificent bed-rooms I ever saw. It speaks more for what he thinks of my talents than anything that ever happened to me. On the left of the bed hangs a portrait of William, Lord Marquis of Hertford, elected Knight of the Garter 1649, and by act of parliament restored Duke of Somerset 1660. Over the chimney is a nobleman kneeling. A lady of high rank to the right. Opposite, Queen Mary. Over the door, a head. On the right of the cabinet, Sir Somebody. And

over the entrance door, another head. The bed-curtains are different-coloured velvets, let in on white satin. The walls, sofas, easy chairs, carpets, green damask, and a beautiful view of the park out of the high windows.

“There is something peculiarly interesting in the inhabiting these apartments, sacred to antiquity, which have contained a long list of deceased and illustrious ancestors. As I lay in my magnificent bed, and saw the old portraits trembling in a sort of twilight, I almost fancied I heard them breathe, and almost expected they would move out and shake my curtains. What a destiny is mine! One year in the Bench, the companion of gamblers and scoundrels,—sleeping in wretchedness and dirt on a flock bed, low and filthy, with black worms crawling over my hands,—another, reposing in down and velvet, in a splendid apartment, in a splendid house, the guest of rank, and fashion, and beauty! As I laid my head on my down pillow the first night, I was deeply affected, and could hardly sleep. God in heaven grant my future may now be steady. At any rate a nobleman has taken me by the hand, whose friendship generally increases in proportion to the necessity of its continuance. Such is Lord Egremont. Literally like the sun. The

very flies at Petworth seem to know there is room for their existence ; that the windows are theirs. Dogs, horses, cows, deer, and pigs, peasantry and servants, guests and family, children and parents, all share alike his bounty, and opulence, and luxuries. At breakfast, after the guests have all breakfasted, in walks Lord Egremont ; first comes a grandchild, whom he sends away happy. Outside the window moan a dozen black Spaniels, who are let in, and to them he distributes cakes and comfits, giving all equal shares. After chatting with one guest, and proposing some scheme of pleasure to others, his leathern gaiters are buttoned on, and away he walks, leaving everybody to take care of themselves, with all that opulence and generosity can place at their disposal entirely within reach. At dinner he meets everybody, and then are recounted the feats of the day. All principal dishes he helps, never minding the trouble of carving ; he eats heartily and helps liberally. There is plenty, but not absurd profusion ; good wines, but not extravagant waste. Everything solid, liberal, rich, and English. At seventy-four he still shoots daily, comes home wet through, and is as active and looks as well as many men of fifty.

“ The meanest insect at Petworth feels a ray of

his Lordship's fire in the justice of its distribution.

"I never saw such a character, or such a man, nor were there ever many.

"Before leaving that princely seat of magnificent hospitality, I wrote, when I retired to my bed-room last night, the following letter:—

"MY LORD,

"I cannot leave Petworth without intruding my gratitude for the princely manner in which I have been treated during my stay, and in earnestly hoping your Lordship may live long, I only add my voice to the voices of thousands, who never utter your Lordship's name without a blessing.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's humble and grateful servant,

"B. R. HAYDON."

Leslie started for Abbotsford in August, and met Newton in Edinburgh. The incidents of the journey are fully described in letters to his sister, but Leslie has already drawn so freely on these in his Autobiography, that I refrain from inserting them here. Leslie

was at this time an accepted suitor, and from one of his letters to Miss Harriet Stone, soon to be Mrs. Leslie, I extract the following:—

“ABBOTSFORD, *Sept. 12th*, 1824.

* * * * *

“I HAVE certainly enjoyed myself much more than I expected. Such delightful weather as we have had ever since I have been in Scotland, could not have been anticipated. Still I am very anxious to get back to London, and shall leave Scotland the moment my engagements permit me.

* * * * *

“In my last letter, I gave you some account of this house and its inmates, but said nothing about its situation. It stands close to the Tweed (of which I have a very pretty view from the window of the bedroom from which I am now writing) on the side of a hill, and in the midst of hills, the highest of which are the Eildon, alluded to in the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel,’ and the Cowdenknows, which gives the name to an old song. Melrose Abbey, a most beautiful ruin, is situated at the foot of the Eildon hills, about three miles from here, and not far off is a most romantic glen, celebrated by one of the oldest Scottish poets, Thomas the

Rhymer, and where he met the Queen of the Fairies. There is a mossy seat near a waterfall at the top of this glen, which is a favourite haunt of the 'Great Unknown,' and which he wished me to introduce into the picture I am painting; but it is far too good for a background. Near this glen is a very pretty little mountain lake, on which Sir Walter maintains two swans, and tells a story of a water bull that inhabits it; indeed he has anecdotes to relate of every little spot around him. What the hills most want here are trees, a deficiency Sir W. is doing all in his power to supply, by planting all the ground that belongs to himself full of them. A few years will double the beauty of the scenery here. The Tweed, though not a wide or deep stream, is very ornamental, and makes some beautiful turns among the hills, and the pebbly bed over which it flows gives it a fine *voice*. Some poet calls it 'Well sung Tweed, baronial stream;' and I suppose there is no river in Great Britain, the name of which more frequently occurs in poetry, or is more connected with great historical events. Mr. Lockhart, who is married to Sir Walter's eldest daughter, lives in a very pretty cottage near Melrose Abbey. I dined with him yesterday. Newton is staying there, and the two Miss Clephanes (Lady Compton's sisters), who gave us some

very delightful music in the evening. Mrs. Lockhart, who has more of her father in her than any of Sir W.'s other children, sings Scottish songs very beautifully. Now that I am on the subject of songs, I must give you the fragments of a Gloucestershire ditty Sir Walter repeated the other day. I think you will agree with me in regretting there is not more of it. The four first lines are *particularly interesting*,—

The stones, the stones, the stones, the stones,
 The stones, the stones, the stones, the stones,
 The stones, the stones, the stones, the stones,
 The stones what built Jack Ridley's oven,
 They all was fought (fetch'd) from Barclay quar' (quarry).*

“I must not omit to describe the dogs, who are very important members of the family. Sir Walter is never seen unaccompanied by two *at least*. There are a set of little ugly varlets of black terriers, of the true Dandie Dinmont breed, named Spice, Ginger, Mustard, and Whiskey; a large greyhound called Hamlet, and a very venerable old deer-hound of gigantic size, named Maida, besides Lady Scott's own particular dog Risk, and sundry pointers belonging to Charles Scott.

“The picture goes on to the satisfaction of all the family. * * * *

* This ditty is given at length in Mr. Hughes's “Scouring of the White Horse.”—Ed.

"I have no wish to go to the church at Melrose, for I am told the parson is a very ridiculous old fellow; and having heard Sir Walter take him off one morning, I am sure I could not help laughing were I to go. Newton, who goes to Edinburgh, will carry this letter enclosed in one to my sister, but as his movements are not so certain as those of the post, it is very probable you may get another from me before this arrives."

* * * * *

"ABBOTSFORD, Sept. 21st, 1824.

* * * * *

"THE portrait of Sir Walter is nearly finished; but I find it extremely difficult to satisfy myself with it. He dislikes sitting very much. Yesterday he only gave me a quarter of an hour, and then carried me off in his *sociable*, with two other gentlemen who are staying here, to see the 'Yarrow,' famous in song, as, indeed, are all the Scottish rivers. We stopped at a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch's, called Bow Hill, upon the grounds of which stand the ruins of Newark Castle, formerly a palace of the kings of Scotland. The ruin is not in itself fine, but it stands, 'bosomed high in tufted trees,' on an eminence, round the base of which the river winds, and dashes away rocks and woods;

and the whole together is very picturesque. The Yarrow here resembles the 'bonny Doone,' with the advantage of having much higher hills on each side of it. Sir Walter had ordered a detachment of the 'doggies' (as he calls them), consisting of two greyhounds and as many terriers, that we might have some coursing on the 'braes of Yarrow.' Charles Scott and a friend of his had accompanied us on horseback. Owing to one of the dogs being too old, and the other too young, they only killed one hare, and started two others, which they lost. We saw a great deal of game on the Duke's grounds, consisting of pheasants, blackcocks, and partridges; and I, who am entirely ignorant of all sorts of sporting, was much edified by the conversation of the party on the subject. Sir Walter has been a keen sportsman in his youth. He started one of the hares himself, and gave the view-hallo with the lungs of a Stentor. Among the many interesting places pointed out to us by our host on this occasion was the cottage in which Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, was born, and where his mother still lives. Sir Walter knew Park well, and describes him as a very fine-looking man, and remarkable for personal strength. A few days ago I made, at the request of Sir Walter, a sketch of his game-keeper, Tom

Purdey, who has lived with him sixteen years, and is a very great favourite of his master's. Tom is now in declining health, and Sir Walter's extreme solicitude about him, and the attentions he pays him, are strong proofs (if any were wanting) of the goodness of his heart. I was gratified the other day at dinner by what I had been very anxious to see, namely, a *haggis*. It was, however, a small one, by no means answering in appearance to the idea Burns gives us of this 'chieftain of the pudding race.' I found its contents, however, very good, and they told me it was a genuine specimen, excepting as to size. I have now tasted the principal Scotch dishes—hodge-podge, porridge (which I never desire to see again), oat-cake, and Miss Scott has promised to have some bannocks of barley this morning at breakfast to complete the list. There is a very patriotic song called the 'Bannocks of Barley'—indeed all the Scotch dishes are rendered classical by their poets. All the company that were here when I last wrote have gone, and there are only the two gentlemen mentioned above (literary men) here at present. I am afraid I shall miss Wilkie, who is in Edinburgh, but will not, in all probability be here till I have left.

"You wonder, you say, how I shall be able to bear

London after Scotland ; but in truth I am most anxious to get back. I have enjoyed myself very much ; but I am never contented to be long on a visit, even among the most pleasant people in the world. I want to be once more in my painting-room, and to work again in earnest. I want to see my friends, and tell them of all the wonders of Scotland, * * * * * and over and above all, I want to see your dear little self again. It required, as you know, a very great temptation to leave London at the time I did, and the trial has only convinced me, more than ever, how entirely my happiness depends upon you.

“I hope to finish Sir Walter’s portrait to-morrow ; and if it is dry enough I shall leave Abbotsford the next day. I shall then be obliged to remain in Edinburgh a few days, to make a study from a picture in Holyrood House. I suppose I can go to Culross and return in one day ; and after that I shall set off for London. As, however, I must stop in Norfolk for a few days, to finish Lady Harriet Gurney’s picture, I fear it will be a fortnight yet before I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.”

On his return home he spent a week in Edinburgh with Edwin Landseer. Sir Walter, who had run up for

a day to Edinburgh, took Landseer back with him to Abbotsford, "where I am sure," says Leslie, "he will make himself very popular, both with the master and mistress of the house, by sketching their doggies for them."

Irving, still in Paris, writes to express his satisfaction with the illustrations from 'Knickerbocker.'

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

PARIS, *Feb.* 8, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—It is a long while since I have heard from either you or Newton. How are you both, and what are you doing? I see among the pieces to be exhibited at the British Gallery, a 'Don Quixote' by Newton, which I presume is the little picture made from poor Ogilvie, which I have before heard of. Do you not intend to have anything ready for the next Exhibition? I long to see you again, to have some good long talks with you. I wish you were here at present, I think you would do me good. I am trying to get some manuscripts in order for a couple more volumes of the 'Sketch Book,' but I have been visited by a fit of sterility for this month past that throws me all aback, and discourages me as to the hope of getting

ready for a spring appearance. I have a Dutch story written, which I have shown to friend Foy, for I like to consult brother artists. He thinks it equal to any of my others. I think you would like it. I have determined also to introduce my 'History of an Author,' breaking it into parts and distributing it through the two volumes. It had grown stale with me, and I never could get into the vein sufficiently to carry it on and finish it as a separate work. Besides, the time that has elapsed without my either publishing or writing, obliges me to make the most of what I have in hand and can soonest turn to account. I have a few other articles sketched out of minor importance. If I could only get myself into a brisk writing mood, I could soon furnish the materials for two volumes, and if these were well received and paid well, I should then have leisure and means to pursue the literary plans I have in view. But I am at this moment in a sad heartless mood, and nothing seems to present to rouse me out of it. Write to me I beg of you, and say something to stimulate and cheer me up. Do not say anything of the foregoing literary confidings to any one.

I am sorry to see 'Salmagundi' is published at London with all its faults upon its head. I have

corrected a copy for Galignani, whom I found bent upon putting it to press. My corrections consist almost entirely in expunging words and here and there an offensive sentence. I have a set of your illustrations of my works; they are admirable. I wish you had made others for 'Bracebridge Hall,' or that you would still do so. I still think your 'Dutch Fireside' worthy of being painted by you as a cabinet picture. It is admirable. The engraving from Newton's portrait of me is thought an excellent likeness by my brother, and by others here.

I see Mr. Foy very frequently, and the more I see of him the better I like him. I thank you for making me acquainted with him. I am very much incommoded by visits and invitations, for in spite of every exertion I find it impossible to keep clear of society entirely without downright churlishness and incivility.

Do let me hear from you, my dear Leslie, as soon as you can spare a moment to the pen. I am sure a letter from you will be of service to me, as a visit from you has often been, when in one of my dispirited moods. Give my best remembrances to your sister, and to Newton when you see him.

Yours ever, W. I.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

PARIS, RUE RICHELIEU, No. 89,
Dec. 8, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I have been for a long time intending to write to you, but my spirit has been so inert as not to be able to summon up a page full of ideas. However, as Brockedon is on the point of starting, and will take a letter free of cost, I will scrawl a line, if it is only in testimony of constant recollection.

The 'Childe' has given me a mere inkling of his northern visit—just enough to tantalise curiosity. I wish you would give me a few anecdotes on the subject. You must have had a rare time; and I envy above everything your residence at Abbotsford. I am told the Great Unknown was absolutely besieged by a legion of "panthers," that you really surrounded him—one taking a point blank elevation of him in full front—another in profile—another in rear—happy to sketch a likeness, whichever side presented.

To you the visit must have been peculiarly interesting and advantageous; for, knowing your taste and

turn of mind, I am sure you would find Scott full of precious matter, and would derive a world of valuable hints from your conversation with him. I long to hear something of your visit at Abbotsford, and would give anything for a good long talk with you on the subject.

I wish your 'Sancho' were here in the Exhibition. I should like to hear what the Frenchmen would say to it: it is so infinitely better than anything which they think good, that I doubt whether they would know how to appreciate it. There are two of Lawrence's paintings here, but the French pass by without noticing them. The only remark I heard made was from two Frenchmen on Lawrence's head of the late Duc de Richelieu. One looked at it, with a screw of the mouth, "*Pas mal*," said he; "some affectation, something of colouring," and so they passed on.

Have you begun your new picture for Lord Egremont? Brookedon speaks with great emphasis of your 'Autolycus.' I do not know whether you have done anything to it since I saw it, or whether he means the picture in its half-finished state. I certainly think your head of 'Autolycus' one of your happiest efforts of character and expression. But, in fact, you have now but to dash boldly at whatever you conceive;

you have the power of achieving whatever you attempt, and the certainty of having whatever you achieve appreciated by the public.

When you see Newton remember me affectionately to him. Let me know what he is doing, and how he is doing it. I often look back with fondness and regret on the times we lived together in London, in a delightful community of thought and feeling; struggling our way onward in the world, but cheering and encouraging each other. I find nothing to supply the place of that heartfelt fellowship. I trust that you and Newton have a long career of increasing success and popularity before you. Of my own fate I sometimes feel a doubt. I am isolated in English literature, without any of the usual aids and influences by which an author's popularity is maintained and promoted. I have no literary coterie to cry me up; no partial reviewer to pat me on the back: the very review of my publisher is hostile to everything American. I have nothing to depend on but the justice and courtesy of the public; and how long the public may continue to favour the writings of a stranger, or how soon it may be prejudiced by the scribblers of the press, is with me a matter of extreme uncertainty. I have one proud reflection, however, to sustain myself with;—that I

have never in any way sought to sue the praises nor deprecate the censures of reviewers, but have left my works to rise or fall by their own deserts. If the public will keep with me a little longer, until I can secure a bare competency, I feel as if I shall be disposed to throw by the pen, or only to use it as a mere recreation. Do write to me soon. I long to hear from you. How often do I miss you in moments when I feel cast down and out of heart; and how often at times when some of the odd scenes of life present themselves which we used to enjoy so heartily together.

Remember me most particularly to your sister. It is with the greatest concern that I have heard of the afflicting loss* which both of you have sustained; and I only forbear to dwell on it because I know that in cases of the kind all consolation by letter is mere idle formality. God bless you, my dear Leslie.

Believe me, most constantly and affectionately yours,

W. I.

P.S.—My brother is with me, and desires to be particularly remembered to you.

* The loss of their mother.—Ed.

1825.

Pictures of the Year.

SLENDER, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SHALLOW, COURTING ANNE PAGE.*

Shallow—"Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*. Act iii. Scene 4.—(Painted for Sir Willoughby Gordon). Is this the picture engraved for the American Art Union in 1858, from the collection of Mr. Philip Hone?

(109) SIR HENRY WOTTON PRESENTING THE COUNTESS SABRINA WITH A VALUABLE JEWEL ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.—(Painted for Mr. J. Major's illustrated edition of "*Walton's Lives*.")

"As for Sir Henry himself, his behaviour had been such during the manage of the Treaty, that the Emperor (Ferdinand the 2nd) took him to be a person of much honour and merit ; and did therefore desire him to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his good opinion of him, which was a jewel of diamonds of more value than a thousand pounds. This jewel was received with all outward circumstance and terms of honour by Sir Henry Wotton. But the next morning, on his departing from Vienna, he, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina—an Italian lady in whose house the Emperor had appointed him to be lodged and honourably entertained—acknowledged her merits, and besought her to accept of that jewel as a testimony of his gratitude for her civilities."—*Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton*.

SIX DRAWINGS FROM THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—(For the first Author's Edition.) The subjects of these drawings are from—

GUY MANNERING.—Dominie Sampson unpacking the books. PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.—Peveril, turning from the window, perceives Fenella kneeling at his feet. ROB ROY.—The sudden apparition of Diana Vernon, leaning on her father's arm, to Frank Osbaldiston. ST. RONAN'S WELL.—Mr. Winterblossom exhibiting his drawings to Lady Penelope Penfeather. KENILWORTH.—Amy Robsart toying with Leicester's jewels and orders.—Wayland Smith in the disguise of a pedlar, showing his wares to Amy Robsart and Janet Forster.

IN the course of this year Leslie married Miss

* See Introductory Essay.

Harriet Stone. His first letter to Irving of next year describes his new happiness—a happiness which lasted as long as his life.

1826.

Pictures of the Year.

- (60) DON QUIXOTE HAVING RETIRED INTO THE SIERRA MORENA TO DO PENANCE, IN IMITATION OF AMADIS DE GAUL, IS PREVAILED ON TO RELINQUISH HIS DESIGN BY A STRATAGEM OF THE CURATE AND THE BARBER, ASSISTED BY DOROTHEA.

"I will not arise from hence, thrice valorous and approved knight, until your bounty and courtesie shall grant unto me one boon, which shall much redound to your honour and prize of your person, and to the profit of the most disconsolate and wronged damzel the sun hath ever seen."

* * * * *

"I will not answer you a word, fair lady," quoth Don Quixote, "nor hear a jot of your affair, until you arise from the ground."—"I will not get up hence, my lord," quoth the afflicted lady, "if first of your wonted bounty you do not grant my request."—"I do give and grant it," quoth Don Quixote, "so that it be not a thing that may turn to the damage or hindrance of my king, my country, or of her that keeps the key of my heart and liberty."—"It shall not turn to the damage or hindrance of those you have said, good sir," replied the dolorous damzel; and as she was saying this, Sancho Panca rounded his lord in the ear, saying softly to him, "Sir, you may very well grant the request she asks, for it is a matter of nothing: it is only to kill a monstrous gyant, and she that demands it, is the mighty Princess Micomicona, Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia."

* * * * *

"The Barber kneeled all this while, and could with much ado dissemble his laughter, or keep on his beard, that threatened still to fall off, with whose fall perhaps they should all have remained without bringing their good purpose to pass."—*Shelton's Translation of Don Quixote*. Part 4, Chap. 2.

(Painted for the Earl of Essex.)

QUEEN KATHERINE AND HER MAID.—*Henry VIII.* Act iii. Scene 1.

“Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst.”

(DIPLOMA PICTURE). The same subject was repeated for Mr. Sheepshanks, and is now in the National Collection at South Kensington.

THIS year Leslie was elected a Member of the Royal Academy, and his first child (Robert Charles) was born on the 14th of May.

ST. JOHN'S PLACE, LISSON GROVE,
LONDON, *Jan. 12th*, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING,—Having a wife and picture to attend to might be allowed as excuses for a lazy correspondent among painters and married men—but bachelors and authors may not be so lenient—so have at you. I have heard very good accounts of you from my sisters, and from Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop, and lastly from our friend Foy, who gave me hopes of seeing you before the summer was over, which kept me from writing at that time. But Christmas came and you did not, and now I suppose we must not look for you before the spring. I long to hear from yourself what you have been about, and what you are doing, and when you are really coming. As for myself, I have (as you know) made the greatest change in life that it is in our power to do, and find myself so much the

happier, and, I trust, the better for it, that I scarcely seem to have lived before. All the evils of matrimony that I have heard or read of appear to me to be slanders, and all the blessings to have been underrated; I am now sure I can wish nothing better to all my single friends than a good wife to each of them. As I write to know what you are doing, it is but fair to tell you what I am about. I have for the last six months been very busy with a picture from 'Don Quixote,' on the same scale as that of 'the Duchess.' The scene is where the Don has been rusticating in the Sierra Morena, and is drawn away by the stratagem of the curate and barber, assisted by Dorothea, who is kneeling at his feet in the disguise of the Princess Micomicona. Those of my friends who have seen it think it will be my best picture, but I never know well what I am about myself till I have done it. It is for Lord Essex. As soon as it is finished, I am to commence another subject from the Don for the Duke of Bedford. It is Altisidora pretending to faint at the presence of Don Quixote, as he passes along a gallery to attend the Duke and Duchess. I have several other things in embryo which you shall know all about when you come. I have not been out of town since the spring, except for a week in the

summer, when I took my wife to Hastings. On my wedding expedition I visited old Warwick, Oxford, and Blenheim for the third time, and went to Birmingham, as I dare say you have heard, to see Mr. and Mrs. Van Wart and your brother. Give my affectionate regards to him, and my wife's best respects; she was delighted with the little she saw of him and with your sister's family. My sisters had a very quick and pleasant passage to America, and I have had several delightful letters from them. Newton is quite well, and engaged on a picture* from the 'Beggar's Opera,'—"How happy could I be with either" is the passage. Powell, as you know, disappears annually at Christmas among a set of friends that we know nothing of, and has not yet emerged into our circle. If he is not soon heard of, I must offer a reward for him, for he is one of the few that I find it hard to be without. I heard from Father Luke in August last: he was quite well; I dare say you will see him in the spring. How pleasant an evening you and your brother, Luke, Newton, Powell, and I, might have together. Think well of it!

Yours ever,

C. R. LESLIE.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,
Paris.

* Now in Lord Lansdowne's gallery at Bowood.—Ed.

BORDEAUX, *Feb. 3, 1826.*

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I am greatly obliged by your letter, especially as it is so cheerful a one, full of domestic happiness and good news. In return for your kindness, I am about to give you a great deal of trouble, so you must absent yourself from happiness awhile, *i. e.*, from your wife and your painting, and attend to what I request.

There is a very interesting work printing at Madrid, 'The Voyage of Columbus,' compiled from his papers by the famous Bishop Las Casas, and in part composed of extracts from Columbus's journal. It is in Spanish, and I have undertaken to translate it into English, Mr. Everett, our minister at Madrid, having secured it for me. I wish you to make an arrangement with Murray at once for the purchase of the translation, or, if he will not buy it, with Longman or Colburn. I am told it will make about two octavo volumes. Mr. Everett thinks I ought to get 1500 or 1000 guineas for it. I shall be content with the last sum. I should have written to Murray on the subject, but I have had such repeated instances of his inattention to letters, and have been put so much back

thereby, that I won't trust to correspondence any more, either with him or any other bookseller. As the case admits of no delay, I wish you to see him at once. You had better drop him a line, letting him know you have a literary proposition to make on my part, and requesting him to appoint an hour when you can find him at home. *Whichever bookseller you make an arrangement with, get him to announce the work at once as preparing for publication by me.* Let me hear from you as soon as possible ; direct to me, "*Legation des États Unis d'Amérique, à Madrid.*" I set off for Madrid in the course of three or four days. My brother accompanies me. Mr. Everett has attached me to the Legation, which will be of service to me in travelling and residing in Spain. I am sorry to inflict such a job upon you, but the case is urgent, and so are my necessities. If I can be of any use to you in Spain in return, either in finding you a part of Don Quixote's armour, or the very helmet of Mambrino, command me. When you write to me, the safest way is by the British Ambassador's bag.

I am delighted with the works which you and Newton have in hand and in prospect. 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' are universal works, known throughout the world, and painting from them is like paint-

ing from the Bible, or from ancient and classical history.

I have been writing a little of late, but have no prospect of publishing anything original for some time to come; I am not anxious to do so; but I feel the exercise of the pen extremely beneficial to me; I was quite out of spirits for want of the usual stimulus.

When I get to Madrid I will write to you at more length and leisure,—at present I am all in a bustle.

Tell Newton I received his letter, and will likewise reply to him when I come to anchorage. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Leslie, and believe me, my dear Leslie, ever affectionately yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LISSEN GROVE, *Feb. 23rd*, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING,—A week elapsed after I received your letter before I could obtain a sight of Murray, although I called on him and left a note requesting him to let me know when I might. He says it is impossible for him to judge of the value of Columbus's Voyage until he sees it. It might be very interesting or it might be very dry; he therefore cannot make any arrangement until it is done, and that you alone can

be the only judge at present whether or not it is worth doing. He had told Mr. Rogers (whom I saw a day or two since) that you had written to him on the subject, and Rogers said to me he thought it would be more advisable for you not to make any bargain until you had done it; as you would then stand a better chance. In consequence of this opinion, I think I had better not apply to any of the other booksellers until I hear from you again; and the truth is, they are all just now in so great a panic, occasioned by the recent failures here, that it is no time to get them to undertake anything. Murray says he does not know whom to trust among them. He would gladly, he says, receive anything from you of original matter, which he considers certain of success, whatever it might be; but with regard to 'The Voyage of Columbus,' he cannot form any opinion at present. Let me know as soon as possible what I am to do farther for you in this business, and it shall be done without a moment's delay. I have thoughts of painting something from the life of Cervantes. Can you give me any information about it that I am not likely to get here. I should like very much to know what is the authority for the portrait prefixed to the editions of his life. If you could put up for me an impression

of the earliest print of him extant it will be very useful to me.* Why should you not translate some of his works? I believe we have nothing of him in English but 'Don Quixote' and his '*Exemplary Novels*.' I remember when you were in London some years ago, you read me a scene from an old play, in which the two children who were smothered by Richard III. were introduced saying their prayers. What is the name of the play, and where shall I find it? I have just been elected an Academician.

My wife, who is quite well, sends her best respects to yourself and your brother: give my warmest regards to him.

Yours, ever affectionately,

C. R. LESLIE.

P.S.—This is a short letter, but as I hope very soon to hear from you, I shall reserve a great deal I have to say till then.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,
Madrid.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

MADRID, Feb. 23rd, 1826.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I gave you a troublesome commission to execute, in a letter from Bordeaux, relative

* There is an admirable portrait of him at Petworth.—ED.

to 'The Voyage of Columbus.' If you have made any arrangement for me, or if there are any demurs on the subject, in consequence of the size and nature of the work not being particularly specified, you may mention that the work makes two volumes of about 450 pages, each page containing forty-five lines, each line forty-nine letters ; from this a bookseller can make his calculations. The narrative of Las Casas, compiled from the papers, journal, &c., of Columbus, makes but a part of the first volume. The whole work consists of a collection of documents, many of them never before published, among which are private letters of Columbus discovered last year, which give the most ample and satisfactory information relative to the discovery and voyages of Columbus, and set at rest several questions which have hitherto been in dispute, particularly the claim of Americus Vespacius to the discovery of the New World. I shall enrich my translation by some annotations and additions from authentic sources, which will make the English publication still more complete than the Spanish. The Spanish work is by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, Secretary of the Royal Academy of History, &c., and is published under sanction of the Crown. He has promised me any assistance in the prosecution of my undertaking. The

London booksellers will perceive by the account given of the amount of letter-press contained in these volumes that they will make two full quarto volumes, such as they sell for three guineas a volume. It will be a work necessary to any library. You can communicate the purport of the above in a note to any one of the booksellers who has entered into the undertaking, or is found disposed to do so. I can furnish manuscript as soon as required. Murray has had a copy of the manuscript of *Las Casas* offered to him a year or two since, and may be misled by supposing that to be the whole of the present work, whereas it only forms a part of the first volume.

So much for business. We arrived here about a week since, after a journey of five days from Bordeaux. I have been exceedingly interested by what I have seen of Spain, although a great part of our route lay through Old and New Castile, the most bleak and arid part of the peninsula, and as joyless a track as I ever travelled. Biscay and Alava, however, had much to interest, both as to the country and the people. Indeed, the Spaniards seem to surpass even the Italians in picturesqueness; every mother's son of them is a subject for the pencil. It is a continual wish of my brother and myself that we could have you and Newton with

us; you might lay up ample materials for your Spanish pictures. The interiors of the houses, too, are so peculiar and picturesque, that you would have your pencil continually at work.

We are most comfortably situated, having an apartment in the house of the American Consul. We are buried in the very depths of a great rambling Spanish house; our windows look upon a small garden, three parts of which are surrounded by the house. Our windows open to the floor with iron grates to them, through one of which we have a wicket by which we can enter the garden. We have the stillness of a cloister, with now and then the bell of a neighbouring convent to help the illusion. Our Consul, Mr. Rich, is a great collector and vendor of rare books, and I am surrounded by a curious library entirely at my command. He intends coming to London in the spring to sell a stock of Spanish and other works which he has collected, and I intend to give him letters to you and Newton. He is a most obliging and good-hearted man, and one who may be of great service to you should you want sketches, studies, &c., from this country. He has a valuable collection of sketches, studies, &c., of Murillo, Velasquez, &c., which he intends bringing to England for sale, and which he

intends submitting to your and Newton's inspection. Should I be able to pick up anything in your way before he sets off I will send it to you, or if there is anything you wish from here in the way of costumes, &c., &c., let me know; as Mr. Rich will be sending boxes and parcels I can easily forward anything you wish. I shall write to Newton as soon as I feel a little more settled, and get through some introductory visits. Mr. Everett has introduced me to the diplomatic circle, and on Sunday next I am to be presented to the King; so if you desire anything at the Spanish court, command me.

With my kind regards to Mrs. Leslie,

I am, my dear Leslie, yours ever,

W. I.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

MADRID, *April 21st*, 1826.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I take occasion of the departure of Mr. Rich to scribble you a few lines, as much for the purpose of introducing him to you as for anything else. He is American Consul at this place, and a most excellent and amiable man. I have been quartered for a couple of months in the same house with

him, and in a manner domesticated with him, and have never been more pleasantly situated. He is a great collector of books, partly as a hobby, but partly, of late years, as a source of profit, having supplied the biblomaniaes of London with the treasures of old Spanish literature. In this respect you will find him very interesting. He has a number of cases of very rare and curious works with him, and having lately been turning his attention to paintings and engravings, has a few paintings with him as an experiment, and a great number of studies, sketches, and drawings of celebrated masters which he has picked up here, among which are many of Murillo's. He has also a valuable stock of engravings. You will find his collection very interesting to examine, and you may be of great service to him in putting him in the way of disposing of his paintings, sketches, &c., to advantage, as well as of drawing attention of artists, &c., to them. Should you want anything from Spain in the way of costumes, &c., he would be able to procure and send it to you, for he is one of the most obliging men I ever met with.

You wished to know something about a likeness of Cervantes. There is no thoroughly ascertained likeness extant. The most probable one, and which accords

with the description given by himself of his physiognomy, is that prefixed to his life, edited by Navarrete, and published, together with his works, in Madrid, in 1819. Mr. Rich has a copy of it for you, and also a collection of various prints and illustrations of Don Quixote.

The old play about which you inquire, as containing scenes relative to the young princes in the Tower,* is by Middleton, entitled the 'First and Second Part of Edward IV.' If you wish the scenes for any professional purpose I can transcribe them for you in a letter, as I have them by me, but I do not wish to put any literary forager on the track of this play, as I have an article on the subject half sketched among my papers, which I intend some day or other to make use of.

I am occupying myself at present in writing the life and voyages of Columbus; I do not wish it to be known, however, but wish it to be supposed I am busied about the translation. In the curious collection of Mr. Rich I find materials collected together, which I

* The play is by Heywood not Middleton, and has been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society. Leslie painted a very touching sketch of the young princes at their prayers. It is in the Sheepshanks collection. There is a repetition of it in the collection of Mr. Joseph Gillot, at Birmingham.

should otherwise have had to hunt for through public libraries, and I have under my hand the most rare and curious works relative to the discovery of America. The work which I had intended to translate is a voluminous mass of mere documents, which afford excellent materials for a work, but which in their present form would repel the general class of readers. I am in hopes of making a work that will be acceptable to the public.

I regret continually, now that you and Newton are engaged in painting Spanish subjects, that you could not get a peep at the country and its people. There is a character about them that it is not easy to gather from mere description. The countenance, figure, air, attitude, walk, and dress of a Spaniard all have a peculiar character. The common people are wonderfully picturesque in all their attitudes, groups, and costumes. It is a source of continual pleasure to my brother and myself in walking the streets to notice the figures and groups around us, and we are continually regretting that you and Newton are not here to take sketches.

At the Duke of Bedford's seat (Woburn Abbey) there is a little gallery of Spanish costumes, represented by small figures of clay or porcelain, accurately

coloured. They are made in Spain, and are beautiful as specimens of art, while they are accurate as costumes; perhaps the same may be met with in London. There is such national character, however, in the Spanish dresses even at the present day, that a painter cannot illustrate Spanish stories without attending to the costumes of his figures; he would otherwise commit as great blunders as the Flemish painters, who paint Scripture personages in Flemish dresses and armour.

My brother desires to be cordially remembered to you. Give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Leslie, and believe me, my dear Leslie,

Ever yours affectionately, W. I.

P.S.—I must not forget to congratulate you on your election to the Royal Academy. I hope you will rise to the dignity of hangman, and will do your duty by Newton and the rest of your old gang.

1827.

Pictures of the Year.

LADY JANE GREY PREVAILED ON TO ACCEPT THE CROWN.

“The Duke of Suffolk, with much solemnity, explained to his daughter the disposition the late king had made of his crown by letters patent; the clear sense the Privy Council had of her right; and the consent of the magistrates and citizens of London; and in

conclusion, himself and Northumberland fell on their knees, and paid homage to her as Queen of England. The poor lady, somewhat astonished at their behaviour and discourse, but in no respect moved by their reasons, or in the least elevated by such unexpected honours, answered them, 'That the laws of the kingdom, and natural right standing for the king's sisters, she would beware of burthening her weak conscience with a yoke that did belong to them; that she understood the infamy of those who had permitted the violation of right to gain a sceptre; that it were to mock God, and deride justice. Besides,' said she, 'I am not so young, nor so little read in the guiles of Fortune as to suffer myself to be taken by them. * * * What she adored but yesterday, is to-day her pastime. * * My liberty is better than the chain you proffer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned, or of what gold soever framed. I will not exchange my peace for honourable and precious jealousies, for magnificence and glorious fetters. And if you love me in good earnest, you will rather wish me a secure, a quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted condition, exposed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall.'

"All the moving eloquence of this speech had no effect, and the Lady Jane was at length prevailed on, or rather compelled by the exhortations of her father, the intercessions of her mother, the artful persuasions of Northumberland, and, above all, the earnest desires of her husband whom she tenderly loved, to comply with what was proposed to her."—*Life of Lady Jane Grey*. (Painted for the Duke of Bedford, and engraved.)

(449) STUDY FOR A HEAD OF SANCHO PANZA.—(458) STUDY FOR A HEAD OF DON QUIXOTE.

FROM the correspondence of this year I only extract the following from Leslie's old chum, Peter Powell. It is curious, as showing what a revelation Giotto was to the men of this time. It is a great pity that Leslie never *did* see the great decorative works of Italy in their places. I cannot but think some of his judgments would have been materially modified by the experience.

PADUA, 27th November, 1827.

DEAR LESLIE,—I hope you will not think me *troublesome*, although it *be* scarcely a twelvemonth since the date of my last letter. I believe, however, I have determined to run all risks, and to indulge my *eternal* scribbling propensity at *your* expense as well as *my own*. Here I am, then, enjoying the luxuries of an Italian climate, with as good a fire as I have the talent to make with *sticks* (which, I confess, please me not so well as *coals*); the wind blowing in at the half-shut door, which *must* be left open, or I should soon be all *ham*, from the *curing* properties of the chimney, which smokes marvellously well; out of doors the water is all *ice*, and the opposite mountains are covered with *snow*. Nevertheless, I am pleased with Italy, and really ought not to crack jokes upon so *respectable* a climate on the whole, for up to the middle of this month (*November*) the weather has been delightful; and, at that period even, the day all through has been frequently warmed by an unclouded sunshine. There are no *November fogs* to be had here for love or money; to-day the sun is shining charmingly, and the cold has *this* advantage, that I get an opportunity of seeing the men wrapped up in their *magnificent*

cloaks. Even those that are *threadbare* are so fine as to the drapery, and are worn in such a style that the beggars here appear to be, what poor Fuseli so eloquently said of Michael Angelo's, the *very patriarchs of poverty*. But the dam'd French (God forgive me for swearing, as the old women say) are making rapid strides here, as well as everywhere else, to destroy everything that is good in taste, particularly in dress, and to substitute their own contemptible frippery. One is truly surprised how they ever could have carried their fashions into countries where the taste was so infinitely greater than their own; but, unaccountable as it may be, such is unfortunately the *fact*; and every woman above the common class here has thrown aside the graceful drapery of her own country—above all the beautiful veil—to figure away in a preposterous French bonnet and quilted petticoats. I suppose you will have heard something of *me* through John Chalon, who I met with at Geneva, and with whom I afterwards visited the Valley of Chamounix and the celebrated Mont Blanc. I find *he* is a disappointed candidate, as well as *Newton*, for academical honours. You have, perhaps, also heard that I *fell in* with Callcott and his wife at Venice, and have not yet fallen out with them, although *they* are at present at *Milan*

and *I am here*. I had been at Venice some time when they arrived, and the first I heard of *him* was from the English Consul there, who told me that he was very ill; and accordingly, on going to his hotel, I found him in bed, looking very woe-begone and terribly hipped. It turned out, however, that he was more frightened than hurt, and the doctor pronounced his disorder to be of *short* duration, though poor Callcott's face was as *long* as my arm. In two days he was quite well, and we *enjoyed* about ten days together at Venice *very much*, as you may suppose. We are both somewhat disappointed in *Tintoretto* upon the *whole*, although *some* of his pictures are *very fine*; but certainly *Titian* had nothing to fear from him as a rival, as far as the real excellence of their works went. But I must reserve the canvassing these matters more minutely to the period which I anticipate with great pleasure, that of shaking you by the hand, and, if you will *let* me, kissing your wife and all the little ones, for I suppose there will be a lot by that time in addition to Michael Angelo Peter Paul Antony Raphaelle Charles Robert, who was in his infancy when I quitted my native land. I expect to see some proof of early genius in sketches in water, made with pap-spoons. I have heard all about the Exhibition, and

some of the proceedings of that *notorious* body to which you now have the honour to belong, and for which you officiated last year in the capacity of sheriff or *hangman*; but, like other hangmen, you must not expect to please all you hang. However, you have won poor Collins's *generous* heart for ever, I understand. Mrs. Callcott, who I had never before seen more than once, I like vastly, and she is certainly a most extraordinary woman in point of information and talent; notwithstanding which we are become excellent friends!!! The Callcotts and I left Venice, and visited Padua, Mantua, and Verona together; after which *they* went to *Milan*, which I *had* seen, and they had *not*, and we expect to join again either at Bologna or Florence. This unexpected rencounter at Venice has, I believe, been very agreeable to all of us. Young Lewis (the animal painter) fell in with us while at Venice. Indeed, if *he* had not recognised *us* we should never have known *him*, on account of a huge pair of mustachios which had come to maturity during his tour in Germany, where he learnt to smoke much and shave little. We left him at Venice in company with a Mr. Hoskins, an artist, who has been studying for the last two or three years at Rome. I have been delighted beyond measure with some of the fresco

paintings of the very early masters. There is a beautiful chapel in this city, entirely painted by the most celebrated of those great men, namely, *Giotto*, the contemplation of which has made an entire revolution in my ideas respecting what is termed High Art. I have been making some imperfect sketches from them, for I do not draw the figure well enough to do justice to them, or to what I feel of them. I hope that I may like *Raphaelle's* works at Rome *as well*, and I shall be quite satisfied. *Raphaelle* evidently studied and formed his own art upon the works of this extraordinary man, who lived about sixty years before the other. The frescoes I speak of are most of them in fine preservation, although more than five hundred years old. This splendid chapel had been condemned to be dilapidated, with many others in Italy; but it being represented to Napoleon that it contained *Giotto's* frescoes, *he* ordered it to be preserved. My dear fellow, you ought to visit Italy, if it were only to see this chapel, for I know no one with whose feelings and taste it would be so congenial, unless it were *Stothard*. I have got to the end of my tether, without doing justice to many of our mutual friends, who I ought to mention, but to whom (particularly *Newton*, the *Condeys*, and *Constable*) you will remember me kindly. If

you will muster up resolution a second time to write to me *immediately*, a letter addressed Poste restante, Florence, will reach before I leave ; and I need not, I hope, add that it will give very great pleasure to one who is with every sincere wish for the happiness of you and yours,

Ever, your affectionate friend,

P. POWELL.

P.S.—Newton owes me a letter ; tell him I want to be paid.

1828.

The Pictures of this Year were not exhibited. They are THE BRIDE. (Engraved by Finden).—A PORTRAIT OF MISS STEPHENS STANDING AT A HARPSICORD. (Painted for the Earl of Essex, and engraved.) A LADY IN A DUTCH DRESS, WITH A SCREEN IN HER HAND.—(Engraved by Finden.)

ON the 1st of February in this year was born the painter's second child, Harriet Jane.

MADRID, Feb. 16, 1828.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—Your application for the sketch illustrative of your picture has been made at a most unfortunate time, for my mind is quite diverted from subjects of the kind, and is at this moment so hurried and occupied with a thousand things, prior to my leaving Madrid on a tour to the South, that I cannot for the life of me devise anything to the purpose.*

* Leslie had asked Irving to write something for one of the *Annuals* to accompany one of his pictures.—Ed.

Sketches of the kind that are to stand by themselves, and take care of themselves, in those collections of *jeux d'esprit*, require some lucky thought, or something striking either in conception or execution, and at this moment I can command neither. If I can think of anything in time, I will send it to you, as I presume the work for next Christmas will not be immediately put to press.

Columbus I understand is printed, but the publication deferred for some weeks. Why, I know not. I can get no letters from "the Murray;" and "the Newton" to whom I wrote to collect me information, wrote me a reply without imparting any. I presume when he scribbled his letter, he was on the point of a scamper, either to the east or the west.

I am glad to hear you have taken in hand your sketch of 'Sir Roger and the Gipsies.' I think you will make a charming picture of it. Wilkie is passing the winter here, and we are daily together, as you and I used to be in old times in London. He has just finished a picture with which I am greatly pleased. I think in some respects he has benefited greatly by his visit to Italy. This painting is in a different style from any of his others, painted with less minute detail, but with great richness, force, and freedom. He looks

back upon the minute labour of accessories and details in his earlier pictures as an error, which he should avoid had he to commence his career again. The present picture, however, is meant more as a sketch than a finished painting. It is admirably characteristic of Spain and its inhabitants.

We were greatly amused to hear of the classic expedition of Peter Powell to Italy. Wilkie supposes Peter means to conclude his various entertainments of oratorios, melodramas, &c., by a grand representation of the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo.

I am glad to learn that matrimony sits so lightly and happily upon you. It is a great lottery, but there are invaluable prizes in it; and you appear to have been at the lucky lottery office. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Leslie, to whom I am much obliged for making you so good a wife, and as your boy advances in understanding, prepare him to look up to me with great respect and veneration when we meet.

I set off for the south of Spain in the course of eight or ten days. I am in hopes my brother Peter will be able to accompany me, though his health has been so delicate for some weeks past, in consequence of an attack of headaches, that he sometimes seems to doubt his being competent to the journey. I have

lately been joined by a nephew from America, Theodoric Irving, a fine handsome youngster of between eighteen and nineteen, who, I believe, I shall take on the tour with me.

Yours ever, my dear Leslie,

W. IRVING.

LONDON, *March 19th*, 1828.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I have lately received your answer to my request in behalf of Alaric Watts, and I beg you will not give yourself any trouble about the little sketch. If anything should occur to you which you can throw off with ease, so much the better; if not, never mind. If we get nothing from you by the end of June, Watts will ask somebody else to do it.

Murray sent me your 'Life of Columbus' as soon as it was published, and I could scarcely lay it down till I had got through it. I am so much out of the world that I have seen no one else who has read it; and therefore I don't know what is thought of it, but I shall be much surprised if it does not place you in the first rank of biographical and historical writers. To me it had all the fascination of a novel, with the additional interest of real history. My wife was so

charmed with the beautiful character you have drawn of Isabella, that she wishes to call our little daughter (who is not yet christened) after her. I am now reading Robertson's 'Charles V.,' and I find by the character he gives of the faithless Ferdinand that you are fully justified in your censures of his conduct to Columbus. I have not been able to finish my picture of 'Sir Roger and the Gipsies' to my mind, and shall not exhibit it this year. Newton's picture I have not seen for some time, but I intend calling on him to-day, to leave this letter for him to forward by Mr. Rich, who I hear is in town.

I am writing in a great hurry, and when more at leisure shall give you a longer sheet. You say I am to teach my boy to look up to you with great respect when you come here. Pray when will that be? I am not without hopes you will be induced to accompany Wilkie, who, I understand, returns this spring. Harriet sends her best respects and good wishes to yourself and brother; to which add the affectionate regards of

Yours, dear Irving, ever,

C. R. LESLIE.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,
Madrid.

1829.

Pictures of the Year.

(134) SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE GIPSIES.

"She told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long ; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated that she was an idle baggage, but bid her go on."—*Spectator*, No. 180.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS READING DON QUIXOTE. (Engraved. Now in the possession of Joseph Gillott, Esq., Birmingham.)—PORTRAITS OF MR. AND MRS. DILLWYN AND THEIR FAMILY.—PORTRAITS OF LORD HOLLAND, MISS FOX, AND LADY AFFLECK (Lady Holland's mother.)

Washington Irving was in London this year as Secretary of the American Legation.

TO MISS LESLIE.

Sept. 11th, 1829.

MY DEAR BETSEY.— * * * We returned about three weeks since from Mr. Dillwyn's, where I painted a small picture of his whole family, so that to me the excursion was no holiday. To Harriet it was, and she and the children enjoyed the beautiful rambles about the house very much. We were there six weeks ; Mrs. Dillwyn had very kindly allotted to the children a large play room to themselves besides their bedroom. Little Robert's greatest delight was walking with me to the farm (which was about half a mile from the house) every morning before breakfast, to see the cows, pigs, geese, ducks, and above all a litter of puppies,

On our journey from London we went through Bath and Bristol, and crossed the Severn to Chepstow, which was new to me. We had but one day to stay there, which, unfortunately, was a rainy one. We, however, made an excursion in a post-chaise to Tintern Abbey, which is about five miles from Chepstow, and were amply repaid by the sight of the most magnificent ruin we had ever beheld. The showers obscured the beautiful scenery by which it was surrounded, but the Abbey itself we were able to enjoy at intervals. On our return to London we chose an entirely different route, and as Harriet's situation did not admit of very rapid travelling, we were four days on the road. The first night we slept at Cardiff, and the next morning visited the Castle, the most modern part of which is occasionally inhabited by Lord Bute, to whom it belongs. The ruins of the old keep still remain, and part of the old wall, which is, I suppose, as old as the time of William the Conqueror, as it was there that his son, Robert Duke of Normandy, was confined by his brother, William Rufus. In the modern apartments there are some curious old family pictures, but nothing else very interesting. The next night we slept at Gloucester, and, from our inn windows, had a fine view of its beautiful cathedral by moonlight.

In the morning we had time to see the interior of it, and were there during a part of the service, at the commencement of which our little baby was ordered out by the Dean for talking, which she only meant as an imitation of the clergyman who was reading. She was, however, allowed to stand by the outer door, where she heard the organ and the chanting of the choristers with great delight. Robert behaved with the most perfect decorum, and was inexpressibly delighted with the music and the very splendid interior of the church. The east window is said to be the finest in England. It is immensely large, and of the richest style of old stained glass. From Gloucester we proceeded through Cheltenham to Oxford, and had time on the following morning before the coach started, to look into New College Chapel, which contains the beautiful window designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and which is more than ever valuable, as the original paintings he made for it were burnt a few years ago in a fire that happened at Belvoir Castle. We also walked round the delightful garden belonging to this college, and then took leave, with much regret, of this most delicious of all the towns I ever saw. We got safe home about four o'clock, after a journey of two hundred and twenty miles, of rather an anxious nature to me as you may suppose,

with two young children and a wife within a few weeks of her confinement. The children bore it extremely well, and were exceedingly good, and I am happy to say Harriet has not suffered in the least from it. We found the difference between the posting and the stage coach expense so trifling, that we used the former mode as far as Oxford. I rode all that way on the dickey of the chaise, and often had one of the children with me, who was handed in and out through the front window. Little Robert and the baby have been playing at post-chaises and postillions ever since.* She walked very well before we left London, and now talks all day long, and remarkably plain for her age. Since my return I have begun a very large picture from the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' containing Falstaff and most of the characters, to the number of fifteen; but more of this when I write again. Harriet sends her love to you, and all, and believe me,

Yours, as ever,

C. R. L.

On Oct. 19th, Leslie's third child, Caroline Anna, was born.

* Leslie painted a picture of children playing, for Sir Robert Wigram, in 1847, perhaps from a sketch done from his own little ones at this time. The picture was repeated, and the repetition is now in the gallery of Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston.

Miss Leslie had some time before this made her first essay as an authoress, and had entrusted her bantling to her brother's care. The following letter will show how tenderly and judiciously he performed his task.

LONDON, Nov. 12th, 1829.

DEAR ELIZA,—I should have written sooner to inform you of the birth of another daughter, but I wished also to be able to give you some account of a child of your own, of whose welfare, I am sorry to say, I have been too negligent since you committed it to my care. I can now, however, tell you a little of both of them. Harriet was confined on the 19th of last month (my birthday) with a fine little girl, and both she and it have gone on extremely well. And now for *your baby*, who has been a long time at nurse at Mr. Ebers's, with little advantage, I fear, to its worldly prospects. After calling several times in vain, I wrote to him and so got it away, but with no answer. I carried it to-day to Mrs. Hofland, to ask her opinion and advice about it. She bears the character of a very amiable woman, and one always ready to the utmost of her power to serve other authors. I had a long conversation with her, and I believe from what she says, there is

little more to be obtained for children's books here than in America. She tells me there are many ladies of fortune who, being fond of seeing themselves in print, write books of that class and give them away to the publishers, and as their productions sell well, this is of course to the disadvantage of authors who cannot afford to write for nothing. Mrs. Hofland got but ten pounds for her 'Son of a Genius,' the sale of which has produced a small fortune to the publishers. She thinks you would obtain more by writing for the annuals, and if you have anything unpublished that you can send me a written copy of before it is printed in America—either tales for children or grown people—I will use all the interest I have with the publisher to get you a good price for them; or, if you will attempt a novel and trust me with it, I will do what I can, and *promptly, too*, as I am most anxious to retrieve, in some degree, the ground I have lost with you. In one of your letters you wish me to inquire what the booksellers will give for an American novel. You cannot expect such a question to be answered until they see, or have some means of knowing, what the merits of the novel are. I feel quite safe in assuring you that if you will write *a good one*, I can get you a good price for it.

I am glad you agree with me in distaste for the didactic class of works of the kind. I used to like them, but now that I have grown older and know more of the world, it seems to me to be a great mistake of their well-meaning authors to attempt to deceive mankind into virtue, which I have no doubt, if it has any effect, is only calculated to deceive them into hypocrisy. Truth never did, and never can do harm; and I feel quite sure that the really moral writers are those who describe characters *as they are*, and not as the authors think *they ought to be*, or ought not to be. I have lately spent a good deal of time at Lord Holland's, painting portraits of himself, Miss Fox and Lady Affleck (Lady Holland's mother). The present Lord Holland is one of the most accomplished and amiable men I ever met with. He is much better acquainted with and more interested in American affairs than any Englishman I have seen who has not been in America. Lady Affleck, who is eighty years of age, was born in New York, and lived there until after her first marriage. The old lady is a staunch American, and talked to me of nothing but America while she was sitting. Lady Holland begged I would introduce a map of New York somewhere in the background of her mother's portrait, which I have done. Lord Holland

has dinner parties every day, and they generally consist of the most intelligent people he can collect. Rogers is a very frequent visitor there, and Moore and Sir Walter Scott, whenever they are in London. Lord Byron used to be much there, and Monk Lewis, whose portrait hangs in one of the rooms. I dined a short time since with Murray, the publisher, and met Moore, who in the evening sang several of his own songs in so delightful a manner, that I never shall wish to hear the same songs again from any one else. Washington Irving was there, and James Smith, one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses.' Smith sang several excellent comic songs of his own. Irving is in excellent health, and looks almost as young and quite as handsome as ever he did. He is much pleased with Mr. McLane (the Ambassador), and seems to like his own situation of Secretary of Legation very well. I am glad of his having it, as the means of bringing him here; but I am afraid it will prevent his writing for some time.

I will very soon write to Polly; in the meantime Harriet joins me in love to you all. C. R. L.

P. S.—I have sent to Longman's some prints of Lady Jane Grey prevailed on to accept the Crown, which I hope will arrive safely.

The following pleasant letter from Peter Powell at Rome, contains a good deal of Art-gossip about the principal members of their old set, and some other painters, as well as some opinions on the subject of Peel's new Police at home and 'paternal despotism' abroad, which it is amusing to read by the light of facts of 1860.

NO. 68, VIA SISTINA, ROME,
30th Nov. 1829.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—You think, no doubt, that I shall not leave this Eternal City to all eternity; and I sometimes myself think that there is a spell upon me to prevent my getting back again to old England, as we English nickname it, seeing that in fact it is one of the most modern countries (if we date from its civilisation) in Europe; and, moreover, the little that it had to boast of as derived from our good old forefathers seems to be rapidly going away, and it may perhaps as well be called new England, or at least, new London, by the time I get to it again. From what I read occasionally in the newspapers, all the Dogberrys, venerable and somniferous in Shakspeare's time and unchanged up to ours, are now I see to be sent home to sleep in their own beds, instead of parish watch-boxes; and in their room, I read, there is to be

established an active and virtuous police, who are to put an end to crimes altogether by punishing people before they have committed any.

I think Mr. Peel will have his hands full, as well as the prisons before long, and I wish him joy of his undertaking. I have quite changed my politics since I left home, and should have done the same with my religion if I had had any. I am living here under *the most absolute despotism in Europe*, and I see the people who are politically slaves, happier, and more free in fact, than the people in England with all their noise and newspapers and cant about liberty. An English newspaper verily makes me sick. I have been now two years in Rome, and there has been but *one* man executed in that time, and that for murder. And I have been to all the theatres, and to all the public spectacles in the churches and streets, where all the nobility of Rome are collected, without any fear of being either insulted or robbed—not even excepting the Theatre of Puppets or Fantoccini here, which is a most diverting and witty entertainment, and where the admission to the pit is only twopence.

The bread is always excellent, and is a penny a pound. I can dine at the first Trattorias in Rome,

including wine, for three pauls or fifteen pence;* and I have a studio twenty-one feet square and sixteen feet high, with a bed-room furnished, in one of the best parts of Rome, for eight dollars a month.

Here are eight months out of the twelve perpetual sunshine, and an earthquake every now and then gratis; a thing that is not to be had in England for love or money.

Then I have said nothing about the beauties of the landscapes, the magnificence of the buildings, the splendid ruins of antiquity and works of art of all ages to be met with in Italy, the beauty of the people, and the picturesque costume of the different countries. In short, it is altogether a delicious country, and if it were not for a good old mother, two or three brothers and sisters, and three or four dear good fellows like yourself, for whom I have an unaccountable prejudice, I believe I should never take the trouble to visit *old* England again.

These will, however, draw me from this happy region in the ensuing spring; and, making allowance for seeing a part of Germany in my route, I hope to

* Yet Rome is now cited as the dearest of continental capitals, except Paris.—ED.

shake you by the hand, with all my heart in it, about the end of June.

I thank you very heartily for your last kind letter, which lay, however, a considerable time at Naples while I was gone to Sicily. Your sister's epistle was also very gratifying to me, as giving me good accounts of our good friends on the other side of the Atlantic, where I should like to take a peep at them, and perhaps may do some future day. It is but a month's sail in the right season. What say you to a trip together? Newton, too, should join us.

I see by the papers that Washington Irving is arrived in London, and also in an official capacity as Secretary to the Embassy. Remember me kindly to him.

I want to read *his* history of Columbus, as well as to see your and Newton's pictures, which have been painted since my absence. I hope Newton has found some other equally qualified and candid friend to look after his *perspective* !!

I was amazingly gratified to hear of Constable's election, and now I look forward to Newton's being made a full R. A.

Eastlake is just finishing a very beautiful picture, which will be sent to grace the next Exhibition.

Allan from Edinburgh, I hear, is in Italy, but has not yet reached Rome. We are all sorry that Turner has not been able to come out this year as he intended. He made himself very social, and seemed to enjoy himself, too, amongst us.

And now it is time to say a few words about the good lady and family at home, all of whom I hope are well.

You gratify me very much by assuring me in your letter that on my return I shall receive the same kind welcome from you both, that I was accustomed to meet with before I became such an absentee; and the same assurance I please myself with in regard to our valued friends the Dunlops.

Since writing the foregoing, Mr. Allan is arrived here, and tells me that he saw Newton at Paris, and that he did not seem to be in very good health; I hope, however, that his trip did him good, and that he returned home in good health at any rate.

I have seen the Annual, with your Duke and Duchess reading Don Quixote, which I like very much, though I have no doubt all the good works suffer a great deal by being done in such a pigmy size.

I think these Annuals, though they pay the artist

well, perhaps, will tend to deteriorate the art, and spoil all the engravers for larger and better things: indeed the chances are that they will all become prematurely blind.

So Newton says he will not write to me because it is clear I do not care for my old friends in London, or I should not stay so long away from them; nevertheless, as I said before, *but* for my old friends, I do not think I should return to England again. There are plenty of artists here, and several with whom I am intimate enough, but there are none that I revel with so much in talking of art, as with you and Newton.

I wish I could contribute my share of performance as well as talk, and then we should be an invisible trio.

Adieu, my dear Benedict. Kind regards to all friends,

From yours ever,

P. POWELL.

P. S.—Tell Newton that I hope he will have the magnanimity to forego his resolve, and to write to me notwithstanding my demerits, which I am ready to confess do not entitle me to a letter from any of you.

1830.

Pictures of the Year.

PORTRAIT OF DR. SIMS. (Engraved—Private Print.)—PORTRAITS OF MR.
AND MRS. KING AND LADY BURRELL. (Painted for Lord Egremont.)

Leslie was at work in the course of this year upon the 'Dinner at Page's House,' exhibited the next year, and a repetition of which is now in the Sheepshanks' collection. He had begun the picture in the autumn of 1829. He was also employed on 'Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.'

The painter's second sister, Anne, who had spent some time with him in this country before his marriage, was now again with him in England. His eldest sister had taken up the craft of authorship, and her brother was unwearied in his efforts to find a market for her earliest attempts, as will be seen from the following letter. I may add, that Miss Leslie subsequently had considerable success as a writer of tales and verses, as editress of American annuals, and last, not least, as authoress of a cookery book, dealing especially with the dressing of Indian-corn meal, and found, I believe, very useful during the Irish famine.

LONDON, May 20th, 1830.

DEAR ELIZA,—You have heard from Anne how little

we have been able to do with your manuscripts. On their arrival, I lost no time in offering the tale of 'Alphonsine' to Murray, proposing to make a design for a plate for it gratuitously, thinking it might be an additional inducement for him to take it, as he had not long since applied to me to illustrate a work I was then unable to do in consequence of other engagements. He sent me a very civil note, declining it on the score of its being a translation. The other stories I knew were too juvenile for him. I then offered 'Alphonsine' to two of the annuals, the 'Gem' and the 'Amulet,' with the same proposal of making a gratuitous design. The first declined it on account of its length, and the other as being a translation. After that, I offered both it and the tales to Harris (of St. Paul's Churchyard), and to Hurst and Chance, still proposing to make designs for them for nothing, but with no better success. Hurst and Chance indeed offered to print them at your expense, and divide the profits by quarterly settlements. Anne has since attempted to do something with them, of which she has of course informed you, and I hope the arrangements she is making with Mrs. Hall may turn out to your satisfaction. I like all your tales very much; still I confess I should like

them better if they had not so much of the didactic cant that is the fashion now. I am of opinion that the most instructive of all writings are those that lay open to our view human nature as it really is. But this is too hard a task for the writers of children's books, who find it much easier to sit down and make a nature of their own, in which little monsters of virtue, sense, and fine sentiments, are contrasted with caricatures of folly. I think your characters are more drawn from nature than the generality of them are, but still I think you would be more really instructive if it was not for your determination to instruct. Why might not children's books be written with as much discrimination of real character, as the novels of Le Sage, Fielding, Smollett, and the best of Sir Walter Scott? I anticipate your answer; they would not sell. Then suppose you try a short novel, and take the best models, and nature, for your guide. Do not think of making your characters consistently bad, or consistently good, but draw men and women as they really appear to you. Do not let all the events of a man's or a woman's life turn on one point of their character, as Miss Edgeworth does, for the sake of supporting a theory, but divest yourself of every other intention than that of giving *true pictures of nature*. I would

read none of the trash that is now published in the rage for universal improvement, but study, over and over again, the sterling authors of fiction, whose works will last as long as their language, because they are built on the rock—nature.

I find in painting it is necessary to shut my eyes to most that is doing now, and to look only at nature and the best of the old masters.* The most original landscape painter I know says, that when he sits down in the fields to make a sketch, he endeavours to forget that he has ever seen a picture. And I should think an author would do well when he sits down to write a book, to forget, if possible, that he had ever read one. If Scott could have done so, how much that is bad in his writings would have been spared the world! I have left but little room for news. The truth is, I have little to tell. We are all well.

I was unable to complete my picture of Falstaff for the Exhibition, but it is now within a few days of being finished. I shall soon begin another I hope, of equal size, for Lord Grosvenor; but the subject is not determined upon. In one of your letters you say Sully wishes to know whether the fancy dresses I paint are really worn by the ladies. No, I make them

* Constable.—Ed.

up from old prints and pictures, and change and alter the forms till I think they look well. This, however, is against my own theory of copying nature, and I think it a bad plan. In future I shall paint the dresses ladies wear, for I am sure nothing can be more splendid. Unbounded extravagance seems the order of the day here with the ladies, and Anne says it is the same now in America.

LONDON, *July 2nd*, 1830.

Your story of the 'Travelling Tinman' is printed, and the proof sheets have been sent to me to correct. I have also made a design from it, which is now, I suppose, in the engraver's hands. I chose the subject you suggested, of the two girls discovering the black child in the cart.

Anne, I have no doubt, has given Patty all the news of the family, which is not much. We are all well, and going on as usual.

I have finished my picture of 'Falstaff' and sent it home, and as soon as I have completed the one* I have in hand from 'Tristram Shandy,' I hope to set about another large picture.

* Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.

1831.

Pictures of the Year.

THE DINNER AT MRS. PAGE'S HOUSE, SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE IN THE FIRST ACT OF 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.'

A SCENE FROM TRISTRAM SHANDY. (UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN).

"'I protest, Madam,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I can see nothing whatever in your eye.' 'It is not in the white,' said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle looked with might and main into the pupil." (Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq. ; afterwards repeated for Mr. Vernon, afterwards for Mr. Jacob Bell. All three are now in the National Collection at South Kensington.)

A SCENE FROM 'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.' (Painted for the Earl of Egremont, and engraved : afterwards repeated for John Sheepshanks, Esq., and now in the National Collection. Another small repetition was painted for Joseph Birt, Esq.)

Petruchio.—"Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown."

Tailor.—"Your worship is deceived ; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction :
Grumio gave order how it should be made."

Grumio.—"I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff."

Act iv. Scene 3.

On the 18th of August was born Leslie's second son, Bradford, named after his early friend and first master, Mr. Bradford of Philadelphia. Bradford showed a bent for civil engineering ; became a pupil of Mr. Brunel ; and is now employed on railway work in the East Indies.

I have no correspondence for this year but the following letter from Irving, containing some excellent suggestions for the well-known picture from the 'Taming of the Shrew,' exhibited this year.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, Feb. 23, 1831.

As I understand you intend to finish your picture of Petruchio while at Petworth, I will give you a hint or two, which I had intended to give on your return to town. I think the picture one of the best hits of the kind that you have ever made ; it is worth while, therefore, in my opinion, to make it a complete one. The figures of Grumio and the Haberdasher are deficient in character, and make that part of the picture weak as to expression, and yet they may easily be made to tell admirably on the story, and to heighten the comic character of the whole. The Haberdasher might be represented making a cautious attempt to get hold of the cap, with his eye glancing up at Petruchio, as if confoundly afraid of getting a sudden thwack on the poll. This would also tell upon the character of Petruchio, showing how his domineering spirit prevailed over the whole dramatis personæ. I would make Grumio of a spare form, with a roguish

air. His contest with the tailor should have a more whimsical expression. The tailor himself, though admirably painted, has not, in my opinion, enough of the comic. I find it difficult, however, to convey my notions on paper—especially in the hurry in which I am at present. If I could have ten minutes' chat with you, I think I could act the expression I have in my mind. These hints, however, will serve to set you thinking. I want to see this picture a deservedly strong one in all its parts; you will then take the field this spring in uncommon force.

1833.

Pictures Exhibited this Year.

TRISTRAM SHANDY RECOVERING THE MANUSCRIPT HE HAD LOST. (Engraved by Watt: in the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq. Preston; afterwards repeated for John Gibbons, Esq.)

"I had not waited half an hour when the mistress came in to take the papillotes from off her hair, before going to the Maypoles. * * * The toilet stands still for no man, so she jerked off her cap to begin with them as she opened the door, in doing which, one of them fell to the ground. I instantly saw it was my own writing. 'O Seigneur!' cried I, 'you have got all my remarks on your head, madam!' * * * 'Tenez,' said she. So without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat," &c.

Vol. vii. Chap. 38.

MOTHER DANCING TO HER CHILD.

MARTHA AND MARY. (Painted for James Dunlop, Esq.: three times repeated.)

"A certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things : but one thing is needful : and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."—St. Luke, chap. x, ver. 38-42.

On the 18th of July was born the painter's third daughter and fifth child—Mary. This lady possesses very remarkable artistic powers. Unhappily weak eyesight has prevented her from devoting herself to the serious pursuit of painting as a profession, but her copies, sketches, and occasional original compositions show a rare reach of invention and the very highest qualities both as a colourist and a designer. In September Leslie, to the great regret of his many English friends, left England for the United States with a view of entering upon the duties of teacher of drawing at the United States Military School of West Point. He has fully detailed in his Autobiography the expectations with which he took this step, his disappointment, and speedy return to England. Irving was among the friends who, though he formally disclaims any direct recommendation, in effect recommended the step in the following letter.

WASHINGTON, *Jan. 29th*, 1833.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—Your brother has applied to me through a friend to use my influence in persuading you to accept the appointment to the professorship of drawing at West Point. I am unwilling, however, to give advice in any matter that is to change a person's whole plan of life. The advantages of the post have no doubt been sufficiently detailed to you. The situation is one of the most beautiful in the world, and extremely healthy. The pay and quarters would enable you to live in a handsome style. The place being the national military school, assembles men of talents of all kinds. The duties of your professorship would not take up more than two hours a day, leaving you the rest for the prosecution of your art. You would be in the best of situations for the education of your children. You would be in the immediate neighbourhood of my friend Governor Kemble, and of the place where I hope to pass the greater part of my time; and you are within four hours' sail of New York, and steam-boats pass several times in the course of the day. These are some of the advantages which immediately occur; your brother can doubtless enumerate others. You yourself will be able to furnish the counter arguments.

The improvements in living, and the resources for living agreeably in the United States, have multiplied wonderfully since I went abroad. I have enjoyed myself delightfully since my return, and am satisfied that I can live as pleasantly here as in any part of the world.

Your appointment is a mark of great respect on the part of the Government, strong interest having been made to procure the situation for various artists resident in the country.

I can only say that it would rejoice my heart to see you on this side of the Atlantic; but I will not take upon myself the responsibility of advising you to come.

I would have given anything to have had you with me on a tour I took last summer and autumn, first to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and then to the far West, several hundred miles west of the Mississippi, and almost to the Mexican boundaries. I was for two months leading a hunter's life, camping out, sleeping in the open air, and depending upon the chase for provisions. Saw various tribes of Indians; hunted the buffalo, &c., &c., &c. Should you come to the United States it will be very easy to get an opportunity to visit the frontier free of expense, by accompanying some public expedition, and you will witness

scenes well worthy of your pencil. I was part of the time with a troop of ninety mounted rangers, clad in the ordinary but varied garments of the frontiers, and our encampments reminded me completely of the descriptions of Robin Hood and his followers.

Do scrawl me a line. Let me know how Childe Newton acts the Benedict, and how his charming little wife likes England. Give my kind remembrances to your wife, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

His old master Mr. Bradford, his brother, and many other zealous friends did their utmost to procure for him the realisation of the hopes and inducement which had led him to leave England, but in vain. Congress seems to have had no special appreciation of the painter, and no particular wish to do anything that should attach him to his native country. Early in the following year he left West Point and the United States, never to return.

1834.

No picture by Leslie was exhibited this year, but he painted about this time, and after his return to

this country in May, a portrait of Lady Lilford, for her father, Lord Holland.

Leslie, as usual, spent part of this summer and autumn at Petworth. He writes thence to Constable. The letter is worth notice for its ample acknowledgment of the obligations under which Leslie felt himself to Constable in his art. Many will be of opinion, probably, that whatever might have been the advantage to Leslie of Constable's genuine love of out-door nature, and his keen and life-long observation of atmospheric effects, the advantage was counterbalanced by some decided drawbacks, not the least of them an abuse of pure white, in the attempt to render the sparkle and brilliancy of sunlight. It is no doubt true that the spotty and splashed look which this use of pure white gave to most of Constable's pictures, and the raw, cold, and opaque character imparted by the employment of the same pigment in lights without over glazing, are likely to diminish, and have diminished, with time. But it seems to me indisputable, that the substitution of Constable's for Newton's influence and example upon Leslie as a colourist, was altogether unfavourable to his brilliancy and transparency, if of benefit to the permanence of his work. A comparison of the 'Catherine and Petruchio' with the 'Who can this

be?' and 'Who can this be from?' in the Sheepshanks' collection, will illustrate my meaning.

There is an openness and fulness in Leslie's acknowledgments very characteristic of the man.

TO JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

PETWORTH, *Sept. 5th*, 1834.

MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—I hope you will not put off coming later than Wednesday or Thursday next, as, soon after that, we must think of returning to London, and I do think you will really enjoy the visit.

The Gainsborough which you so truly feel is still on the ground, and there is a very fine Wilson which perhaps you did not see. There is a gem of a Bassan also, which came from London since you were here, and which Lord Egremont allows me to have in my room. I am afraid you did not quite understand what I meant by *your keen eye*. I am only afraid of it because I know no fault can escape it. Do not for a moment imagine I am insensible of my obligations to it. You not only did me the greatest service in inducing me to enlarge my 'Sancho,' but you entirely composed my 'Sterne and the French Woman;' that

is, you composed the light and shadow for me. I am not aware that I have painted a picture since I have known you that has not been in some degree the better for your remarks, and I constantly feel that if I could please *you* with what I do, I should be sure to please myself. But enough of this; you may think I want compliments, but indeed I do not.

I am glad on every account you are likely to visit Petworth just now. I never so much enjoyed being here, and Lord Egremont is so uncommonly well. Mr. King, his son-in-law, says that since he has known him he does not remember his being so well. The weather is delicious. I trust it will continue as it is during your visit.

To-day forty people dine here, most of them magistrates, and the house is as full as it can hold. Among them is the Duke of Richmond. I have just been looking at the table as it is set out in the carved room, covered with magnificent gold and silver plate.

Callcott has been here, and went to day. * * * *

Dear Constable,

Yours ever,

C. R. LESLIE.

In the following letter to Irving, now resettled at

his home in New York, Leslie gives an account of his visit to their poor friend, Newton, in the Lunatic Asylum at Chelsea, where he was now confined:—

12, PINE APPLE PLACE, EDGEWARE ROAD,
LONDON, *Dec. 29, 1834.*

YOU are often mentioned by others in their letters, but I wish much to hear from yourself, how you are, what you are doing, and when there is any chance of your paying another visit to England. Mr. Dunlop has sent me the sheets of his 'History of American Painters.' I think if it can be made known by a good review it will have an extensive circulation. There are some things in it I regret to see; but it contains a great deal which, I think, will interest the public, and would interest in this country,—but I cannot get either Murray, Bentley, or Longman to publish it. I find he has made most honourable mention of me, and that you have helped him to put a good face on the matter. I read your account of poor Newton with great interest, and a revival of many pleasant recollections of the days of yore; but I am sorry for some things Dunlop has inserted of him. I think some allowance ought to be made for him when last in America, for it now seems to be

the general opinion of his friends that his malady was gaining on him for some time before it became confirmed. I see him frequently; he always knows me and often talks as well as ever he did. There is no alteration in his appearance or manner, except that the latter is more subdued and quiet. His habits, unlike when in health, are perfectly regular (but this is, in some measure, the necessary consequence of his confinement). He goes to bed at ten, rises at eight to walk in the garden before the other patients are there, for he avoids their society. He is not confined to his room, and has every comfort possible in his situation. He has made more than twenty sketches of original subjects, all of them good, and some equal to his very best things. They are from Shakspeare. I believe Dr. Sutherland does not consider his case as quite hopeless.

I spent six weeks with my wife and children at Petworth in the summer. The weather was uncommonly fine, and I rambled more about the neighbourhood than I had ever done before, with Constable, who was there part of the time. Among other things, we stumbled on a melancholy looking, remote, stern farm-house, and while he stopped to make a sketch of the outside, which was very picturesque, I went in to draw the interior. It

was in a dilapidated condition, and the woman who lives there told me it was known by the name of 'Wicked Hammond's house,' from one of its former possessors, but beyond the time of her recollection. There were traditions, however, in the neighbourhood, that this wicked Hammond was a very bad man, who lived there alone; and it was also reported that since his time the house had been haunted, but this she could not confirm from her own experience; as neither she nor her husband had ever seen the ghost; but that about four months ago, in cleaning out an old well, some human bones had been found. I asked her if she was sure they were not the bones of some other animal; but she said the sexton had seen them, and declared that one of them was '*the arm bone of a Christian.*' I am very busy with a picture of 'Gulliver's Introduction to the Queen of Brobdingnag,' which I think will be my best, as I always do of the last. Columbus is finished, and I hope to have both in the next Exhibition.

1835.

Pictures of the Year.

COLUMBUS AND THE EGG. (Painted for W. Wells, Esq., Redleaf; afterwards purchased by Lord Northwick, and sold at the sale of the Northwick collection in 1859 for 1160 guineas; now in the possession of Joseph Gillott, Esq., Birmingham.)

"Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, the Grand Cardinal of Spain, invited Columbus to a banquet, where he assigned him the most honourable place at table. * * * A shallow courtier present, impatient of the honours paid to Columbus, and meanly jealous of him as a foreigner, abruptly asked him whether he thought that in case he had not discovered the Indies, there were not other men who would have been capable of the enterprise. To this Columbus made no immediate reply, but taking an egg, invited the company to make it stand upon one end. Everyone attempted it, but in vain; whereupon he struck it upon the table so as to break the end, and left it standing upon the broken part; illustrating, in this simple manner, that when he had once shown the way to the New World, nothing was easier than to follow it."—*Irving's Life of Columbus*. Book v. Chap. 7.

GULLIVER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE QUEEN OF BROBDINGNAG. (Painted for Lord Egremont.)

"Her Majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table), which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lips. * * * She then asked my master whether he were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot."—*Voyage to Brobdingnag*, Chap. 3.

About this time, too, Leslie painted a family group for Lord Westminster, which was not exhibited.

On the 2nd of July, was born the painter's third

son, George Dunlop,—now following his father's profession.

I find the following letters of this year from and to Irving:—

NEW YORK, *March 8, 1835.*

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I have been exceedingly gratified by the receipt of a letter from you, and to learn that you are going to be so strong in the Exhibition this year. I regret continually that I did not see your Columbus before you sailed. As to your Gulliver, I do not see how you will make the spectators know that the giants are not people of the common size, and Gulliver a pigmy.* The story, luckily, is generally known, and most of the spectators will, in that way, understand the subject.

Your account of poor Newton's situation is rather less gloomy than I had apprehended. It is a great source of enjoyment to him and comfort to his friends, that he is enabled to occupy himself with his pencil. In this way the better part of him, his genius, will not be lost to the world.

Give my kind remembrance to Mrs. Leslie. I write in extreme haste. * * * * *

* This is precisely the defect of the picture.—ED.

LONDON, *May 11th*, 1835.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I received your letter a short time ago, and hope, now that our correspondence is revived, we shall keep it up until we meet again,—an event I confidently look forward to. You must have heard, very soon after you wrote, of the publication of your ‘Tour on the Prairies.’ Mr. Rogers, whose opportunities of knowing are the best, says it is very popular with such people as you would like it to be popular with in this country. Murray sent Mrs. Leslie a copy, and we have read it with very great pleasure. I am particularly pleased with the account you give of the Indians, and am glad you have stripped off that theatrical and unnatural character which the poets and romance writers had given them, and have shown (what I always suspected) that they are essentially much more like other people than we have been led to think. I am also delighted at your account of those very respectable little dogs you met with. How I should have enjoyed lounging on the ground with you the day you spent in watching them. As to your buffalo hunting, &c., I own I prefer reading about it to having been present, not being a good horseman,

and entertaining (as Leigh Hunt expresses it) “a *distant* respect for a bull.” Murray has just sent us your ‘Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey,’ and we are reading it with great pleasure. I have seen the very honourable mention you have made of me to Dunlop, as it appears in his book, and cannot but think you have said much more for me than I deserve; at any rate you have put the best face on the matter, for had you described me as *I know you know* me to be, there would have been something to put down on the opposite side of the account. Poor Newton has not fared so well; all his faults have been arrayed against him, not by you but by his biographers. I am sorry to say he is no better in mind, though quite well in body, and by no means unhappy, which is the most comfortable thing his friends can now know of him. I have sent my ‘Columbus,’ and ‘Gulliver’ to the Exhibition. Wilkie’s ‘Columbus’ is also in the Exhibition, and a very grand picture it is, one of his finest. The figures are nearly as large as life, and look quite so. The boy (Columbus’s son) is admirably introduced, and makes a fine contrast with the other figures.

12, PINE APPLE PLACE, EDGEWARE ROAD,
July 8th, 1835.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I write, in great haste, to ask you a question I am desired to do by Charles Heath, who has just called to say he intends publishing an American landscape annual, consisting of views on the Hudson, and he is very desirous of engaging you to furnish the letter-press on your own terms. It is to be on the plan of 'Turner's Annual Tour,' edited by Leitch Ritchie. I have written to Cole, at his request, to furnish the drawings. If you choose to engage in it, I should think you will not find it very troublesome, as you may throw into it so much historical matter relating to Revolutionary scenes. The details of Arnold's treachery, and the capture and death of André, for instance. Pray let me have your answer as soon as possible. Should you decline it, perhaps you may know somebody capable and willing to engage in such a work. I have read your 'Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey' with great interest. Your account of Scott brought tears to my eyes. Nothing can be more beautiful, nor more true than the conclusion, in which you give his character as a man and as a writer. We are all quite well.

Mrs. Leslie presented me with another son on the 2nd, and is doing extremely well.

P.S.—Poor Newton, I am sorry to say, is no better.

1836.

Pictures of the Year.

(329) AUTOLYCUS. (Painted for J. Sheepshanks, Esq., and now in the National Collection.)

“Here’s another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad about the hard hearts of maids.”

Winter’s Tale, Act iv. Scene 3.

AN EVENING LANDSCAPE FROM MR. LESLIE’S WINDOW.—A SMALL PICTURE OF AMY ROBSART. (Painted for Mr. Sheepshanks, and engraved. Now in the National Collection.)

THE following letter to Miss Anne Leslie, touches on a point that should still stir the susceptibilities of American patriotism. I am not aware that Mount Vernon has yet been purchased by the nation, in honour of Washington, or that Stuart’s full-length portrait of the founder and consolidator of his country’s independence yet adorns the place of his birth.

LONDON, *Sept. 24*, 1836.

MY DEAR ANNE,—You will excuse a hasty letter from me just now, as we are in the bustle of packing up for

a visit to Petworth. Lord Egremont was in town a few weeks ago and asked us all again, and we set off early to-morrow morning.

I was much gratified by your last letter, giving me an account of your visit to Washington. I once spent a fortnight there when I was with Mr. Bradford, but from what you tell me it must be now greatly improved. Your account of the present state of Mount Vernon is very melancholy. It ought to be preserved, and the picture of Washington by Stuart, which belonged to Mr. Williams—the finest whole-length of him in existence—should be there. Mr. McLane, on his return to America, proposed to Congress that Stuart's picture should be purchased for the nation, but the measure was thrown out.

If Henry Carey and a few other public spirited Philadelphians would unite, and raise a subscription for the purchase of it to adorn the Hall of Independence in Philadelphia, they would deserve the thanks of their fellow-citizens both now and hereafter. The picture belongs to Mr. Lewis, and is still in London, and I believe might be had for seven or eight hundred guineas. It is the common remark of travellers that in America there are no antiquities,—no objects of veneration belonging to times past. Americans them-

selves feel this, and yet they make little effort to preserve or secure those they might. To a stranger visiting Philadelphia, how interesting it would be to be shown the houses of Penn and Franklin. I was glad to find the Hall of Independence preserved, and if it could be filled with the portraits of the most distinguished statesmen and soldiers of the revolution, and among them the picture I have mentioned of Washington, Philadelphia might boast of a monument of the past far exceeding in interest anything to be found in any other part of the Union.

You ask me for an impression of the 'May Day,' and you shall have one soon, when I hope to have something else to send with it. Eliza had said she thought an engraving from some picture of mine would be acceptable to aunt Hayes, and I therefore sent her one of the only two I had to spare at that time.

1837.

Pictures of the Year.

- (47) *PERDITA*. (Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq., and now in the National Collection.) A study for this picture is in the possession of A. J. Heugh, Esq.

—— "Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,

And with him rises weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age : You are very welcome !”

Winter's Tale, Act iv. Scene 3.

- (66) CHARLES II. AND THE LADY BELLENDEN. (Painted for the Earl of Egremont. A small repetition of the picture was painted in 1856.)

“Upon his route through the West of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually breakfasted at the Tower of Tillietudlem, an incident which formed, from that moment, an important era in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the Royal visit ; not forgetting the salutation which his Majesty conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two buxom serving-wenchs who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen.”—*Old Mortality*, chap. 2.

Leslie had this year to deplore the loss of his friend Constable, for whom it would be hard to say whether he felt more affection as a man, or more admiration as a landscape-painter. In May, the Royal Academy was transferred from Somerset House to Mr. Wilkins's building in Trafalgar Square. The following letter to Miss Leslie gives an account of the opening of the new building by King William IV., one of the King's last public acts.

TO MISS A. LESLIE.

LONDON, *May* 23, 1837.

You will, I dare say, like to have some account of the opening of the Exhibition in the new building,

and I have really not had time till now to sit down and give it you.

The private views took place on the 28th April, and the King had sent us word that he would come at one o'clock. As he came all the way from Windsor for the purpose, he could not be at the Academy at twelve o'clock as usual. It was therefore arranged that the general company should not be admitted till three. The portico of the new building commands a view of the whole length of Pall Mall to St. James's, and as it is elevated considerably above the foot-way, most of us were standing there a little before one, looking anxiously towards the palace, when exactly at the appointed hour we saw the Royal carriages appear in the distance. A guard of soldiers, with a band of music, were stationed in front of the building, and behind them an immense crowd, which extended on the left to St. Martin's Church, the steps and even the roof of which were covered with people: the bells pealing a merry chime from the steeple. The scene as the King's carriage drew up was altogether very imposing. The old gentleman looked out of spirits; he has recently lost his favourite daughter, Lady de Lisle, and was in deep mourning, and the Queen was prevented from coming by illness. The

King wore neither star nor ribbon, but was dressed in a plain suit of black. The Princess Augusta, the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, and two of the King's sons, and Lady Mary, and Colonel Fox, Lady Errol (another of the King's daughters), Madame d'Este (daughter of the Duke of Sussex), and several lords and ladies in waiting, formed the Royal party. I think they came in eight carriages, all with the Royal arms and liveries. When the King entered the door, Sir Martin Shee presented him the keys of the Academy on a silver plate. They were highly polished, and had arrived that morning from Birmingham, and as it had been found (to the great consternation of the workman), would not fit the locks. The King, however, did not try them, but returned them to the President, saying, "He could not place them in better hands."

His Majesty then went regularly through all the rooms, attended by the President and a lord in waiting, with each a catalogue in their hands, ready to answer any questions, we (*i.e.*, the members of the Council) following at a respectful distance, and taking care (which required some little attention) never to stand with our backs to his Majesty. When he had completed the round of the Exhibition, he asked what

o'clock it was, and being told it wanted a quarter to three, he desired Lord Albemarle to make arrangements for the departure. According to etiquette, all the Royal party left the rooms in threes and fours, as their carriages were announced before the King, who was left at last with only the Princess Augusta and a lord and lady in waiting. We were then standing in a row before him, and he addressed us all in a loud tone, and expressed his perfect satisfaction with the Exhibition. He bowed round to us, and we all bowed still lower, and followed him out of the room. When he came out under the portico, the band struck up "God Save the King," and he advanced to the front, bare-headed, and bowed to the people below, who cheered him loudly. He left the door exactly at three, and in being thus punctual showed his consideration for those who he knew expected to be admitted at that time. The rooms were very soon crowded with the usual visitors; and about four o'clock the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria came, without any ceremony, in the midst of the company, having sent us word in the morning that they intended doing so. This was never done before, their visits on all other occasions having been strictly private. The little Princess has all the charms of health,

youth, and high spirits. She could have seen little of the Exhibition, as she was herself, from the moment of her entering the room, the sole object of attraction, and there were so many people among the nobility present whom she knew, and every one of whom had something to say to her. She heard that Charles Kemble was in the room, and she desired he might be presented to her, which gave him an opportunity of making one of his best genteel comedy bows. She shook hands and chatted with Mr. Rogers.

As the private view, you know, is a show of company and not of pictures, I have left myself no room to speak of the latter, but will do so in another letter, and by the first opportunity I will send you a catalogue.

Turner desires me to tell E*** C***** that he cannot undertake a picture of less size than three feet by four, and that his price will be 200 guineas for that size. * * * *

This year, too, was that of Her Majesty's coronation, at which ceremony Leslie was present. He gives an account of it to his sister in the following letter.

LONDON, *July 24, 1837.*

I AM painting Lord and Lady Holland at their house, and through the kindness of her ladyship, I

obtained a ticket to see the coronation from the Earl Marshal's box. A ticket was also sent me as a member of the Academy, which I gave to Harriet, but as they were for different parts of the Abbey and different entrances, we could not go together. I was obliged to hire a Court dress for the occasion, and appeared for the first and last time of my life with a sword by my side. I was very near the altar and the chair in which the Queen was crowned, and when she signed the coronation oath, I could see that she wrote a large bold hand. I intend painting the subject, and Lady Holland obtained for me an order of admission to sketch the decorations in the Abbey before they were removed.

I took Harriet and the four eldest children, and though the crowd was immense, we were protected by two policemen, who kept an open space for us, and placed in the same seat from which I had witnessed the ceremony, where we staid, quite out of the crowd, and as long as we pleased. It is impossible by words to convey to you an idea of the magnificence of the spectacle. Even the appearance of the Abbey with the spectators (before any of the personages engaged in the ceremony came in), was worth getting up at half-past two in the morning, as we did, to witness. We were in the Abbey from five till past four in the after-

noon. Refreshments of every kind were to be had there, but I had taken some biscuits in my pocket which satisfied me. The Queen, I am told, had studied her part very diligently, and she went through it extremely well. I don't know why, but the first sight of her in her robes, brought tears into my eyes, and it had this effect on many people; she looked almost like a child. She is very fond of dogs, and has one very favourite little spaniel, who is always on the look out for her return when she has been from home. She had of course been separated from him on that day longer than usual, and when the state coach drove up to the steps of the palace, she heard him barking with joy in the hall, and exclaimed, 'There's Dash!' and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and ball she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes *to go and wash little Dash.* * * * * *

* * * The place where I sat, commanded a view of the peers but not the peeresses, except of the Royal Family, all of whom I was very near. The Duke de Nemours was in the same box with them.

The young Queen visited the Exhibition in August. Here is Leslie's account of the visit.

TO MISS ANNE LESLIE

LONDON, *Aug.* 15, 1837.

* * * * *

Before the pictures were removed from the Exhibition, the little Queen paid it a visit. She did not go in state (that is, with a guard of soldiers), and the policemen and her footmen had great difficulty in keeping the crowd from incommoding her when she alighted at the Academy.

Her mother was with her, and she was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Tavistock, and two young ladies whose names I did not hear. These, with Lord Albemarle, and two young gentlemen, completed her suite. They were all dressed very plainly in mourning, and there was nothing to distinguish the Queen from the other ladies, but a long train, which was not, however, held up. She looked very pretty, and none of the engravings yet published do her anything like justice. Chalon has made a splendid drawing of her, whole length, in the robes of state, and when an engraving of this gets to America, you will know how she looks. Her manner is unaffectedly graceful, and towards her mother she appears the same affectionate little girl we saw at the Academy on

the 1st May, still calling her 'Mamma.' Before leaving the rooms, the President presented each of us to her separately, at her own request, and she afterwards took occasion to address a word or two to each by name. She asked me how many pictures I had there, and if I did not think it a very fine exhibition. The day was very fine, and on her leaving the Academy, her carriage was opened, so that the crowd, which had greatly increased, had a full view of her as she drove away, amidst the most enthusiastic greetings. It is remarkable that the first exhibition of the Academy in the new building, should have been visited by two sovereigns, and two heirs presumptive to the throne (the Duke of Cumberland being the present heir, and the Queen having been the heir when the Academy opened). * * * * *

In September Leslie was again at Petworth. Lord Egremont was now in his eighty-fifth year. The globe Leslie speaks of in the following letter to his wife, is the one introduced in his picture of 'Lady Carlisle carrying the Pardon to the Duke of Northumberland in the Tower.'

“Sept. 5th, 1837.

“DEAREST HARRY!—When I got here yesterday, Lord Egremont and all the family were at Egg Dean fair, so that you may judge how well he is. On his return he would go up-stairs to look at the pictures which were in my room, although I offered to bring them down; and this morning he was up in the top rooms of all after the old globe which I am to introduce into the new picture. He approves of the composition, and I am to go on with it as it is. How much I wish you could be with me! The house is so quiet.

“Heaven bless thee, dearest Harry! I wish it were possible for thee and dear Mary to come here next week, or if you could bring them all. Lord Egremont is so well, and the house is so quiet, and it seems so unnatural for me to be here without thee.” * * *

1838.

Pictures of the Year.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE ‘MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR’
ASSEMBLED AT THE HOUSE OF MR. PAGE. (A scene not in the play,
but supposed to take place in the first act)—

—“There’s pippins and cheese to come.”

—*Sir Hugh Evans.*

He had painted the same subject, with variations, in 1831. The picture of 1838 was painted for Mr. Sheepshanks, and is now in the National Collection.

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. BATES. (In the collection of Joshua Bates, Esq. Engraved—private plate.)

OF the year's exhibition, which contained Wilkie's picture of 'The Queen's First Council,' he says, in a letter to his sister Anne, of April 30.

"I have just returned from the Academy, where I think we shall have an amusing exhibition. There are Queens of all sorts and sizes, as you may suppose, *good, bad, and indifferent*. Sully's is not finished, and of course not there; the best are Wilkie's and Chalon's. Wilkie has painted her at her first council, which took place immediately on the news of the death of the King reaching London. There are an immense number of figures, and the peculiarity of the subject, a young girl of eighteen, unattended by any other female, taking her place at the head of a long table and surrounded by all the great dignitaries of the church, state, and law, is very striking. She is dressed very simply, in white (for it is not the etiquette that she should be in mourning till after the funeral of the King), and this adds to her innocent and dove-like appearance. Chalon's drawing of her is, I think, a

better likeness than Wilkie's; it is a small whole-length figure, sitting, and in her every-day dress." * * *

This year brought the painter into his first contact with Royalty. He began, in the autumn, his picture of 'The Queen receiving the Sacrament at her Coronation.' He describes in his Autobiography the circumstances to which he owed this honourable but onerous commission. I have known more than one painter who has been similarly honoured, but I fear they would all agree that the honour hardly compensates the anxiety, fret, and loss of time inseparable from having to paint exalted personages, whose days are too much at the bidding of state and ceremonial engagements to allow of their giving a painter either long or regular sittings. Leslie used to employ his enforced leisure on these occasions in copying one of her Majesty's exquisite De Hooghes and a Nicholas Maas. These copies were included in the recent sale of the painter's sketches and studies, and showed that power of catching the spirit and character, and much of the magical atmospheric effect, of the originals, which might have been anticipated from skill like Leslie's united to his feeling and admiration for the works of these wonderful Dutchmen. I print

these letters written to his wife from Windsor, as presenting a pretty contrast between the painter's home thoughts and longings and his employment. His heart was all the while in the quiet little house in St. John's Wood, thinking of the "old sofa," and "the door to be cut from Braddy's room," and "what little cheap toy he could bring home for each of the darlings."

CASTLE INN, Dec. 11th, 1838.

DEAREST LOVE!—The train was heavily loaded to-day, having (besides the weight of my newly-acquired consequence) five coaches and I don't know how many horses. We got to Windsor, however, a very few minutes past ten, and I have established myself in the pleasant bedroom we had together. I had no sittings to-day, nor have I seen her Majesty, who rode out. I was glad to find Lord Melbourne is here, and I sent a message to him to request a sitting to-morrow, and received for answer that he will do so *with pleasure*. The Duchess will also sit, and should I get them both done, I hope to be at home on Thursday. At any rate, I have no doubt of being with you on Friday, *that I may attend the club*.* I

* The Sketching Society.—Ed.

found at the Castle a letter from Lady Holland waiting for me, full of kind expressions, and the congratulations of Lord Holland and herself. She says they will be away ten days or a fortnight. She has heard from Lord Melbourne and Lady Cowper that the Queen is *extremely pleased with the picture*.

I think the sooner you get the door cut from Braddy's room, the better, but do not have the old sofa removed up-stairs till I return.

The reporter of the 'Court Circular' asked to see me this afternoon, and wanted to know what I wished put in the papers. I told him there was nothing to put in, as the Queen had not been sitting to-day.

I have really nothing more, dear pet, to fill my paper with, and you know I can't write without materials.

Heaven bless thee, and all the rest of thee, from long Bob down to short George. Tell me what little cheap toy I can bring for each of them,—something easily packed.

C. R. L.

P.S.—I shall look anxiously for one of thy nice letters to-morrow.

I am sorry to say I have a companion in the coffee room. I hope he will go away to-morrow.

WINDSOR, 12th Dec. 1838.

DEAREST HARRY!—I was a little disappointed at no letter from thee to-day, but I suppose thee had nothing to tell me, and plenty to do besides writing. I hoped to be with thee to-morrow, but am sorry to say I cannot. Lord Melbourne sat this morning, like a good prime minister, but was called away, and will sit again to-morrow; and the Duchess of Kent sent word she would prefer sitting to-morrow instead of to-day, and I was obliged to acquiesce. She will have the dress on that she wore. The Queen held a council, and afterwards rode, and I saw her not. Lady Mary Stopford came in, and praised the picture very much, and I thought her a very agreeable person,—and my friend the lighter of fires also looked at it and said, "*that's very like Melbourne,*" quite in the style and tone of Peter. I painted till half-past three and then took a turn on the terrace, and now I have the evening before me. I am happy to say the man who was in the coffee room yesterday has gone. The villain sat in my arm chair, the only one of the kind in the room. If I can get the Duchess done in one sitting, I have no doubt of being home on Friday, but if not it will be Saturday; and unless I have something particular to

say, I had better not write to thee again, to save the postage, but I do hope for a letter from thee to-morrow. Love and kisses to all, but most to thy dear self, from thy

C. R. L.

At the same date he writes to his sister Anne:—

* * * “MY late letters to you have been chiefly on one subject, the Coronation, a subject now far more important to me than ever. I came here on the 29th of last month by appointment to have a sitting of the Queen, and with little expectation of having more than one. The composition was entirely arranged on the canvas, and the Queen seemed much pleased when she saw it. At the conclusion of the sitting she said she would sit again the next day, and a few minutes after she left the room the Marquis of Conyngham (Lord Chamberlain) came in, and asked me if the picture was bespoken. He said he knew her Majesty would like to have a picture of mine, and he thought she would prefer this subject to any other. I told him it was begun conditionally for a gentleman who was to have given me an answer a month ago whether or not he would take it. As this gentleman had been in town, but had not called to see the picture, and to let me

know his decision at the time he had himself appointed, I considered it now to be at my own disposal, and that of course I should feel very highly honoured should her Majesty wish to possess it. The next morning Lord Torrington, with Lady Tavistock and some of the maids of honour, came to look at it, and said they were sure, from the way in which the Queen spoke of it at dinner the day before, she intended to have it, which I soon heard was the case.

"I have been here ever since with the exception of a day or two in town (I perform the journey in an hour by the railroad), and the Queen has sat five times. She is now so far satisfied with the likeness that she does not wish me to touch it again. She sat not only for the face, but for as much as is seen of the figure, and for the hands with the coronation ring on her finger. Her hands, by the bye, are very pretty, the backs dimpled, and the fingers delicately shaped. She was particular also in having her hair dressed exactly as she wore it at the ceremony every time she sat. She has suggested an alteration in the composition of the picture, and I suppose she thinks it like the scene, for she asked me where I sat, and said, 'I suppose you made a sketch on the spot.'

"The Duchess of Kent and Lord Melbourne are now

sitting to me, and last week I had sittings of Lord Conyngham and Lady Fanny Cowper (a very beautiful girl and one of the Queen's train-bearers), who was here for a few days on a visit to her Majesty. Every day lunch is sent to me, which, as it is always very plentiful and good, I generally make my dinner. The best of wine is sent in a beautiful little decanter with a V. R. and the crown engraved on it, and the tablecloth and napkins have the royal arms and other insignia on them as a pattern.

“I have two very good friends at the Castle, one of the pages, and a little man who lights the fires. The Queen's pages are not little boys in green, but tall and *stout gentlemen* from forty to fifty years of age. My friend (Mr. Batchelor) was a page in the time of George III. and was then twenty years old. George IV. died in his arms, he says, in a room adjoining the one I am painting in. Mr. Batchelor comes into the room whenever there is nobody there, and admires the picture to my heart's content. My other friend, the fire-lighter, is extremely like Peter Powell, only a size larger. He also greatly admires the picture; he confesses he knows nothing about the robes, and can't say whether they are like or not, but he pronounces the Queen's likeness excellent.” * * *

1839.

Pictures of the Year.

* "WHO CAN THIS BE?"—* "WHO CAN THIS BE FROM?"—* HEAD OF SANCHO PANZA. (Engraved.)—* HEAD OF DULCINEA. (Engraved. All painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq., and now in the National Collection.)

PORTRAIT OF DR. HOWLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. (Painted for Mrs. Howley, and engraved.)

SMALL PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND IN HER CORONATION ROBES, AND OF THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD. (Painted for Sir H. G. Moon.)

LESLIE was this year much employed on the Coronation picture. During his evenings he was busy with the pen, putting together his *Life of Constable*, which was a work of love and duty with him. Mr. Forster of Pall Mall, who conducted the sale of the pictures and sketches, which remained in Constable's possession at the time of his death in 1837, has told me of the affectionate pains and interest with which Leslie superintended and aided in the preparations and arrangements for the sale. To use Mr. Forster's expressive words, "he seemed to treat the pictures as affectionately as if they had been his friend's children." And this was his real feeling. But Leslie was one of those men who thought no amount

* See Introductory Essay.

of trouble or labour too great to encounter for a friend. He was the usual negotiator of Irving's literary bargains, and laboured in the same way as cheerfully for his sister.

It is mainly, if not entirely, to his strenuous efforts that we owe the subscription to purchase Constable's picture of 'The Cornfield,' for the National Gallery; and Leslie's correspondence touching that purchase makes up a goodly bundle of MS.

His affectionate regard for all Constable's children was redoubled after their father's death.

TO MISS A. LESLIE.

" March 18, 1839.

"WE are all as usual, and I have been constantly working on my picture for the Queen, every day or two putting a new face in it, here and there, as I can get them to sit. It will not be possible for me to have it ready for the Exhibition, as some of the most important personages will not be ready till after Easter. The picture is now at Buckingham Palace, and I had sittings from the Queen and the Duchess of Kent, and her Majesty is to sit again this week (I hope, for her sake, for the last time). She is extremely obliging, and puts me in high spirits about the picture by liking it very much.

"Ask Edward Carey if he would publish a book of my writing, and with my name. It would be *The Life of an Artist*, filled with the most interesting letters on all matters relating to art."

"June 16, 1839.

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"My picture is at present at Cambridge House, where I am painting the Duke of Cambridge, Princess Augusta, and Miss Kerr (lady in waiting to the Princess). On Monday I take it to Clarence House, to paint the Princess Augusta (the Queen's aunt), and then I shall have finished the Royal Family. I have now thirty-two portraits in the picture. It is very amusing to me being at the houses of those Royal personages, and seeing how they live among themselves—much more so than seeing them at drawing-rooms and levees, though not so splendid."

"LONDON, Dec. 19, 1839.

* * * "In a day or two I shall send the little picture I have painted for E. Carey, and I shall request him to hand you the price of it (25 guineas), which I must beg you to accept from me. I could not get permission to copy the sketch of Lady Fanny Cowper for him, but I will paint some pretty face (a lady) as a companion to

the one I now send ; and if it does not meet with his approbation, he may return it, or perhaps somebody else may take a fancy to it in America.

“Some time ago Wilkie told me that a friend of his in New Orleans had purchased of Earle your copy of ‘Katharine and Petruchio’ as an original picture, and never doubted its being so, until he saw the engraving from Lord Egremont’s picture. He then wrote to Wilkie to ascertain the truth ; of course I have set the matter right, but I am very sorry such a deception should be practised.

“The Queen is, I believe, satisfied with my picture ; but I did not see her Majesty when I took it to Windsor.

“There is no probability that a knighthood will be offered to me, and therefore it is needless to say I should assuredly decline it if offered. But I do not, like the fox in the fable, call the grapes sour that are above my reach ; on the contrary, I think titles very good things, but then they should be accompanied by proportionate wealth. In our humble way of living, ‘Sir Charles,’ and ‘My Lady,’ would be ridiculous. Were the case even otherwise, and I could keep my carriage (which I think a titled person should do), as long as such men as Chalon, Turner, and Mulready

are undistinguished except by the addition of R.A. to their names, I may certainly be content with that honour.

"I have been introduced to Joseph Bonaparte (at his request, by Captain Morgan, who brought him to England), and I am much pleased with his fine, benevolent, and intelligent head, and his simple, natural manners. Strange to say, something in his expression (not features) reminds me of Lord Egremont. His features and the shape of his head (I should think) are like Napoleon's." * * *

1840.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited.) PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES CHRISTOPHER BARON COTTENHAM, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. (Painted for W. Russell, Esq., and engraved.)

(Not exhibited.) CHILD IN A GARDEN, WITH HIS LITTLE HORSE AND CART. (A portrait of George, the painter's youngest son.)

GRISELDA. (Both in the National Collection.)

LESLIE was hard at work this year on his picture of 'Fairlop Fair.' He loved suburban fairs, and had been a great haunter of them in his student-days, with Newton, Powell, Willis, and Irving. All his studies for this picture were from the life, and his portfolios were full of gipsy sketches, made for it.

Much as Leslie loved Constable, and anxious as he was to do honour to his memory in his Life of him, he found the pen a more fatiguing tool than the pencil, and complains a good deal in his correspondence about the weariness of pen and ink and paper.

"April 27, 1840.

* * * "THE truth is, all my leisure moments have of late been so entirely engrossed in putting together the memoir I have undertaken to write of Constable, that I have scarcely been able to take up a pen for any other purpose. If I live to get through it, I will never write anything of the kind again. * * * Tell Sully I have seen the present he sent to Mr. Rogers of the Queen's portrait. We dined with the old gentleman lately. Moore, the poet, and his wife and son were there, and a large party, to whom the picture was shown. Mr. Rogers remarked how singular it was that he should receive the portrait of the Queen of England from America, and painted by an American. *

"I undeceived him, however, as to the last circumstance. I fear you will think the practice I have lately had in writing, has not improved my hand; but

* Mr. Sully was an Englishman.

the truth is, I am thoroughly tired of pen, ink, and paper.

Tell Eliza I think it is very kind of her that she ever writes to me now she is an authoress."

The following letter is of interest for its estimate of books and men:—

LONDON, *July 18th*, 1840.

DEAR ELIZA,—For once I will answer a letter on the day of receiving it. I wish I could always do so, it would save me from many perplexities. Yours of the 15th June has this moment reached me, and I am much gratified by the good account you give of yourself, and the very delightful one of Tom's family. * * *

There is not a man in the world I respect more than I do my only brother. Having such a brother, how can *you* call Uncle Toby "an old goose." To my mind Uncle Toby is the most perfect specimen of a Christian gentleman that ever existed, for I don't like to doubt that he has existed. Sir Charles Grandison is not to be compared to him. Mr. Shandy, an admirably drawn character also, is cleverer than Uncle Toby, but "My Uncle" is the wisest man. But you ladies always prefer scamps if they have talent, to good men

who are not so brilliant; Lord Byron was a prodigious favourite with the ladies. And you really seem to think I could go to Paris to see the arrival of the remains of Bonaparte, I would not walk across the street for it. He was certainly a man of genius, but an entirely selfish person. Had I remained in America, I would have made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington, whom even the profligate Byron could not help eulogising—

“And left the name of Washington
To show the world there was but one.”

(I quote from memory.) And on consideration I admire you for the constancy of your attachment to Napoleon, for I recollect when we were children we used to make you very angry by saying that “*Bonaparte was Betsy’s beau.*” After all, I must say ladies are always admirers of genius in men, and not being men, they do not know how bad bad men are. Lady Byron thought she could reform her Lord, poor simpleton! Bonaparte’s heartless conduct to Josephine ought to damn him with the sex; but no, he was a brilliant and successful soldier! Yet, I think it would not be difficult to prove that Washington displayed more military talent in contending with the well disciplined soldiers of England, so badly sup-

ported as he was by the Congress, and with an army of raw recruits who left him every few months to return to their farms. It is a mistake to suppose that there was much national enthusiasm among the American private soldiers. It was their leaders only that felt it. While I was at West Point, I read the life of Washington, and could not help contrasting him with Bonaparte, who began his career at the head of the best soldiers then in the world, made so for him by the revolutionary generals who had preceded him. His great triumphs were obtained over Germans and Italians, but he never faced the English, as Washington did, till Waterloo. But from these great heroes I must digress to myself.

I am very busy with a picture of Fairlop Fair, and am painting landscape a good deal out of doors, in most delicious weather—the most delightful of all employments to an artist. Harriet and the children are all well. My Reminiscences go on; but I never proposed to Edward Carey to publish them. I shall leave them as a legacy to my children, and never meant anything else. It was the memoirs of my friend Constable I spoke about, which, with the materials I have, I do not hesitate to say I shall make the most interesting life of an artist that has ever appeared.

I received six hundred guineas for the Queen's picture. This was the price fixed by myself, and which I had previously named to the gentleman I was to paint it for, before she expressed a wish to have it. I did not think it right to ask the Queen more. Never was sovereign who spent royal money in a way more creditable to the spender than she does, and this is great praise. In a former letter you spoke of coming to England ; I hope this is true.

Yours ever,

C. R. L.

Here is a pleasant picture of a painter's holiday :—

BROADSTAIRS, *August 17th*, 1840.

MY DEAR ANNE,—I owe you a letter, and may not soon have a better opportunity of paying the debt than at this place, where I have been idling for the last week. Harriet has been here longer with the four eldest children, and now we are all together in a little cottage on the cliff, which commands a fine view of the sea and harbour. A month or six weeks here will, I trust, do all the children a great deal of good, and they all now look much the better for being here. Robert, who has grown nearly as tall as I am, and still retains his fondness for everything marine, handles the oar

very well, and we often indulge him with a boat, though never without a boatman with him. He is also learning to swim. I tried at first to teach but being an indifferent swimmer myself, he did not get on. He has had one lesson from a boatman, and with one or two more, I dare say he will swim pretty well. You know the Isle of Thanet is a very fine farming country. When I first came the corn-fields were in all their glory, and the harvest was going on. Nothing can be more beautiful than many of the villages in the neighbourhood. On the 23rd, the time for which we have hired this little cottage will expire, and we shall then return to town. I shall have been here a fortnight, and the rest of the party six weeks. I shall then, I hope, soon complete my picture of 'Fairlop Fair,' for which I have been making some sketches even here, as there are abundance of donkeys here, and still more at Ramsgate, and there is a family of gipsies encamped in a lane not far from us.

1841.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited.)

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

M. Jourdain. ——— "Tout beau.

Holà ! Ho ! Doucement !
Diantre soit la coquine !

Nicole. Vous me dites de pousser.

M. Jourdain. Oui—Mais tu me poussees en tierce avant que de pousser en quarte, et tu n'a pas la patience que je pare." Act ii, Scene 3.

(Painted for J. Sheepshanks, Esq., and in the National Collection, and repeated twice; once for Lord Holland; the second repetition is in the possession of Joseph Gillott, Esq.)

FAIRLOP FAIR. (Painted for the Duke of Norfolk.)

THE LIBRARY AT HOLLAND HOUSE, WITH PORTRAITS. (Painted for Lord Holland and engraved.)

(*Not exhibited.*)

LUCRETIA.—A STUDY FOR THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES. (Both in the National Collection.)—THE FIRST LESSON,* from a design by Raffaele. (Painted first for Mr. Rogers, and now in the possession of Thos. Miller, Esq.; subsequently twice repeated* and engraved.)—THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES. (In the National Collection.)

Leslie was hard at work this year on 'The Christening of the Princess Royal.'

If, as one of the earlier passages in the following letter to his sister says, "he was trying to grow rich," the latter part shows some of the motives he had for it. Separated as he now was for life from his brothers and sisters at Philadelphia, his heart clave to them as closely as ever.

LONDON, July 15, 1841.

MY DEAR ANNE,—I am very many letters in debt to you, but never have I had so little time to myself as this spring and summer. I have, for the last two months,

* A third repetition painted on the etching was sold at the sale of Leslie's sketches and studies.

been painting every day from home on the picture of the 'Christening,' and, anxious to make the most of the long days, I am occupied from nine in the morning till seven or eight in the evening, and after that I have generally notes on business to answer, which take up all the evening. To tell you the truth, I am trying to grow rich.

I have now a few words to say on a subject of great importance to you and to me. I have long, dear Anne, regretted that you should be under the necessity of receiving that assistance from Henry Carey which it is my duty, as it will in future be my pleasure, to give you, and which, if my health is spared me, and my time not interrupted, I trust I shall be able to continue. I have sent fifty pounds to Henry for your use, and wish to know what your expenses per annum will be at a boarding-house, as I suppose it will not be so convenient to Henry and Patty that you should continue to live with them after Virginia's marriage, who I learn will remain with her husband in their house.

Mr. Dickens, on starting for America in December of this year, carried to Irving this letter from his old friend, touching on Time's changes, since those merry struggling days of Buckingham Court.

12, PINE APPLE PLACE, EDGEWARE ROAD,
Dec. 31st, 1841.

MY DEAR IRVING,—Mr. Dickens tells me you urged him to become acquainted with me, for which I now send you, by him, my thanks, and every good wish of this wishing season. I have long wanted to write to you: but of what can I write? My present circle of friends are most of them unknown to you. Of all our old cronies in by-gone days, Peter Powell is the only one left, and he is living at Clapham, and I see him less frequently than I wish. But he is the same merry, amusing, light-hearted, discontented little Radical that you remember him. My wife, who sends her best regards and good wishes to you, is (I think) very little altered in appearance since you saw her. She looks more like the sister than the mother of her elder children. Robert is now six feet high, and I am anxiously looking out for some employment for him for life; no very easy matter to find. I am growing grey, and am still forming better plans and resolutions for the future than I can adhere to. This has been a sad year for the Arts. The loss of Wilkie and Chantrey seem, with our present prospects, not likely to be soon supplied. Chantrey's death was not

unexpected, as he had been for some time evidently declining. But the death of dear Wilkie was entirely so. Had he remained in England, it is believed we should still have had him with us, and probably for many years. A few days ago, I saw the last oil picture he touched. It is a small whole-length portrait of Mehemet Ali; somewhat sketchy, but beautifully painted. The head full of life and character, and with that sort of expression which carries the conviction of its being a likeness. It is dated the 11th of May, and he died the 1st of June. I well know how you must have felt on hearing the sad news. At a meeting of his friends for the purpose of devising the best method of doing honour to his memory, and at which Sir Robert Peel presided, Lord Mahon spoke of the great pleasure he had enjoyed in Wilkie's society and yours, when he met you together in Spain. My chief object in writing is to induce you to do the same.

Yours ever truly,

C. R. LESLIE.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,
New York.

1842.

Pictures of the Year.

SCENE FROM TWELFTH NIGHT.

Sir Toby.—"Accost, Sir Andrew, Accost."*Sir Andrew.*—"What's that?"*Sir Toby.*—"My niece's chambermaid."*Sir Andrew.*—"Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance."
Act i. Scene 3.

(Painted for Thomas Baring, Esq., but repeated for Edwin Bullock, Esq., Handsworth, near Birmingham.)

SCENE FROM HENRY THE EIGHTH.

(Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq., and now in the National Collection. Repetition of diploma picture.)

Queen Kath.—"Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with troubles :Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave working."
Act iii. Scene 1.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL was still in progress.

Leslie's 'Life of Constable' was published this year. Dickens returned from America, where he had seen the members of Leslie's family; and Robert Leslie, whose passion was for the sea and a sailor's life, sailed for New York in September with his father's old friend, Captain Morgan. Robert Leslie's pictures of nautical incidents are distinguished by great originality and truth. Indeed, I believe they are the only truthful pictures ever painted from sailor-life aboard ship. It is a matter of regret that he has now abandoned the profession of a painter. This year, too, Washington Irving was once more in London.

Leslie writes to his sister (Feb. 8, 1842)—

* * * “My picture of the ‘Christening’ is not yet finished. I am chiefly waiting for the Queen Dowager, who has been at the point of death. But as she is recovered, and is now in London, I hope soon to have a sitting.

“You will be pleased to hear that poor Miss Wilkie, in the deep affliction she suffered from the death of her brother, first derived amusement from one of your books. She was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Collins, who are great admirers of all your writings, and I think it was ‘Mrs. Washington Potts’ which, when they read it aloud, first drew a smile from Miss Wilkie.

“I have lately painted a small picture from ‘Twelfth Night,’ of three figures — ‘*Accost, Sir Andrew, accost!*’”

He writes to Miss Ann Leslie, (May 11, 1842)—

“Washington Irving is now in London, and looking uncommonly well. He is in the greatest possible demand, and I consider myself lucky in having seen him three times. To-day he has promised to call here to see my picture of the ‘Christening.’ Yesterday we

met him at Murray's at dinner. Tom Moore was there, and Lockhart. Moore sang half-a-dozen of his own melodies as delightfully as ever. One, of which the air is extremely beautiful, '*Come o'er the sea, maiden to me,*' he encored himself in, and sang it better the second time than the first. The ladies were in raptures."

And on July 30, 1842, he tells the same sister—

"I have advanced very far in a large picture from the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The 'Fudge' scene. It has fifteen figures. The 'Christening' goes on slowly. I will send you a copy of the 'Life of Constable' when it is ready; and as I get that off my hands I hope to be a better correspondent."

1843.

Pictures of the Year.

PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN TRAVERS, ESQ., F.R.S.

THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT (the concluding part of the ceremony of Her Majesty's Coronation) on the 28th June, 1838.

"The picture represents Her Majesty habited in the Dalmatic Mantle (the Coronation Robe), having taken off the Crown on approaching the altar, and wearing no jewels. The peers and peeresses, who had worn their coronets from the moment in which the Queen was crowned, have now put them off. The Sacrament is administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Rev. Lord John Thynne, in the absence of the Dean of Westminster. On the farthest side of the altar is the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham) and the Bishop of London.

The Sword of State is borne by Viscount Melbourne, near whom are the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Sutherland. The Crown is held by the Lord Great Chamberlain (Lord Willoughby D'Eresby), next to whom is the Earl Marshall (the late Duke of Norfolk). Under the lower canopy are seated the ladies of the Royal Family. Nearest Her Majesty is the late Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Mary Pelham; the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by the Hon. Miss Kerr; the Princess Hohenloe and the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Flora Hastings and Viscount Morpeth. The other ladies and gentlemen in attendance under the canopy, are the Ladies Caroline Campbell and Caroline Legge, and Viscounts Villiers and Emlen. Immediately behind the Queen are the Mistress of the Robes (the Duchess of Sutherland) and Lady Barham (Lady in Waiting). In the foreground are five of the eight young ladies who bore the Queen's train, namely, the Ladies Caroline Lennox, Adelaide Paget, Fanny Cowper, Wilhelmina Stanhope, and Mary Grimston. Beyond the Coronation chair are the Duke de Nemours and Prince George of Cambridge, and behind it are the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, the Duke of Coburg, Prince Ernest of Phillipstahl, the late Duke of Argyll, and two Pages of Honour (the Marquis of Stafford and Lord Mount Charles)."

SCENE FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

"Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found? Fudge!"

Chap. 11.

(Now in the Collection of Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston.)

PORTRAIT OF HENRY ANGELO, Esq.

SCENE FROM MOLIERE.

M. Purgon. J'ai à vous dire que je vous abandonne à votre mauvaise constitution, à l'intemperie de vos entrailles, à la corruption de votre sang, à l'acreté de votre bile, et à la féculence de vos humeurs.

Toinette. C'est fort bien fait.

Argan. Mon Dieu!

M. Purgon. Et je veux qu'avant qu'il soit quatre jours vous deveniez dans un état incurable.

Argan. Ah! miséricorde!

Le Malade Imaginaire, Act iii. Scene 6.

(Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq., and now in the National Collection.)

This year Leslie made his first attempt at fresco, in the garden-house of Buckingham Palace, as he details in this letter to his sister.

“LONDON, July 28, 1843.

“I have been very busy painting a *fresco*, a first attempt, in a little pavilion in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. I leave home every morning at eight or nine, and do not return till seven in the evening. I am now writing before breakfast. I was asked to do this by the Prince, and there are seven other artists engaged in the same way—Maclise, Landseer, Sir Charles Ross, Stanfield, Uwins, Etty, and Eastlake.

“Two or three of us are generally there together, and the Queen and Prince visit us daily, and sometimes twice a day, and take a great interest in what is going on. I hope to finish in a day or two. The subjects are all from Milton’s ‘Comus,’ and mine is *Comus offering the cup to the lady*.”

TO MISS ANNE LESLIE.

“August 18, 1843.

“I have sent by Captain Morgan a few engravings—an archbishop and a judge* for you—as you are a

* Archbishop Howley, and Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

portrait painter. The archbishop is not handsome, but I think you will like his expression. He is one of the most agreeable and amiable men I ever met with.

"The window in the picture of the archbishop is that of his library at Lambeth Palace. I like to paint people in their own houses, and with their own rooms for the background; and I think you may find it both a popular and useful mode of painting portraits when you can do so."

1844.

Pictures of the Year.

SCENE FROM COMUS.

"Hence, with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver."

(Now in the collection of John Naylor, Esq., Leighton Hall.)

SANCHO PANZA IN THE APARTMENT OF THE DUCHESS.

Don Quixote, Part ii. Chap. 33.

(Painted for Robert Vernon, Esq., and now in the National * Collection. A repetition of the Petworth picture. Not exhibited.)

LUCY PERCY (Lady Carlisle) BRINGING THE PARDON TO HER FATHER THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND IN THE TOWER. (Painted for Lord Leconfield, and now at Petworth.)

PORTRAIT OF MISS BURDETT COUTTS.

CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES AT CAPERNAUM.

1. "At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

2. "And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

3. "And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Matthew, xviii. 1—3.

(Painted for J. Lennox, Esq., New York.)

* See my Introductory Essay.—ED.

This year Leslie was one of the hanging committee at the Academy. That harassing and thankless office discharged, he gave himself, for the first time since his visit to Paris in 1817, the pleasure of a continental tour. In company with Mrs. Leslie, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Stone, and Mr. Dunlop's niece, Miss Gamble, he visited Belgium, from Ostend, by Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne; thence to Bonn, and by the Rhine to Mayence; thence down the river to Dusseldorf, and through Utrecht to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, where the party took steam for London.

His letters to his children, his sisters, and his friends the Chalons, give his impressions of the tour, which to Leslie, with his especial love of Flemish and Dutch art, was replete with instruction and interest.

BRUSSELS, *May 14th*, 1844.

MY DEAR HARRIET,—Your mamma and I have greatly enjoyed our excursion so far, much more even than we expected; and could we be sure that you are all well and happy at home, we should be perfectly happy. Your mamma is so delighted with the solemn music and splendid ceremonies in the churches here, that I am almost afraid she will turn Roman Catholic.

Indeed, though there are many things trifling, and some things that appear to us ridiculous, yet there is so much that is truly solemn and devotional, so much to delight the eye and ear, and the priests and people appear so sincere in their manner, that I am sure nobody who has any sense of religion at all can help being deeply affected in their churches. I could spend the whole day listening to the music, which is the grandest I ever heard. We are particularly fortunate in being here in this month, which is devoted to services in honour of the Virgin ; and in all the churches the image is placed over the principal altar, and over her canopies, sometimes fantastical, but often very superb. She is dressed in the most costly materials, and has a crown of silver on her head, and so has the infant in her arms, who holds a long silver cross, the lower end of which is a spear which pierces the head of a green dragon under the feet of the Virgin. Over the Virgin's head is a large halo of silver stars. How much dear little Polly would be delighted with all this ! At Bruges, during one part of the service, the image of the Virgin was carried round the church in a procession of priests in the richest dresses, with boys in white swinging censers of incense up in the air, while the music and chanting were most

impressive. The organ is accompanied by other instruments. Some of the priests play on enormous brass trombones, the notes of which are of the deepest bass, while in the organ-loft there are fiddles and violoncellos. I never heard anything at the opera that seemed to me so fine.

“We have had delightful weather though cool, but that is the better for walking about. Yesterday afternoon we drove three miles out of Brussels in an open carriage to Laeken, the palace of Leopold. As he is at present there we could only see the outside, which is very handsome. The gates in front are magnificent, and reminded us of the gates at Hampton Court. Near it is a small palace that was the residence of the present King of Holland when he was Prince of Orange. His father, when King of this country, used to walk from Laeken every day to Brussels quite unattended. It is said that one day he helped up an old woman who was coming to market, and had fallen from her horse or donkey. She did not know who he was, but on his giving her some money it was so much more than she supposed anybody less than a king could give, that she guessed who he was.

“We have not yet seen many first-rate pictures, and it will be some time before we do, as we propose going

to Cologne and up the Rhine to Frankfort before we visit Holland and Antwerp. Those places will be last, but I am sure not least with me. But I will now give my pen to your mamma."

In a letter to Robert from Bruges, after giving an account of the voyage, in compliment to his son's passion for the sea, he goes on to say—

"Everything is new, strange, and amusing, though the appearance of many things in the country, in the villages we have passed through, and in this place, remind me of the Dutch and Flemish pictures. Your mamma and I are constantly reminded by the looks, and even the dress, of the little chubby children in the streets, of the children in Jan Steen's pictures."

FRANKFORT, *May 22nd*, 1844.

DEAR JOHN AND ALFRED CHALON,—I must indulge myself in writing to you, though I am far from sure my letter will be worth the postage. When I left home I did not suppose I should have reached this place, but the facilities of travelling and the pleasant weather have enticed us on. We turn back, however, to-morrow, and hope to be in London the beginning of June.

The scenery of the Rhine has not disappointed

me. The rocks, castles, and towns are very picturesque, but I must say, the vineyards are by no means ornamental.

It is all very well for a poet to speak of,

“ The vine-clad steeps ——— ;”

but to the eye, at the distance from which they are seen from the steam-boat, those parts of the hills that are accessible to cultivation, look as if covered by *enormous threadbare carpets*, a pale green pattern on a drab ground. Besides this, there are innumerable low walls, built in rows, one above the other, like steps, to keep the earth from slipping down. I have no doubt but that the scenery was far more beautiful before the vine was introduced.

We were delighted with the towns we have seen in Belgium; Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, and Liege. Antwerp we expect to see on our way back.

We were particularly fortunate in being in Belgium this month, in which there are some peculiar services performed in the churches in honour of the Virgin. In consequence of this, we have seen much that was magnificent mixed up with a good deal that seemed to us childish and theatrical; but the music was sublime.

At Cologne we were greatly interested in what we

saw going on at the Cathedral. It has never been more than half finished, and the King of Prussia has determined to complete it. For this purpose, four hundred workmen are constantly employed, and it is supposed that it will be many years before it is finished.

It seems that the original plan, as far as it is indicated, will be closely adhered to. The style of ornament, which is exceedingly rich, is exactly followed in what is already done of the new part. In the interior, I saw something that looked like a large square band-box, suspended against the wall, at a great height, in which an artist of Frankfort, of the name of Steinle, was at work, painting a figure of a large earthenware angel in fresco,—one of a series filling the spaces above some lofty arches of this form.* The figures that were finished, were well composed and graceful, but wretchedly coloured.

At Bonn, in the hall of the college in which Prince Albert was educated, we saw three large frescoes by a pupil of Cornelius,—very poor imitations of Raphael.

To day we have seen some oil pictures by Lessing, Overbeck, and others, of which I like Lessing's the

* Here came a sketch.

best. In the Museum where these are, are some modern landscapes, and a large sea piece (a storm),—detestable. But to make amends for these, the same collection contains some fine works of the early Flemish masters, particularly a series of very small pictures by Van Eyck, of the history of John the Baptist, which, though hard in their outlines, and quaint in the costume, are perfectly exquisite in colour, and as fresh, and bright, and rich, as if painted but yesterday.

There was also a small Jan Steen, which, in comparison with the modern German pictures, looked like silver compared with mud.

Our intention is to call at Amsterdam and the Hague on our return, where I expect to be much delighted.

I am, my dear friends,

Yours ever truly,

C. R. LESLIE.

The autumn was spent by the painter in London, after leaving his family at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight. His friend Captain Morgan took them round in his ship, the 'Victoria,' to Portsmouth. He writes to his sister, Miss Leslie, from on board the ship.

(Aug. 20.)

“ I WROTE Patty some account of our trip on the Continent, which we greatly enjoyed. We saw a great deal in a short time, and I am now quite satisfied to remain in England for the rest of my life. As I grow older, I feel less disposed to encounter the fatigue of travelling. I may possibly, when I can afford it, take a peep at Paris again ; but I do not think I shall ever get so far as Italy, that country which everybody says every artist should see.”

(Aug. 29, 1844.)

“ WILL you tell Edward Carey, in answer to his inquiry, that the price of ‘ Comus ’* is 250 guineas without a frame. Should it go to America, I would rather send it with no frame, as the picture I took with me, of ‘ Martha and Mary,’ was injured by an ornament of the frame becoming loose, and I have seen a picture of Wilkie’s very much injured in the same way. The price I have named is not more than *half* the price I should ask for a picture of the size of ‘ Comus,’ painted under other circumstances than that was. Being for a fresco, it is painted in a bolder manner, and more calculated for distance than if I had painted

* The picture is now in the collection of John Naylor, Esq.—Ed.

it with no such purpose. I am unable to get Mr. Lenox's picture done in time for the Captain, but hope very soon to send it."

1845.

Pictures of the Year.

THE HEIRESS. (Painted for E. Bicknell, Esq.)

SCENE FROM MOLIERE.

Trissotin.—Sonnet à la Princesse Uranie sur sa Fièvre.

Votre prudence est endormie,
De traiter magnifiquement,
Et de loger superbement,
Votre plus cruelle ennemie.

Bélise.—Ah ! le joli début !

Armande.—

Qu'il a le tour galant !

Philaminte.—Lui seul, des vers aisés possède le talent.

Les Femmes Savantes, Acte iii. Scène 2.

(Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq., and now in the National Collection.)

1846.

Pictures of the Year.

SCENE FROM "RODERICK RANDOM."

At length the important hour arrived, and the will was produced in the midst of the expectants, who formed a group whose looks and gestures would have been very entertaining to an unconcerned spectator. But the reader can scarce conceive the astonishment and mortification that appeared, when an attorney pronounced aloud the young squire sole heir of all his grandfather's estate, personal and real. My uncle, who had listened with great attention, sucking the head of his cudgel all the while, accompanied these words of the attorney with a stare and a *whew* that alarmed the whole assembly. The oldest and pertest of my female competitors, who had always been very officious about my grandfather's person, inquired with a faltering accent, and visage as yellow as an

orange, if there were no legacies? and was answered "None at all;" upon which she fainted away. The rest, whose expectations (perhaps) were not so sanguine, supported their disappointment with more resolution, though not without giving evident marks of indignation, and grief at least as genuine as that which appeared in them at the old gentleman's death. My conductor, after having kicked with his heel for some time against the wainscot, began, "So, there's no legacy, friend. Ha! here's an old succubus. But somebody's soul howls for it, d—n me."—Chap. IV. (Painted for John Gibbons, Esq. A smaller repetition was painted for Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston, in 1856.)

MOTHER AND CHILD. (Painted for John Gibbons, Esq., engraved by J. H. Robson, A.R.A. Repetition painted for James Lenox, Esq., New York.)

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., in the character of Captain Bobadil. (Engraved.)

"A gentleman! Odso, I am not within."

Every Man in his Humour, Act i. Scene 5.

THE correspondence of this year is of purely family matters, and exhibits Leslie now, as always, in the character of the most affectionate, generous, and thoughtful of brothers. The delicate health of his sister, Mrs. Carey, was a source of great anxiety to him, and his letters are filled with suggestions and advice as to her case. His second sister, Anne, too, had just lost the situation of mistress of drawing, which she held at Rutger's Institute, in New York; and her brother was ready with the help of his counsel and his purse. The only passage bearing immediately on the painter's work occurs in the following letter. The picture referred to is now at Petworth.

(Oct. 7, 1846.)

“THE picture I have just finished is from a true story in the reign of James I. The Earl of Northumberland was imprisoned in the Tower for fifteen years, on suspicion of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. He spent his time in scientific pursuits, with some of the most learned men of the time, who constantly visited him, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who was at the same time a prisoner. His youngest daughter, Lady Lucy Percy, had married the Earl of Carlisle, a man her father greatly disliked, and to make her peace with him, her husband, who was one of James’s favourites, procured his pardon. The picture represents the lady bringing the pardon to her father, while engaged with his literary friends in study. It was begun many years ago for Lord Egremont, who was descended, by the female line, from the Earls of Northumberland, but I laid it aside at his lordship’s death, and I have now just finished it at the request of Colonel Wyndham, the present possessor of Petworth.”

Washington Irving was in London in August this year, but unluckily Leslie and he missed seeing each other, owing to Leslie’s absence from town for a few

days with his family, on a trip round to Portsmouth in the liner commanded by his friend, Captain Morgan.

"12, PINE APPLE PLACE, EDGEWARE ROAD,
"Aug. 20th, 1846.

"I WISH," he writes to Irving, "it would please the American government and yourself that you should be minister here. You will not suspect me of meaning a compliment when I say what you must know very well yourself, that no other man would be anything like so popular in England. I had been looking for you every day since May, when you said you should probably be here, and it is very provoking to have missed you at last. I was to have let *Father Luke* know of your arrival, and we were to have dined with him. Are you in such a hurry that you can't come back to London for a few days? I wish you could, and could spend them here; for we can give you a bed, and nothing would give us greater pleasure."

1847.

Pictures of the Year.

MARTHA AND MARY. (A repetition of the picture painted for Mr. Dunlop in 1833. Now in the collection of Edwin Bullock, Esq., Handsworth, near Birmingham.)

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so

much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner." —LUKE, xviii. 13.

(Painted for James Lenox, Esq., New York.)

CHILDREN PLAYING AT COACH AND HORSES. Not exhibited. (Painted for Sir Robert Wigram. Repeated for Thos. Miller, Esq.)—THE LADY IN COMUS, (in the possession of John Heugh, Esq.)—PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN.

THE following passage from a letter of this year, is interesting for its reference to his son Robert's picture, which will be remembered by many of my readers in the Exhibition of this year, as fully bearing out all Leslie says of it. There was an individuality and truthfulness in Robert Leslie's pictures from sea-faring life which gave them a special value, and justify my regret that he should have abandoned the profession of a painter. The letter shows, too, how full of commissions Leslie's hands were at this time. Every picture he painted was eagerly bought, and had the painter received one-half of the prices which have subsequently been realised by his pictures, in the changes of hand undergone by so many of the galleries collected by the new class of patrons—the enriched manufacturers—he would have died a very wealthy man. As it was, he was so slow and scrupulous, even to fastidiousness, in his work, and so moderate in his prices, that, popular as he was, his income, when at its highest, was but a modest

one. From his letters there always peeps a rigid spirit of economy, in all that relates to pleasure or luxury. It is noticeable in the little details of the visit he paid to Paris this year, in company with his daughters Harriet and Mary.

“LONDON, *April 16, 1847.*

“ROBERT's last work is a picture of figures, the grouping, &c., entirely his own, and nothing can be better than the manner in which he has told the story of a ship's crew coming aft in a body to complain to the captain relative to their allowance of biscuit. They are all the truest sailors that ever were painted, and entirely free from anything vulgar, and the effect of the whole is true and sunny. I hope it will attract notice in the Exhibition.

“I have sent three pictures to the R. A.: a repetition of the ‘Martha and Mary,’ but varied, about the size of Colonel Perkins's picture; a picture of four children playing at coach-and-horses, painted for the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Wigram; and a picture of the parable of the ‘Pharisee and the Publican,’ which is for Mr. Lenox, and I therefore hope you will see it. The pictures I am engaged to paint are, one for Mr. Bates, one for Mr. Niewenhuys, one for Mr.

Labouchère, M.P., one for Lord Charles Townshend, one for Mr. John Harris (a stranger to me), one for Mr. Gibbons (who has already five of my pictures), one for a Mr. Vaughan, one for Mr. Sheepshanks, one for Mr. Bicknell, two small ones for Sam Stone (who has bought a picture of mine and two of Robert's), one for Mr. Colls, one for Mr. Bullock, the owner of the 'Martha and Mary' (lately painted), and one for Lady Chantrey (the widow of Sir Francis).

"I mean to take care of my health, live regular, and not work too hard; but my late attack * told me in very plain terms that I am growing old, and I try to make up my mind more and more every day to be thankful for prolongation of life, and contented to die whenever it may please God, knowing that *that* time, whenever it comes, *must* be the *best time for me*."

He tells his sister (May 31, 1847)—

* * * "You will be glad to hear that Robert has sold his picture from 'Two Years before the Mast' to Mr. Gibbons, the possessor of my 'Roderick Random,' for one hundred guineas."

* At the beginning of the year he had been confined to his room for three weeks by palpitation of the heart.—ED.

12, PINE APPLE PLACE, EDGEWARE ROAD,

May 31, 1847.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I have thought of making my next picture the interview between Columbus and the Queen of Portugal, described in the fourth chapter of the fifth book of your 'Life of Columbus,' and if you could kindly give me any hints to help me in the composition, I shall feel greatly obliged. Can you tell me why the Queen was at a monastery, and not with her husband—what was her age, and from what history I can get particulars that will be useful? In short, any information you will take the trouble to send me, will be very acceptable.

At the same time, tell me how you are, and when will your 'Life of Washington' appear, and when there is a chance of our seeing you here again.

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.,
New York.

He writes to his wife from Paris—

"HOTEL DES TUILERIES,
"RUE DE RIVOLI, A PARIS,
"Sept. 22nd, 1847.

"DEAREST HARRY,—It seems almost a sin for me to be enjoying the delights with which we are surrounded without you. But I hope we may be here some day together. Little Polly is regularly admitted a student

in the Louvre. How amused you would be to see her sitting, in all her uprightness, on a high stool, with her sketch-book in her hand, and her water-colours beside her, before a most beautiful Terburgh, drawing, and rubbing out, and not finding it possible to please herself, *as usual*. Yesterday afternoon, we went to Franconi's, an immense place for horse-riding, where the performances are in the open air, and in the day time, the audience sitting under cover. We there saw a tournament performed, which would have delighted dearest George beyond measure.

* * * * *

“On Sunday we heard mass in the church of St. Roch; the music very fine. We then went to Versailles along a most beautiful road, from which we had a splendid view of Paris. We dined at Versailles, and on our return, the girls being tired went to bed, and I strolled out, ‘a here-a and a there-a.’ Seeing a dim light through the window of one of the old churches, I went in, and heard some most exquisite music. There were no lights in the church, except on the altar, which was covered with candles, and the decorations all white. The priests were also in white, and two women were singing, with a priest who sang the bass.

"I was so sorry Harriet was not with me, but, as we expect to remain over next Sunday, I can take her. The girls are charmed with the beautiful gardens, and the shops in the Palais Royal, and the air is as pure, and fresh, and mild, as in the Isle of Wight; even the filth of the town, which is considerable, scarcely affects it. But, there are so many large squares, wide streets, and public gardens, that we are very little annoyed with smells. We live next door to the King, and enjoy his garden much more than he does himself. He is now at the Tuileries, but we have seen nothing of him."

"Sept. 23rd, 1847.

"I DON'T know when I have felt so well as since I have been in Paris, though I eat and drink things that I always avoid at home. But the air is so delicious, and the amusements so many, and, above all things, the Louvre is such a happiness to me, that it seems impossible for me to be otherwise than well here.

"The weather to-day is perfect, neither too hot nor cold; exactly the kind to walk about in. We have had but one rainy day since we have been in France, and that did not keep us at home, for there are so many arcades, and the Palais Royal, the most amusing of

places, has all the side walks covered. We breakfast and dine there.

“We have not yet been to a theatre, excepting Franconi’s Hippodrome; but I think we must go to one or two. The difficulty is to choose among so many.

“I think we shall leave Paris about the middle of next week, perhaps sooner. The expense of the trip I shall not regret; it has done, and seems to be doing, us all so much good.

“As for the pictures in the Louvre, tell Mr. Beales, I am the most impressed with the two great ones by Paul Veronese. He pleases me more than Rubens, though Rubens is very great here. The ‘Marriage at Cana’ is glorious, and in an admirable state of preservation. It is filled with the gayest and brightest colours, yet all in exquisite harmony. The other, the subject of which is ‘Mary Magdalene washing the Feet of our Saviour,’ is, I think, in its general effect, the grandest of the two.’ It is more solemn—indeed, there is nothing in the Louvre of Titian so impressive in effect. There are two other pictures, by Paolo, very fine. One is injured, by the sky having turned black; the other, the subject of which is ‘Esther before Ahasuerus,’ is inimitable, but it is hung too

high. I never saw fainting so well expressed as in the Esther. The De Hooghe, of which the sketch hangs in our bed-room, is here. It is fine, but I prefer the Queen's and Sir Robert Peel's De Hooghes. Tell Bob, the Ruysdael, of which he made a little sketch, is here. His sketch is very like it in effect. Nicolas Poussin does not appear to great advantage in his own country. There are very much finer pictures, by him, in our National Gallery, than in the Louvre."

TO MISS ANNE LESLIE.

" Nov. 22, 1847.

" In September I spent a most delightful fortnight in Paris with Harriet (the younger), and Mary. We had the finest of weather (though some days rather cold), and enjoyed it to the full; and I think it did me great good. In a dozen letters I could not describe all our enjoyments and amusements there. Harriet will write to you and tell you something about it, as she has more time than I. I must, however, tell you that, on our way back, we spent a beautiful Sunday morning at Amiens, and heard High Mass in the cathedral there, which surpasses everything, in architectural beauty, I saw in Belgium. The sun was shining bright through the lofty windows, and the whole looked so light, so elegant,

and so sublime, as to seem scarcely the work of human hands. I could fancy that a company of angels had been sent down to build it, and that the exquisite music we were hearing, proceeded from a party they had left behind them.

“24th Nov.—Since I wrote this letter I have been elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, by a unanimous vote.

“My business will be to deliver six lectures annually, which will be rather an amusement than a trouble, and for which I shall receive £60—£10 for each lecture.”

1848.

Pictures of the Year.

(157) LADY JANE GREY.

“Most gentle, most unfortunate,
Crowned but to die; who in her chamber sate,
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the sun.”

Rogers.

(In the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston.)

(162) THE SHELL.

“His countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea.”

Wordsworth.

(Painted for John Gibbons, Esq.)

THE references to France, revolution, and the

Napoleon dynasty, with the remarks on the Exhibition as compared with the exhibitions of Leslie's younger days, make the following letter to Miss Anne Leslie, worth inserting. Never was a man by disposition less of a "laudator temporis acti" than Leslie. He appreciated all new manifestations of excellence in his art, to a degree very rare among old Academicians, and he was the first and most generous among those of his own standing to recognise the merit which gave value to the early works of the young Pre-Raphaelite school.

"June. 16th, 1848.

"WE are not much afraid of a revolution here, though the times are very critical, and the misery the French have spread all over their own country, and indeed over the continent, will in some degree affect England and America. France is infinitely worse off than under the worst of her former governments, and must suffer a great deal more before things come right with her.

"I dined yesterday at Holland House, where was Guizot. He speaks English very well, and as I sat near him, I heard all he said. His countenance, though intelligent, is not an inviting one. He looks hard and severe. He has not laid aside his decorations, but wore

a red riband and one or two orders. The last time I dined at Lord Holland's, Jerome Bonaparte and his son were there. The son is extremely like Napoleon, and perfectly conscious of it. Jerome is not, neither is he like Joseph, who had more the look of the Emperor. If there was now a Bonaparte with the talents of Napoleon, he might have some chance with the French ; but I have not heard that any of them possess more than ordinary abilities."

"July 26, 1848.

"It is the fashion to say that every exhibition is better than the last, a fashion I cannot fall into. I never expect to see again such as I have seen, when we had Lawrence, Owen, Jackson, Wilkie, and Constable. Turner sent nothing this year, and talked of never exhibiting again. I hope, however, he will, and often, for we can ill afford to lose him.

"I have sent to Tom and to Eliza impressions of an engraving from a picture I painted of the library at Holland House. I forgot whether you were ever in the house when you came here. The present Lord Holland has made many alterations, and some very great improvements there, but he has not yet touched the library, and I hope he will not. I heard that

he talked of reconverting it into a picture gallery, but I hope he will not, for it will not make a good one without an expenditure that would almost build a gallery.

"I have nearly finished my picture from Don Quixote, and shall immediately begin one from Henry VIII., from which play I am to paint a pair."

"2, ABERCORN PLACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,

"Nov. 22, 1848.

"MY DEAR IRVING,—I received your letter by Mr. Putnam (whom, however, I have not seen, as he had not time to call on me), and have sent to him a pen sketch of 'Diedrich,' the slightness of which you must excuse, as I am much engaged, and am obliged to spare my eyes all I can, for they are failing me. I am entirely out of practice in little things of this kind, and have no doubt you will be able to have something done much more to your mind in America. If so, pray throw it away without scruple.

"I sent you a letter a short time ago by the hands of '*the Dusty*,' containing a letter I found in the 'London Magazine' of General Washington's, which seems to be genuine, and which I thought you might not have seen. It shows that the General had a sense

of humour, and I believe no man of very great mind was ever without it. Let me know whether you received it."

1849.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited.) SCENE FROM HENRY VIII.

Wolsey.—"Here I'll make my royal choice."

King.—"You have found him, Cardinal."

Act i. Scene 4.

(Painted for I. K. Brunel, Esq., and sold at the sale of his gallery this year for £960.)

(141) SCENE FROM DON QUIXOTE.—(Second part, Chapters 31 and 32.)

The Duke's chaplain, after attacking Don Quixote for his devotion to knight errantry, and Sancho for his belief in his master, reprimands the Duke for encouraging their fancies, and leaves the company in a passion.

(Painted for Joshua Bates, Esq.)

(Not exhibited.) THE NECKLACE. (In the National Collection.) Repetition—an oval with a locket—in the possession of Richard Newsham, Esq.—SOPHIA WESTERN. (Repeated.)—LADY WITH SCARLET GERANIUM IN HER HAND. (Painted for C. Constable, Esq.)—CAPTAIN AND MRS. MORGAN AND CHILDREN. (Painted for Captain E. E. Morgan, New York.)

His brother, Captain Leslie, had lost his wife; Leslie writes to his sister on the occasion:—

"March 27th, 1849.

"I HAVE been so incessantly occupied with my lectures at the Academy, in addition to my regular occupations, that I have been unable to write to you. The sad intelligence your last letter contained, came on us quite by surprise. I had heard

lately from Captain Morgan, that dear Tom and his family were quite well. I feel a strong repugnance always to writing letters of condolence, and have determined, therefore, for the present not to write to Tom; as, if I could see him, I should not speak to him on the subject of his great loss, unless he spoke of it first to me. Give my love and best wishes to him when you see him. I always look on death as a calamity only to the survivor, for I am sure that God takes us all whenever it is best for us. I shall exhibit two pictures this season: a large one from 'Don Quixote,' painted for Mr. Bates, and a small one, with many figures, from 'Henry VIII.,' painted for Braddy's master, Mr. Brunel. Robert has painted two views from the Isle of Jersey, which he visited last summer. The last is his best picture, and I think he regularly improves. I am now painting a scene from 'Tom Jones,' near the close of the story. Tom is showing Sophia Western her own face in a looking-glass as a pledge for his good behaviour after marriage. I have sent two small pictures lately to Mr. Lenox, and shall soon send him another. By Captain Lord I will send you my last lectures. I wrote four new ones, and all are printed in the 'Athenæum.' "

"Dec. 27, 1849.

"I AM busy with a small picture from Shakespeare—the dying scene of Katherine of Arragon. It is for Mr. Brunel, and is a companion to the one I painted for him last year of 'Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.' It is nearly finished, and I shall then begin a large one of Falstaff acting the part of the King.

"Have you read Macaulay's History? It is as entertaining as a novel; but no doubt the truth is greatly distorted by his political and other opinions. What will the Philadelphians say to his character of William Penn? I have no doubt he has done him great injustice."

1850.

Pictures of the Year.

BEATRICE.

"Look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs close to the ground."

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. Scene 1.

(Painted for John Gibbons, Esq., Regent's Park, and twice repeated.)

(125) TOM JONES SHOWING TO SOPHIA WESTERN HERSELF, AS HER BEST SECURITY FOR HIS GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

"If I am to judge," said she, "of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight, than it will on this glass when I am out of the room."

History of a Foundling, Book xviii, c. 12.

(A repetition of the picture of 1849, painted for John Harris, Esq., Prince's Gate, London.)

(135) SCENE FROM HENRY VIII.

Katherine.—"Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
 This to my lord the King,
 In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
 * * * * * and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have followed both my fortunes faithfully.
 * * * * *
 The last is, for my men. They are the poorest,
 But poverty never could draw them from me.
 * * * * * And, good my lord,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
 To do me this last right."

Capucius.

"By heaven, I will ;
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !"

Act iv. Scene 2.

(Painted for Isambard K. Brunel, Esq., F.R.S., and sold at the sale of his pictures this year for 800*l*.* Repeated smaller, and in the possession of John Naylor, Esq., Leighton Hall, near Welshpool.)

THIS year Miss Anne Leslie visited her brother in London, and Leslie lost his brother-in-law, and old schoolfellow, Mr. De Charms. He writes on the occasion to Miss Leslie.

"Sept. 30*th*, 1850.

"I REMEMBER him about 1804 one of the head boys, and one of the very best in Dr. Rogers's school. How

* This was the amount of Mr. Brunel's commission for this picture, and

little likelihood was there at that time of our future course of life as it has happened—that we should some twenty years afterwards have married sisters in this country! De Charms was respected as a boy by all the boys in the school, and I am sure he was loved by Dr. Rogers, and he has passed through life respected and esteemed by those who knew him. * * I feel sure that in every relation of life he invariably did that which he considered it his duty to do. Still, after all, we are very imperfect judges even of those we live most with. Our real characters are known only to God; we do not even know them ourselves.”

1851.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited.) A STUDY.

(140) FALSTAFF PERSONATING THE KING.

Hostess.—“O, the father, how he holds his countenance!”

Falstaff.—* * * “Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother’s word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be

its companion from the same play, which realised 950*l*. At the same sale, Sir Edwin Landseer’s ‘*Titania and Bottom*,’ for which he received 450*l*. from Mr. Brunel, was sold for 2800*l*.—ED.

son to me, here lies the point—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ?”

First Part of King Henry IV., Act ii. Scene 4.

(Painted for John Harris, Esq., Prince's Gate.)

(Not exhibited.) A GROUP OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S TENANTS
AT STANWICK. (Painted for the Duke.)

TO MISS ANNE LESLIE.

“ May 18th, 1851.

“ I AM very busy with a large picture from ‘ The Rape of the Lock ’ for Mr. Gibbons, and am indeed overwhelmed with commissions. I wish I could transfer some of them to Robert; but he must bide his time. He has wonderfully improved within the last year, and I have no fear of his ultimate success. He has taken a house near us, in Northwick Terrace, and he, Jane, and the baby, are all very well; the last of the three generally comes to see us once a day, and is most engaging. I have also been from home. The Duke of Northumberland, whom I have known for some years, having met him at Mr. Rogers's when he was Lord Prudhoe, asked me to make some sketches for him of some of his old servants at Stanwick, in the north of Yorkshire, where he spends most of his time, and I passed ten days there with him and the Duchess. You know how pleasant he can be, and I found him always the same. The Duchess, too, is

very agreeable. You, perhaps, know that she is a daughter of the Marquis of Westminster. I painted her when she was a child, in the family picture of her grandfather, the late Marquis."

TO MISS LESLIE.

" May 18th, 1851.

"I AM ashamed to think how long a time I have suffered to pass without writing to you, and I have only the old *bad* excuse to offer of dislike to letter writing, even to those for whom I have the greatest affection, with the somewhat better apology of increasing weakness of my eyes, which makes it important to me to save them as much as I can for painting. I now must not read or write by candle-light, and the little time I can spare in the day for letters is consumed very much by notes, which I *must* write, and often on business with which I have little concern. I have nothing of consequence to tell you of ourselves; we are going on as usual. I am very busy with a large picture from 'The Rape of the Lock;' and if I have my health and strength for a few years longer, I shall be able to save some money for my family, as I have pictures engaged at my own prices for ten years to come. The increase of the

private patronage of Art in this country is surprising. Almost every day I hear of some man of fortune, whose name is unknown to me, who is forming a collection of the works of living painters ; and they are all either men in business, or who have made fortunes in business and retired. Nothing can more strikingly display the resources and wealth of this country than the gigantic scheme that has been so successfully carried out, and with such wonderful rapidity, in Hyde Park. The influx of visitors to London has not yet, however, been so great as was expected. It will, no doubt, increase, but I do not think there is any danger of any one of the evils that have been predicted from the concourse of foreigners or country visitors in London. Famine, pestilence, and revolution, were the foremost of these ; but, for the present, the only effect on the state of the metropolis produced by the Great Exhibition is that the shops, the theatres, and other places of amusement have been, in a degree, deserted for it."

1852.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited.) JULIET.

"What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd

Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear, it is ; and yet, methinks it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 I will not entertain so base a thought."

Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. Scene 3.

(Twice repeated ; one repetition is in the possession of Richard Newsham, Esq.)

(Not exhibited.) GIRL HOLDING A DOVE. (In the collection of Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston.)—GIRL READING. (In the possession of Edwin Bullock, Esq., Handsworth, near Birmingham. Repeated.)

TO W. IRVING.

"2, ABERCORN PLACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
 "LONDON, Jan. 18th, 1852.

"WHY do you never write to me ? I have not heard whether you received a copy of a note written by Gen. Washington, which I found in an old magazine, or a sketch I sent by Mr. Putnam (at your request) of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I hear frequently of you, and that you are well and happy in your beautiful retreat. I shall never cease regretting that I could not have visited you, as you kindly proposed, when you were at Madrid. But it was literally out of my power, and I doubt now if I shall ever see Spain, or even Italy, which of all places in the world I most wish to visit."

TO MISS ANNE LESLIE.

"May 9, 1852.

"THIS spring I have been more than usually en-

gaged, being on the Council of the Academy, and having to assist in arranging the Exhibition. I really expected to be quite knocked up by this, but have got through it better than I hoped. It is not a good Exhibition, many of the principal artists, among them E. Landseer, having nothing there. I did not get my large picture from the 'Rape of the Lock' ready, and have only sent a small one of 'Juliet.'"

"HAMPTON, *Aug. 29, 1852.*

"I am quietly out of town, and enjoying myself very greatly at this beautiful place. We are about a mile from Hampton Court, where George and I go every morning. He is copying pictures in the palace, and I have my 'Rape of the Lock' there, where I am painting the background, perhaps in the very room where the scene of my picture occurred.

"The weather is perfection, and we stay till the end of September."

TO W. IRVING.

HAMPTON, *Aug. 29, 1852.*

SINCE I received your letter of the 25th May, I have had no time to answer it till now, for I am subject to many such interruptions as you

complain of, and I dare not use my eyes at night. I think often of you, and long for your 'Life of Washington,' which I trust I may soon see, though you say nothing about it. I was much interested by your account of your "happy home" at Sunnyside, with all your habits and occupations there; and I will tell you how I am living just now at this beautiful place. We have taken a house from the beginning of this month to the end of September, close to Garrick's Villa, which you may remember as beautifully situated on the river about a mile above Hampton Court. The weather has been delightful ever since we have been here, and promises to continue so.

I am painting a large picture from 'The Rape of the Lock,' containing fourteen or fifteen figures. I have taken the moment in which Sir Plume is desiring the Baron to return the lock. Belinda is in the foreground crying, and surrounded by ladies, and the group of gentlemen further in the picture. As the back ground represents a room in the palace, I am finishing the picture there. I can paint at the palace for two or three hours each morning, uninterrupted by visitors, and on Friday, when it is closed to the public, the whole day.

I generally go from here in a boat, and my two girls,

who spend much of their time on the water, row me back about one o'clock. We dine early and spend the afternoon either on the water, or in the Palace gardens, or Bushy Park, and sometimes at Richmond, and *to me* there cannot be a more luxurious life, with such perfect weather as we are enjoying. My eldest son is in Devonshire with his wife and two children. My second son, Bradford, is working for Mr. Brunel at a railway bridge at Chepstow, and the rest of us are here. We were a little uneasy lately respecting the English and American fisheries, but I hope all such disputes between the two countries will be got over without a war.

1853.

Leslie exhibited no pictures at the Royal Academy this year.
(Not exhibited.) *SLENDER, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SHALLOW, COURTING ANNE PAGE.* (Repetition of his early picture of 1825. Repeated smaller, and in the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq.)

TO MISS A. LESLIE.

"Oct. 20, 1858.

"I am painting a large picture from Mr. Lenox's subject of Our Saviour calling the Little Child, with alterations, and I hope improvements.

"He sent me an admirable Daguerreotype of his picture, which is of the greatest use to me."

1854.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited). A PRESENT.—(Painted for W. C. Sole, Esq.) PORTRAIT
OF MRS. W. S. SOLE.

SCENE FROM "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

Sir Plume demands the restoration of the lock.

"(Sir Plume of amber snuff box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff box open'd, then the case.

* * * * *

It grieves me much (replied the Peer again)
Who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain;
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew);
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head."

(Not exhibited.) PORTRAIT OF JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Esq., A.R.A.—
VIEW OF THE THAMES AT HAMPTON—MOONLIGHT.

(Both sold at the painter's sale.)

TO W. IRVING.

"May 13th, 1854.

"Of the old set of our mutual friends here, I do not know that any are remaining but Peter Powell, Buskin (J. Russell), and Mr. Rogers. Peter is wonderful for his age, and still performs in private. He is coming here on the 1st of June *to a dance*. Buskin is still trying to get a good theatrical engagement, but does

not succeed. He reads Shakespeare to schools, and gets something thereby. But Mr. Rogers is truly wonderful. *He is ninety-one*, and is not aware of any disorder or ailing whatever. His memory fails him a little, but he is still pleasant, and has company every morning to breakfast, and often to dinner and tea. He has not attempted to use his legs since the accident he met with a few years ago, by which he broke his thigh bone, but he drives out every day in his carriage and often calls on us. Miss Rogers is not so well in health as her brother, but her memory is still unimpaired. They visit each other daily, and she often breakfasts and takes tea with him. I am better than I have been for the last few years, thanks to Mr. Travers and the care he has taught me to take of myself.

“When you can find time pray write to me. I very much want a ‘Life of Washington.’ When shall I have yours?”

1855.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited.) SANCHO PANZA AND DON PEDRO REZIO.

“Then,” quoth Sancho, “that great dish that stands fuming there before me, methinks ’tis an olla podrida, and by reason of the diversities of things it hath in it, I cannot but meet with something that will do me good.”

“Absit,” quoth the physician, “Far be such an ill thought from us. There is nothing that worse nourisheth than an olla

podrida, fit only for your prebends and rectors of colleges, or your country marriages. Let your Governor's tables be without them. And the reason is; because always, and wheresoever, and by whomsoever, your simple medicines are in more request than your compounds; because in simples there can be no error, in compounds there are many, altering the quantity of things of which they are composed. But what I know is fit for the Governor to eat at present, to preserve his health and to corroborate it, is some hundred of little hollow wafers, and a pretty slice or two of quince marmalade, that may settle his stomach, and help his digestion."

When Sancho heard this, he leaned himself to the back of his chair, and by fits now and then looked at the physician, and with a grave voice asked him his name, and where he had studied.

Don Quixote, Part ii, Chap. 47.

(Painted for Lady Chantrey.)

(Not exhibited.) OLIVIA, TWELFTH NIGHT. (Repeated).—THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON LOOKING AT A BUST OF WASHINGTON. (Painted for Miss Burdett Coutts; repetition painted for the Hon. Abbot Lawrence of Boston, U. S.)—THE LATE DUKE AND PRESENT DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON ON THE STAIRCASE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE. (Painted for Miss Burdett Coutts.)

IN this year Leslie published the substance of his Academy Lectures, with additions, under the title of 'A Handbook for Young Painters.' The composition and revision of it had occupied the latter part of 1854.

1856.

Pictures of the Year.

(Exhibited.) (144) HERMIONE. (Painted for I. K. Brunel, Esq., F.R.S. Repeated.)

(Not exhibited.) A repetition, with alterations, from "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK." (Painted for Edwin Bullock, Esq., Handsworth, near Birmingham.)—THE OPERA BOX. (Painted for E. Bullock, Esq.)

TO MISS LESLIE.

“February 10th, 1856.

“The infirmities of age are now coming upon me, and I am obliged to be very careful of myself. Still I was able to go to Paris for about ten days in November last. The improvements there since Louis Napoleon has made himself emperor, are truly wonderful. Whatever may be his moral character, it certainly seems greatly for the good of France that he is on the throne; where it may be hoped he will long remain. I hope we shall now be at peace with Russia, and I hope we shall not get into a war with America. But political affairs have of late years so entirely baffled all calculation, that it is impossible to guess to-day what may happen to-morrow.”

1857.

Picture of the Year.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY IN CHURCH.

“As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them.”—*Spectator*, No. 112.

(Painted for Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston.)

These later years furnish nothing to record of the

painter but constant work, and affectionate interchange of recollections with the American branches of his family. Early in 1857 his daughter Caroline was married to Mr. Fletcher, under the fairest auspices, soon belied, alas, by her premature death, in March, 1859.

Here is the last glimpse of the painter which his correspondence gives us. It is a sunny one ; and leaves such an image of the man as best fits his life and tastes,—surrounded by his family, rambling in the chesnut shades of Bushey Park, feeding the deer that came fearlessly to his kindly hand, painting the background of his ‘Jeanie Deans’ in the green avenues of Hampton Court Garden, and copying from his beloved Cartoons.

TO MISS LESLIE.

HAMPTON COURT, *July 19th, 1857.*

WE have been here (that is, my wife, and I, and Mary), for the last seven weeks, and expect to remain two weeks longer. Harriet, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and George, are now here with us. I came to paint from nature, the background to a picture I am engaged on, of ‘Jeanie Deans’ Interview with Queen Caroline.’ We have had so far a very fine summer, sometimes rather too warm, and nothing can be more

lovely than this place. We are in a small house, the back windows of which look into Bushey Park, and the deer come to the windows and feed out of our hands. We are very close to the Palace, the gardens of which are, to my mind, the most beautiful I ever saw. Besides the background of my picture, which I am painting from one of the stately avenues of trees in the park, I am copying one of Raphael's Cartoons in the Palace—'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.'

Nothing can be more delightful than this sort of occupation; and if I had myself only to consider, I should be perfectly happy. But I am sorry to say, Caroline is still very delicate, and has been so since her marriage. She has the best of husbands, and has no earthly want but health. We think, however, that she has gained strength since she has been here, and when the rest of us return to town, she and Mr. Fletcher will probably go somewhere to the sea-side, and Harriet with them.

George is a very good boy, and is getting on very well as a painter. He sold a little picture lately to Mr. Monckton Milnes, who has taken a good deal of notice of him, asking him to dine, &c., and he is going in a few days to Bristol, to copy a picture for an American gentleman.

Robert still lives in Devonshire, and was very well when we last heard from him. Braddy is married, and has a very nice little girl. He is working very hard with Mr. Brunel, who seems to appreciate his abilities, which are not small. Such is our history to the present time.

For two years after this, Leslie's pictures adorned the walls of the Royal Academy exhibition-rooms. The trace of declining powers was upon them, but they had still his unfailing grace and sweetness of sentiment. His lees were better than the first runnings of many a more ambitious painter.

1858.

Pictures of the Year.

CHRIST REBUKING HIS DISCIPLES BY CALLING THE LITTLE CHILD.

St. Mark, ix., 33—35.

A repetition, but larger than the first picture of the same subject, and with alterations. (Painted for Henry Vaughan, Esq.)

LADY IN WHITE HOOD. (A Study for the Queen Caroline in the 'Jeanie Deans' picture. Painted for J. Birt, Esq., now in the possession of John Naylor, Esq.)

1859.

Pictures of the Year.

HOTSPUR AND LADY PERCY.

Lady.—"What is it carries you away?"

Hotspur.—Why, my horse, my love, my horse."

First Part of Henry IV., Act ii. Scene 3.

(Painted for Joseph Miller, Esq., Virginia, U. S.)

(211.) JEANIE DEANS AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

"Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn."

Heart of Midlothian, vol. ii., ch. 21.

(Painted for J. Birt, Esq., now in the collection of John Naylor, Esq.)

The day after the Academy opened its doors, while the public were still crowding round these two pictures,—one remarking, perhaps, "Leslie is falling off," to which a more thoughtful spectator might have responded, by pointing out the good taste, beauty and sentiment which still reigned through even these less vigorous works—the painter lay dead and cold amid the unutterable grief of the wife who had lived a life of unclouded happiness with him for three and thirty years, and the children who had been so near his heart, and who had loved in him the most thoughtful, self-sacrificing, and tenderest of fathers.

He only survived his much loved daughter Caroline by two months.

His illness was not of long duration. He was first sensible of it during a visit to Petworth, to which he had repaired for change of scene and distraction of mind after the first shock of his daughter's death. He went thence to Worthing, but finding himself worse returned

home, when, notwithstanding the utmost attention from his friends, Dr. Williams, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Mr. Partridge, he gradually sank, and died tranquilly on the 5th of May. The disease was pronounced to be one of the liver. His love of art, his son George informs me, seemed to grow stronger as he approached his end. He expressed to his family his delight at finding his illness did not affect his eye for colour. He had several of his favourite pictures placed so that he could see them from his bed; and his son remarks, he never saw him enjoy anything more keenly than he did some of his friend Mr. Thurston Thompson's photographs from the cartoons of Raffaele.

Leslie had long looked death in the face, and met its approach with the calm faith in God and Christ which is apparent in all I find expressed of his sentiments upon religion. These are not unimportant elements in forming our judgment of a man. I do not know that I can more appropriately close this selection from Leslie's letters, than by the following extracts bearing upon this matter.

(From a letter to his wife.)

“Cadge* and I went this morning to the Foundling.

* His daughter Caroline.

The day is lovely, and the little pets there looked lovely. While sitting in church, a thought passed in my mind which might suggest a sermon, though, I dare say, it has occurred to many others, and may have been used by preachers, though I have not heard it. I thought, what must be the impression on any person of matured mind who, for the first time in his life, should read the sayings of our Saviour. We are accustomed to them from our infancy, and having first heard them read at a time when we are quite incapable of understanding their weight and value, it is hardly possible for us to be impressed by them as those must have been who lived when he lived. His answer, for instance, when the woman taken in adultery was brought before him; when the tribute money was shown to him; when the rich man asked what he should do to go to Heaven; and when the disciples disputed who should be greatest in Heaven. Then the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, the parables, and his last affecting discourse to his disciples. If we could imagine ourselves (for a moment) to be the persons who first heard such things said, how truly should we feel that 'never man spake like this man;' and how well should we understand what the two disciples felt, when they said, 'Did not our

hearts burn within us while he spoke !' But familiarity with these precious sayings from our infancy, prevents their ever making the vivid impression on us which they must have made when uttered, and therefore I believe it is that God permits different estimates of Christ's character to exist in the world, that our attention may be constantly drawn to it by discussion. For my own part, nothing can alter my conviction, that if ever Divine truth was uttered in this world it was by his lips."

(On a slip of paper attached to his will.)

"I trust I may die as I now am, in the entire belief of the Christian religion, as I understand it from the books of the New Testament, that is, as a direct revelation of the will and goodness of God towards this world, by Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Judge of the world. In full reliance on the special providence of God, I feel sure that whenever, and by whatever means, I die, will be the best for me; and I trust this belief will always make me patient and submissive to the will of God, feeling sure that there is no *real evil* but *sin*, from which I pray God to deliver all of us now and hereafter."

APPENDIX.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES PAINTED, AND OF ALL THE PICTURES EXHIBITED BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

*Those marked * were exhibited at the Royal Academy at the date prefixed.*

1812. EARLY PORTRAITS. (See Correspondence.)
1813.* MURDER.—Macbeth; Act 2nd, Scene 1st.
1814.* SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.
* PORTRAIT OF MR. J. H. PAYNE, in the character of Norval.
1815. PORTRAIT OF A LADY, (Miss Maxwell?)
1816.* DEATH OF RUTLAND; 3rd Part of Henry VI., Act 1st,
Scene 3rd.
1817. PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN FRIENDS; painted in Paris. (See
Correspondence.)
1818. GIRL WITH A DEAD BIRD.
1819.* PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
* SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH; painted for
James Dunlop, Esq. Engraved, and in the possession of
John Naylor, Esq., Leighton Hall, near Welshpool.
The same subject repeated for the Marquis of Lansdowne.
1820.* LONDONERS GIPSYING.
PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.
1821.* MAY DAY IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. Engraved by
Watt.
FINISHED STUDY OF THE SAME; painted for Alaric Watts.
REBECCA IN PRISON—IVANHOE; painted for the Marquis of
Lansdowne.
(About this time Mr. Leslie painted portraits of Mrs. Fry and
Samuel Gurney, and a picture of a child in a Cardinal's
dress.)

- 1822.* THE RIVALS ; painted for Sir Matthew W. Ridley, Bart. Engraved. Small study of same in the possession of Edwin Bullock, Esq.
1823. (See Correspondence.)
- 1824.* SANCHE PANZA IN THE APARTMENT OF THE DUCHESS ; painted for the Earl of Egremont. Engraved. Repeated for Mr. Vernon. Repeated smaller and purchased by Samuel Rogers, Esq.
A repetition painted for Leslie's sister in America, now in the possession of John Farnworth, Esq.
PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, repeated and engraved.
- 1825.* SLENDER, SHALLOW, AND ANNE PAGE ; painted for Sir Willoughby Gordon. Engraved.
- * SIR HENRY WOTTON PRESENTING THE COUNTESS SABRINA WITH A VALUABLE JEWEL ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM VENICE ; painted and engraved for Major's edition of 'Walton's Lives.'
- * SIX ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Engraved.
- 1826.* DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA, DECEIVED BY THE CURATE, BARBER, AND DOROTHEA ; painted for the Earl of Essex. Engraved. There is a small study for the picture in the Sheepshanks collection.
QUEEN CATHERINE AND HER MAID. Diploma picture.
- 1827.* LADY JANE GREY PREVAILED ON TO ACCEPT THE CROWN ; painted for the Duke of Bedford. Engraved.
- * STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF DON QUIXOTE.
- * STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF SANCHE PANZA.
1828. 'THE BRIDE.'
PORTRAIT OF MISS STEPHENS ; painted for the Earl of Essex.
LADY IN A DUTCH DRESS, WITH A SCREEN IN HER HAND.
- 1829.* SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE GIPSIES. Engraved.
1830. PORTRAITS OF MRS. KING AND LADY BURRELL ; painted for the Earl of Egremont.
PORTRAIT OF DOCTOR SIMS.
PORTRAITS OF MR. AND MRS. DILWYN AND FAMILY ; painted for John Dilwyn, Esq., near Swansea.
THE INFANT PRINCES IN THE TOWER ; painted for Mr. Rogers ; now in the possession of Joseph Gillott, Esq.
- 1831.* THE DINNER AT MR. PAGE'S HOUSE.
'MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.' (Repeated in 1833.)
- * UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN ; painted for John

- 1831.* Sheepshanks, Esq. Afterwards repeated for Mr. Vernon ; also for Mr. Jacob Bell. All three pictures are now in the National Collection at Kensington.
- 1832.* SCENE FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ; painted for the Earl of Egremont. Engraved. Repeated for John Sheepshanks, Esq. Now in the National Collection, Kensington. A small repetition painted for Joseph Birt, Esq.
- 1833.* TRISTRAM SHANDY RECOVERING THE LOST MANUSCRIPT ; in the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq. Repeated for John Gibbons, Esq.
- * MOTHER DANCING TO HER CHILD.
- * MARTHA AND MARY ; painted for James Dunlop, Esq.
1834. PORTRAIT OF LADY LILFORD ; painted for Lord Holland about this time.
- 1835.* COLUMBUS AND THE EGG ; painted for W. Wells, Esq., sold at Lord Northwick's sale, now in the possession of Joseph Gillott, Esq., Edgbaston.
- * GULLIVER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE QUEEN OF BROBDINGNAG ; painted for the Earl of Egremont. (THE FAMILY OF THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER ; painted for the Marquis of Westminster, about this time.)
- 1836.* AUTOLYCUS ; painted for J. Sheepshanks, Esq., now in the National Collection. A SMALL PICTURE OF AMY ROBSART ; in the National Collection. LANDSCAPE, EVENING ; view from Mr. Leslie's window.
- 1837.* PERDITA.—Winter's Tale. Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq. Now in the National Collection. STUDY in the possession of J. Heugh, Esq. Repetition of THE INFANT PRINCES IN THE TOWER ; in the Sheepshanks' Collection.
- * CHARLES THE SECOND AND LADY BELLENDEN.—Old Mortality. Painted for the Earl of Egremont. A small repetition of this picture painted in 1856.
- 1838.* THE DINNER AT MR. PAGE'S HOUSE.—Merry Wives of Windsor. Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq. Now in the National Collection. THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT AFTER THE CORONATION.—June 28th, 1838 ; commenced in 1838 ; exhibited, 1843. Engraved by S. Cousens, R.A. Painted for her Majesty.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. BATES.

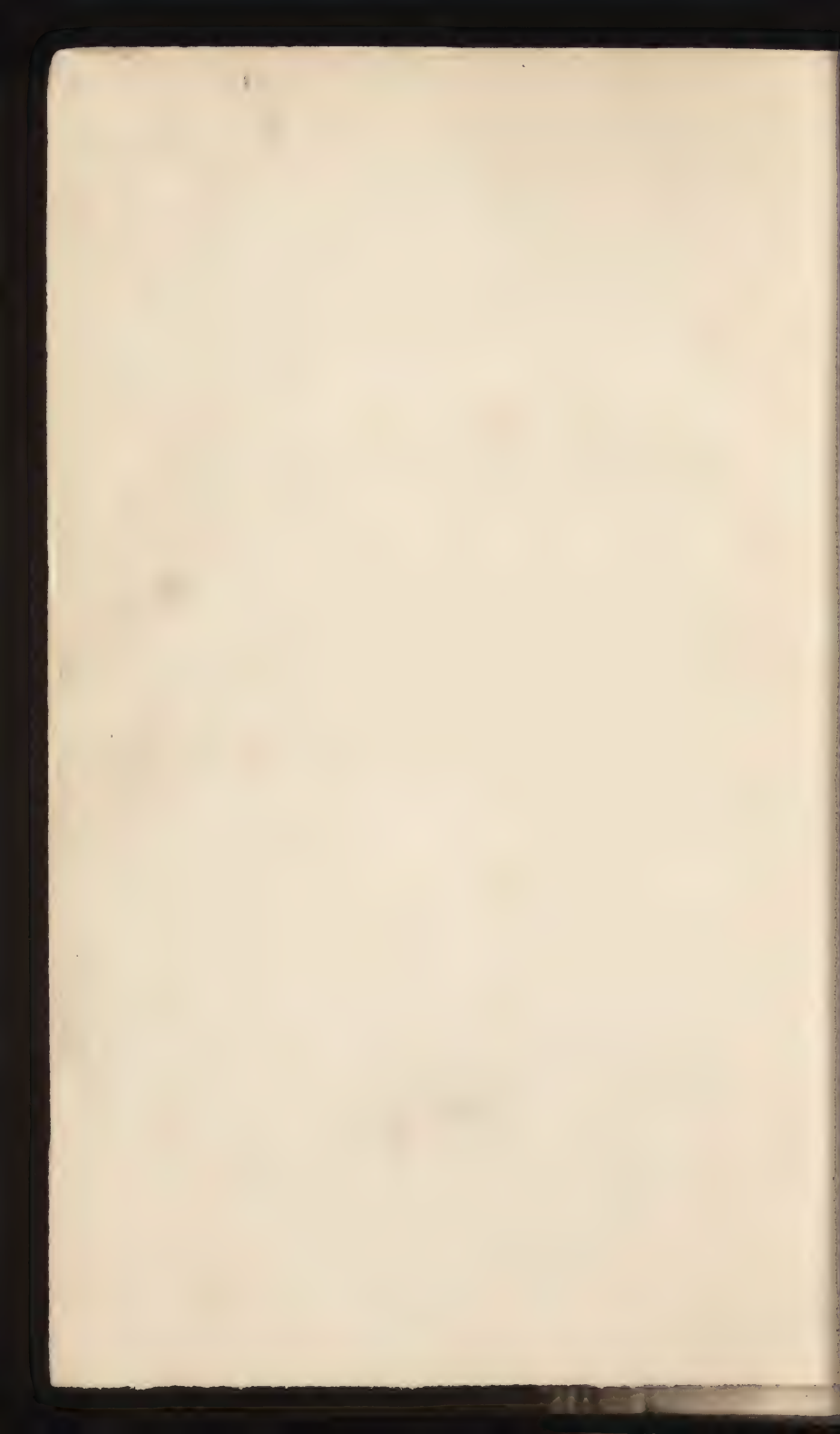
- 1839.* 'WHO CAN THIS BE?' and
 * 'WHO CAN THIS BE FROM?' Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq. Now in the National Collection.
- * SANCHE PANZA. Painted for J. Sheepshanks, Esq. In the National Collection.
- * DULCINEA. Painted for J. Sheepshanks, Esq. In the National Collection.
- PORTRAIT OF DR. HOWLEY, Archbishop of Canterbury. Engraved.
- SMALL WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND IN THE CORONATION ROBES.
- THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD. Both belonging to Sir F. G. Moon.
- 1840.* PORTRAIT OF BARON COTTENHAM, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Painted for William Russell, Esq. Engraved.
- CHILD IN A GARDEN WITH HIS LITTLE HORSE AND CART. In the National Collection.
- GRISelda. In the National Collection.
- 1841.* SCENE FROM 'LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.' In the National Collection.
- A repetition, painted for Lord Holland.
- A repetition, in the possession of Joseph Gillott, Esq.
- LUCRETIA. In the National Collection.
- * FAIRLOP FAIR. Painted for the Duke of Norfolk.
- THE QUEEN IN THE CORONATION ROBES. In the National Collection.
- * THE LIBRARY AT HOLLAND HOUSE, with Portraits. Painted for Lord Holland. Engraved.
- THE FIRST LESSON, from a Design by Raffaele. Painted for S. Rogers, Esq., in the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston.
- There are three repetitions of this picture.
- 1842.* SCENE FROM 'TWELFTH NIGHT;' Act I. Scene 3. Painted for Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P.
- A repetition of this, painted in 1850, is in the possession of Edwin Bullock, Esq.
- * QUEEN KATHERINE AND HER MAID. Now in the National Collection. Repetition of Diploma picture.
- Commenced a picture of THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL. Painted for Her Majesty.
- 1843.* PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN TRAVERS, Esq., F.R.S.
- * SCENE FROM THE 'VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,' Chapter XI. Now in the collection of Thomas Miller, Esq.

- 11843.* PORTRAIT OF HENRY ANGELO, Esq.
 * 'LA MALADE IMAGINAIRE,' Act III., scene 6. Now in the National Collection.
 CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES' AT CAPERNAUM; Matthew, Chapter xviii., verse 2. Painted for James Lenox, Esq., of New York.
- 11844.* SCENE FROM 'COMUS,' in the collection of John Naylor, Esq. Afterwards painted in fresco in the Pavilion, in Buckingham Palace Gardens, for Her Majesty.
 * SANCHO PANZA IN THE APARTMENT OF THE DUCHESS. Repetition of Petworth picture. Painted for Robert Vernon, Esq. Now in the National Collection.
 LADY CARLISLE CARRYING THE PARDON TO THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND IN THE TOWER. Painted for Lord Leconfield.
 PORTRAIT OF MISS BURDETT COUTTS.
- 11845.* THE HEIRESS. Painted for E. Bicknell, Esq.
 * SCENE FROM 'LES FEMMES SAVANTES,' Act III. Scene 2. Painted for John Sheepshanks, Esq. Now in the National Collection.
 GIRL IN A COBLENTZ CAP, WITH LILIES OF THE VALLEY IN HER HAND. Painted for Robert Burton, Esq., York.
- 11846.* READING THE WILL.—Roderick Random. Painted for John Gibbons, Esq.
 Small Repetition, painted for Thomas Miller, Esq., in 1856.
 * MOTHER AND CHILD. Painted for John Gibbons, Esq. Engraved by J. H. Robinson, Esq., R.A.
 Repetition, painted for James Lenox, Esq., of New York.
 * PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., in the character of Bobadil. Engraved.
- 11847* MARTHA AND MARY. Repetition of the picture of 1833. Painted for James Lenox, Esq., New York.
 Repeated for Edwin Bullock, Esq., Handsworth, near Birmingham.
 * THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN. Painted for James Lennox, Esq., New York.
 * CHILDREN AT PLAY. Painted for Sir Robert Wigram.
 THE LADY, IN 'COMUS,' in the possession of John Hengh, Esq.
 THE LOCKET (oval). Painted for Richard Newsham, Esq.
 Repetition, in the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq.
 PORTRAIT OF CAPT. E. E. MORGAN.

- 1848.* LADY JANE GREY READING PLATO. In the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq.
- * THE SHELL. Painted for John Gibbons, Esq.
- 1849.* SCENE FROM HENRY VIII.—Act I. scene 4. Painted for Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Esq., F.R.S.
- * SCENE FROM DON QUIXOTE—THE DUKE'S CHAPLAIN ENRAGED, LEAVING THE TABLE. Painted for Joshua Bates, Esq.
- THE NECKLACE. In the National Collection.
- SOPHIA WESTERN. Repeated.
- LADY WITH SCARLET GERANIUM IN HER HAND. Painted for C. Constable, Esq.
- CAPT. AND MRS. MORGAN AND CHILDREN. Painted for Capt. E. E. Morgan, New York.
- 1850.* BEATRICE IN THE GARDEN. Painted for John Gibbons, Esq.. Repeated.
- * SOPHIA WESTERN AND TOM JONES—Book XVIII. Chap. XII.. In the possession of John Harris, Esq., Princes Gate.
- * SCENE FROM HENRY VIII. ; QUEEN KATHERINE.—Act IV.. Scene 2. Painted for I. K. Brunel, Esq.
- Repeated smaller ; in the possession of John Naylor, Esq.
- ROBINSON CRUSOE READING THE BIBLE ; in the possession of James Dugdale, Esq. Engraved.
- 1851.* A STUDY.
- * FALSTAFF PERSONATING THE KING.—1st Part of Henry IV.. Act II. Scene 4. Painted for John Harris, Esq., Princes Gate.
- A GROUP OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S TENANTS.. Painted for the Duke of Northumberland, at Stanwick.
- 1852.* JULIET. Repeated twice ; one painted for Richard Newsham, Esq.
- GIRL HOLDING A DOVE. In the collection of Thomas Miller, Esq..
- GIRL READING. In the possession of Edwin Bullock, Esq., Handsworth, near Birmingham. Repeated.
1853. SLENDER, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SHALLOW, COURTING ANNE PAGE. Repeated smaller ; in the possession of Thomas Miller, Esq.
- 1854.* A PRESENT ; painted for W. C. Sole, Esq. Repetition.
- * PORTRAIT OF MRS. W. C. SOLE.
- PORTRAIT OF JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Esq., A.R.A.
- * SCENE FROM THE 'RAPE OF THE LOCK ;' painted for John Gibbons, Esq.

1854. VIEW ON THE THAMES AT HAMPTON.
- 1855.* SANCHE PANZA AND DON PEDRO REZIO; 'Don Quixote, Part II., chap. 47; painted for Lady Chantrey.
OLIVIA; Twelfth Night. Repeated.
PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, LOOKING AT A BUST OF WASHINGTON; painted for Miss Burdett Coutts.
Repetition; painted for the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, U. S.
THE LATE DUKE AND PRESENT DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON, ON THE STAIRCASE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE; painted for Miss Burdett Coutts.
- 1856.* HERMIONE; Winter's Tale; painted for I. K. Brunel. Repeated.
A Repetition, with alterations, of the Scene from the 'Rape of the Lock;' painted for Edwin Bullock, Esq.
THE OPERA BOX; painted for Edwin Bullock, Esq.
- 1857.* SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY IN CHURCH; Spectator, No. 112; painted for Thomas Miller, Esq., Preston.
- 1858.* CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES AT CAPERNAUM; Matt. xviii. 2. Larger than the first picture of the same subject, and with alterations; painted for Henry Vaughan, Esq.
STUDY FOR QUEEN CAROLINE; painted for Joseph Birt, Esq.; in the possession of John Naylor, Esq.
- 1859.* JEANIE DEANS' INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN CAROLINE; painted for Jacob Birt, Esq.; in the possession of John Naylor, Esq.
- * HOTSPUR AND LADY PERCY; painted for Joseph Miller, Esq., Virginia, U. S.
(Of uncertain date).
LITTLE GIRL, WITH HER DOLL, AND A TAZZA OF FLOWERS; in the collection of Joseph Gillott, Esq.
GREEK MAIDEN HOLDING A LYRE (moonlight). Engraved by Finden. In the collection of E. Bicknell, Esq.

THE END.



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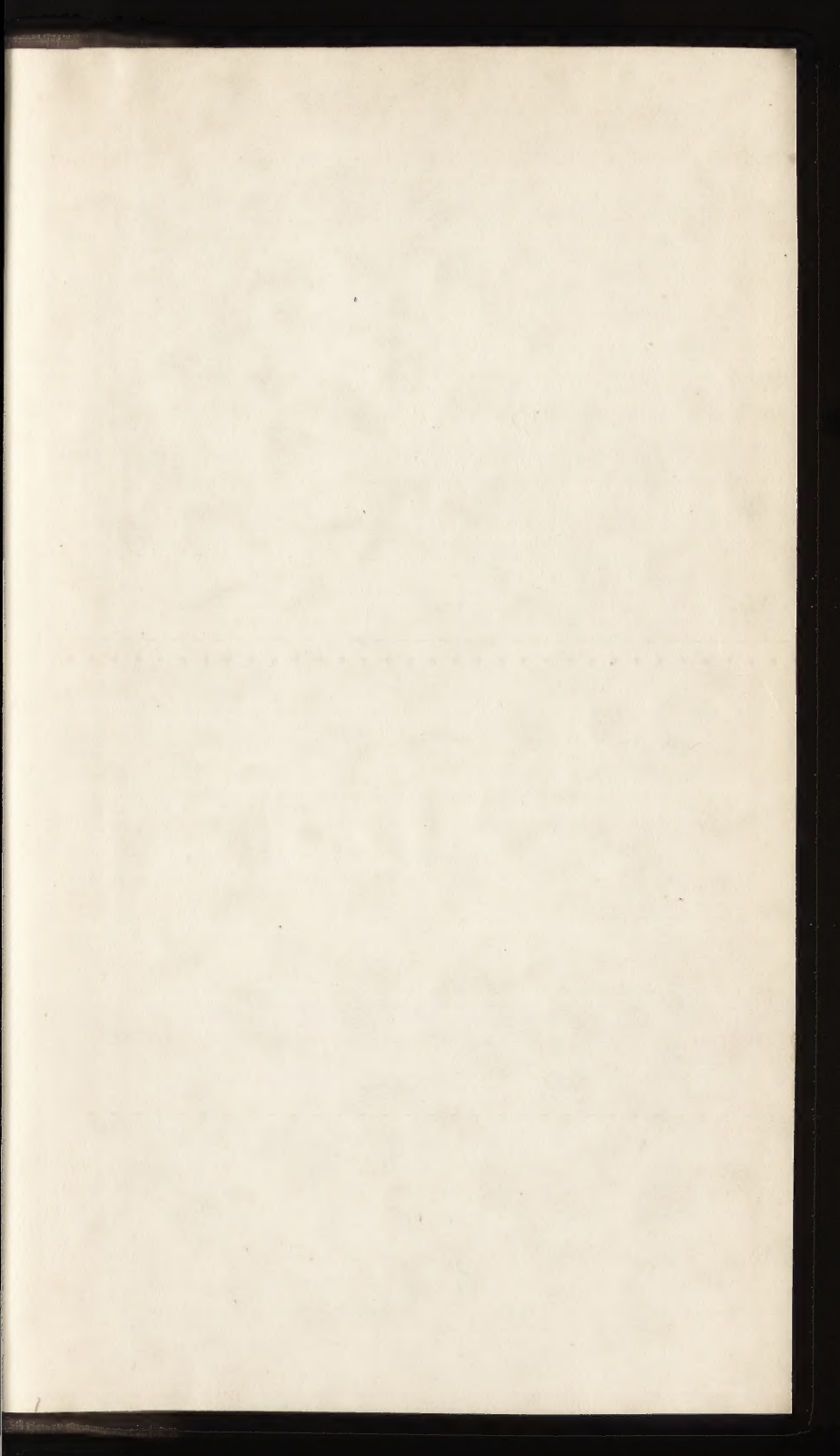
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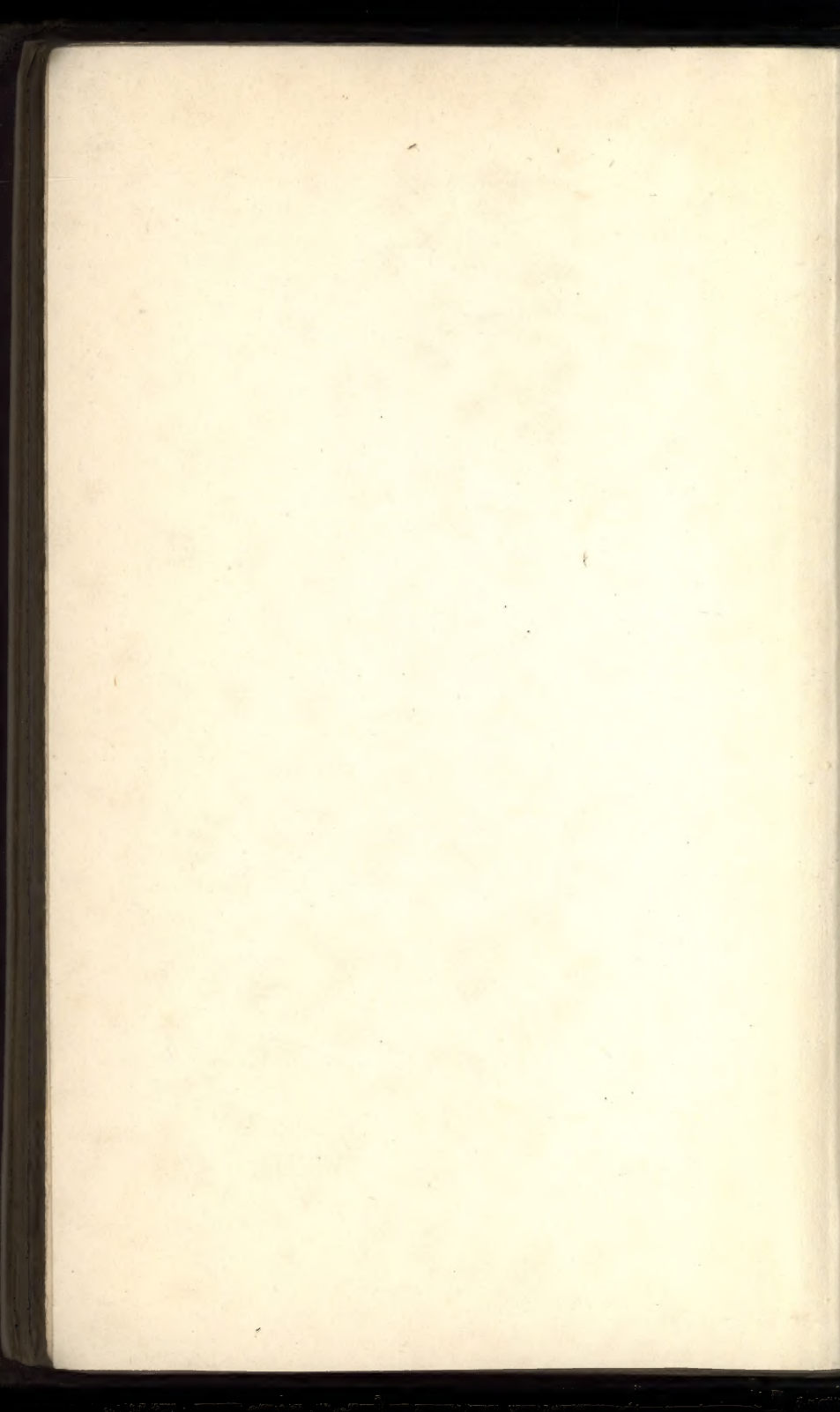
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